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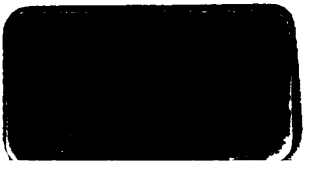

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JERUSALEM FROM THE SOUTH WEST.

NARRATIVE OF A JOURNEY

THROUGH

SYRIA AND PALESTINE

IN 1851 AND 1852

BY

C. W. M. VAN DE VELDE

LATE LIEUTENANT DUTCH R.N., CHEVALIER OF THE LEGION OF HONOUR.

TRANSLATED UNDER THE AUTHOR'S SUPERINTENDENCE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

"We walk by faith, not by sight."—2 Cor. v. 7.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS,
EDINBURGH AND LONDON.
M.DCCC.LIV.

203. a. 242.

TO JOHN HENDERSON, ESQ.

OF PARK,

WHOSE KINDNESS, MORE THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER FRIEND,

ENCOURAGED AND ASSISTED ME IN MY INVESTIGATIONS IN PALESTINE,

THIS RECORD OF MY TOILS AND TRAVELS

IS DEDICATED

WITH SINCERE RESPECT AND GRATEFUL AFFECTION.

C. W. M. VAN DE VELDE.

CONTENTS OF VOLUME I.

VIA MARSEILLES TO BEIRÛT.—BEIRÛT—SIDON.

Preliminary Remarks.—Departure for Paris.—M. de Saulcy, the Oriental Traveller.—Interview with an Infidel on his return from the Holy Land.—From Paris to Marseilles.—Lyons, Avignon, Marseilles.—Voyage to Malta —The French Steamer.—Arrival at Valetta.—Valetta Harbour.—Voyage from Malta to Smyrna.—Passengers in the Mediterranean.—The Grecian Archipelago.—Syra.—Smyrna.—Spiritual Wants and Missionary Efforts.—Departure for Beirût by the Austrian Lloyd's Steamer.—Samos, Patmos, Cos, etc.—Rhodes.—Cyprus, Larnaka.—Last Night on Board.—First View of Mount Lebanon.—Arrival at Beirût.—First Impressions.—Preparations for my Surveying Expedition.—The Winter Storms begin.—A Visit to Abeyh and Sidon.—Beirût and its Environs.—The American Missionaries in Syria.—Dr Kalley, my Travelling Companion.—Difficulties with Muleteers and Servants.—Off for Sidon.—Manner of Travelling.—Effects of the Early Rain.—The Nahr-ed-Damûr.—Nabi-Yûnas.—The Auwly.—Arrival at Sidon.—Detained by the Winter Storms.—Mr Thomson's Hospitality.—Missionary Labours at Sidon.—Town and Environs.—Antiquities.—Excursion to Rummiët-Roum.—An Evening in Mount Lebanon.—Splendid Scenery.—Excursion to Surafend (Ancient Sarepta), ... P. 1

FROM SIDON, BY THE CASTLE ES-SJUKÎF, TO HASBÉIYA.

Road from Sidon to Nabothiëh.—A Night in a Khan.—Suffering Villagers without Help.—Overtaken by Bad Weather.—The Castle es-Shukîf (Belfort).—Magnificent Views.—The Leontes River.—El-Hamrah (Rama in Asher).—Storm on the way to Hâsbeiya.—Danger.—In Safety at Hâsbeiya.—The Town of Hâsbeiya.—Druses.—Mount Hermon.—The Northern Jordan-Source.—Protestants at Hâsbeiya,

their Persecutions and Prospects.—Explorations round Hâsbeiya.—Shweiya, Hibariëh, Kefr-Hammam, Kâlat-Aisafa, etc.—Antiquities.—Excursions to the Chasm of the Leontes at Jisr-Burguz and Blât.—Expedition to Kâlat-Bostra.—Remain for the Night at Rasheiya-el-fokhar, and return to Hâsbeiya.—Robbery.—Judicial Proceedings in this Country.—Niçola returns to Beirût, . . . 105

BACK TO SIDON BY THE WAY OF HUNÎN, BINT-JEBAIL, AND TYRE.

Dark Dispensations.—Friends.—Encouragement.—Back to Sidon.—Valley of the Upper Jordan; Ibel and Deir Mimas.—The Castle of Hûnîn.—Mountains of Naphtali.—Bint-jebail.—Tamer Beg, one of the Governors of Belad-Besharah.—Yarûn.—Kefr-Burreim.—Ancient Sites.—Hazûr (Hazor).—Jathir.—Lose our Baggage.—Reception at Kana.—Tomb of Hiram.—Ras-el-'Ain.—Arrive at Tyre.—Palae-Tyre.—Ancient Glory and Present Misery.—Historical and Biblical Recollections.—Hospitality of Yakûb 'Akad.—Ruins and Remains of Tyre.—Recent Excavations.—The Tyrian Plain, now waste and deserted.—Oppression of the Turkish Government.—Antiquities between Tyre and Sidon.—Again at Mr Thomson's.—Renewed Travelling preparations, ... 159

FROM TYRE TO TIBNÎN, 'AKKA AND KHAIFA. ZIG-ZAG TOURS IN WESTERN GALILEE.

Once more at Tyre.—Meet Dr Kalley and Mr Crawford.—Encouraging Recollections and Meditations.—Disturbances in Belad-Besharah.—New Dangers.—Off for Tibnîn, protected by a Metawileh Guide.—The Leontes.—A Night at Sreriëh.—Difficulties in Surveying the Country.—Cross the Leontes at Kakaiëh.—Reception at the Castle of Tibnîn.—Hamed-el-Beg.—The Conscription and its Effects.—Tibnîn, the Ancient Town.—Harîs, Salhani, and other Villages.—The Ruins of Blât.—Valleys and Mountains.—Unvisited Regions.—Ruins.—Terharfa.—Kâlat-Shemma.—Shihîn.—Road along the Coast from Iskanderûna to Ras-Nakhûrah.—Kâlat-Karn (Castellum Regis).—Mèllia and Turshiha.—Hospitality.—Kâlat-Jedîn.—Arrival at 'Akka.—Signor D'a Finzi.—Historical Glances.—A Visit to the Pasha of 'Akka.—More Instances of Oppression.—Excursion to Yerka, Medjdel-Keroum, Shef-Amar, and Khaifa, ... 205

CARMEL, AND THE COUNTRY TO THE SOUTH OF IT.

A Visit to the Carmel Convent.—The site of Elijah's Sacrifice unknown.—Dr Kalley once more my Travelling Companion.—His manner of Preaching the Gospel.—Tour to Athlît (Castellum Peregrinorum) and 'Ain Hand.—Villages and Ruins in the Carmel Mountains.—The Excellency of Carmel.—Esfiëh.—El-Mohhraka recognised as the site of Elijah's Sacrifice.—From Esfiëh to the Plain of Esdraelon, Kaimûn, Iksim, and Tantûra (Dor).—Road along the Coast.—Ruins of Cesarea. Plain of Sharon.—We go again to the Mountains.—Beautiful but Deserted Valleys.—Prophecies concerning the Land.—The aspect of the Villages changes when South of Mount Carmel.—Sebarîn.—El-Lejjûn (Megiddo).—Dr Kalley returns North, . . 292

FROM MEGIDDO TO JENÎN, SAMARIA, AND SHECHEM.

Heat in the Plain of Esdraelon.—Taänach (Taanuk).—Jenîn.—Weariness.—The Great Plain at Sunset.—A New Guide.—Kefr-Kûd.—Unexpected Discovery of Dothan.—Sanûr (Bethuliah).—Ancient Road from Samaria to Jezreël.—Instance of Fatalism.—Rama (Remeth of Issachar).—Sileh.—The Mountains of Samaria.—The Hill of Shemer.—Biblical Recollections.—Samaria, now Sebustiëh.—Hostile Population.—Difficulty in finding a Place of Shelter for the Night.—Nakhurah.—Fulfilled and Unfulfilled Prophecies concerning Samaria.—The Valley of Shechem.—Lepers at the Gate of Shechem.—Lodged in the Town.—Want of Rest and Refreshment.—Jacob's Well.—Thoughts upon, and experience at the so-called Holy Sites.—Former situation of Shechem.—Encounter at Jacob's Well.—Remarks upon John iv., 357

FROM SHECHEM TO JOPPA (JAFFA), AND THENCE TO JERUSALEM.

Journey along the West Side of the Mokhna Plain.—'Awertah and other Ancient Villages.—Kerawa.—Deserted Country.—Wretched Population.—Shech Halil.—Overtaken again by Storms.—Kefr-Kasim.—The Castle of Ras-el-'Ain.—Danger at the Aujeh River.—Abû Monsûr nearly Drowned.—Return to Medjdel.—Annoying Ceremonies at the Hospitable Shech's.—Cross the Sharon-Plain to Jaffa.—Jaffa's

Gardens.—Preparing to go to Jerusalem.—Ludd (Lyda) and Ramleh.—Reception at a Convent during the Fast Days.—Road from Ramleh to Jerusalem.—Arrival at Jerusalem, ... 410

A FEW DAYS IN JERUSALEM.

First Impressions of Jerusalem.—Disappointment.—Arrival in the City.—Street Bustle.—Furnished Apartments at Mr Max Ungar's.—The Damascus Gate.—Walk round the City Wall.—The Jaffa Gate and Upper Part of the Valley of Gihon.—North-West corner of the City.—North Wall.—Grotto of Jeremiah.—Traces of the Old Wall.—Remains of the Foundations of the Third Wall.—Gate of Herod.—Valley of Jehoshaphat and East Wall.—St Stephen Gate.—The Cedron Brook.—Gethsemané.—Impressions.—The Golden Gate.—Tombs of Absalom, Jehoshaphat, etc.—Jewish Tombs.—Siloam.—Mount of Offence.—Ophel.—King's Gardens.—Mount Zion.—Tombs of the Kings.—Zion Gate.—Coenaculum.—Christian Burial Ground.—Valley of Gihon.—Lower and Upper Pool.—Hezekiah's Conduit and Pool.—David's Castle.—Millo.—Tower of Hippicus.—Place of Promenade.—A Visit to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.—Pilgrims in the Church.—Idolatry and Profanation.—Mistaken Religious Feelings in Visiting the Holy Sites.—The Church of the Sepulchre and its Contents are False.—Reasons why Golgotha cannot have been on that spot.—Tradition contradicts itself.—Why Golgotha's true Site is kept unknown to us.—Divine Services in the Protestant Church on Mount Zion.—The Members of the Jewish Mission.—Spiritual Intercourse.—Intention to go on an Exploring Tour to the Dead Sea.—Hindrances.—Disappointment, ... 453

ILLUSTRATIONS.

View of Jerusalem, . . . Opposite the Title Page.
Map of Syria and Palestine, shewing the Routes, etc. . 57
Plan of Jerusalem, ... 453

A

JOURNEY THROUGH SYRIA AND PALESTINE

IN 1851 AND 1852.

VIA MARSEILLES TO BEIRÛT.

PARIS, *October 5*, 1851.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—There are moments in life which find us placed in circumstances of so great and so varied an import that we feel as it were awed and overwhelmed by them—a state of mind best expressed by silence. Such are my present feelings, on my way to the Holy Land—"a stranger from a far country going to see the plagues of that land, and the sicknesses which the Lord hath laid on it."* One who would attempt to measure this "inheritance of the Lord," looking, while so doing, to the prophecy, "Behold, I will set a plumb-line in the midst of my people Israel: I will not again pass by them any more"†—one who believes the promise, "that the old wastes shall be built, and the former desolations raised up, and the waste cities, the desolations of many generations, shall be repaired;"‡ and whose firm trust it is that the land "which as yet lies desolate in his sight, as he passes

* Deut. xxix. 22. † Amos vii. 8. ‡ Isaiah lxi. 4.

through it, shall become as the garden of Eden"—when the thought arises that I soon shall tread that ground hallowed by the footsteps of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, such places as Bethlehem, Nazareth, the shores of Galilee, the Mount of Olives, Jerusalem—oh, then, the privilege appears so great, so wondrous, I scarce can believe it mine. On the other hand, I must own that feelings very opposite to these also join in increasing the anxious expectation, now filling both heart and mind. I had heard and read much, it is true, about the dangers and difficulties attendant on a journey to Palestine, but, like all other things, you must view them closely if you would rightly estimate them. Until now, I have had but a distant prospect of them; yet already I felt it rather discouraging that I should not have succeeded in finding a travelling companion. During the last weeks of my stay in England I met with several who intended visiting the Holy Land, but the greater number were going there for pleasure. A geometrical survey of the ground in those barren regions, amid that lawless population, under such a burning sun, who could think of it? Yet this, you know, is the chief object of my undertaking—going thither that I may employ in His service those talents the Lord has entrusted to me, not to awaken sacred emotions by the contemplation of those hallowed, but often so deeply profaned spots. Such emotions are the work of His Holy Spirit, and depend not on particular places or objects. Therefore it was that I felt so anxious to have the firm assurance that I should have the Lord for my helper on this path I have chosen; or, to express myself otherwise, the

assurance that I had chosen the way of the Lord before I undertook a journey which may, indeed, with God's help and blessing, be of service to His kingdom, but in which I foresaw I should have numerous obstacles to overcome. And already on my road from Brussels to this place, my faith has undergone a slight trial. We had passed Creil on the line before I perceived the loss both of my ticket, and of the receipt for my luggage. According to the established rules, I was to pay a second time both for my place and for my baggage, unless able to produce the ticket. This was no unsurmountable difficulty, still it was an unpleasant circumstance on starting. I sat looking around me, searching everywhere for the missing articles, amid the warm expressions of sympathy of my fellow-travellers—a sympathy which had the effect of making me think more of the affair. Deem me not, therefore, too weak, my friend, if I confess to you that the thought flashed at once on my mind, "Am I indeed in the Lord's own path? what if this were a sign of His being against me?" You will probably reply, that the loss was but a sign of my own thoughtlessness, and would lead to no higher result than that of making me more careful of my tickets in future. Well, it is true, you theoretically might foresee such a result. After a long and fruitless search, I yet sat down, and allowed not this seemingly trifling matter to shake my confidence in God, knowing that the Lord was with me. The train stops at the next station. Calling one of the conducteurs to me, I relate the whole affair.

Time is short—only two words.

"D'ou venez-vous, Monsieur?" "De Bruxelles."

" Avez vous du bagage ?" " Oui."
" Combien de collis ?" " Cinq."
" Tenez, Monsieur, voilà votre billet."

I had dropped the interesting little document when stepping out of the carriage at Creil. Five minutes afterwards the conducteur had perceived it, while the passengers were in the coffee-room partaking of some refreshment.

One of my first steps in this great city was to inquire after the best mode of reaching Beirût, the usual, and, indeed, the only fit landing-place for travellers to the Holy Land. I am told at the Bureau de Poste, Rue Jean J. Rousseau, that a steamer leaves Marseilles on the 1st, 11th, and 21st of every month, *viâ* Malta and Syra, for Smyrna, whence you must take the Austrian Lloyd's steamer to Beirût *viâ* Rhodes and Larnaca (Cyprus). As these boats are not in any way connected, you are obliged to wait eight days after the arrival of the French boat at Smyrna, before you can proceed on your journey by the Austrian steam-packet. There is a second way to Beirût, by the steam-packet which leaves Marseilles on the 4th and the 23d of every month, but then you have to undergo a quarantine of five days at Beirût, and the quarantine establishment in that city is reckoned the worst in the Levant, swarming with vermin. What would one not do to avoid these odious quarantines? So I shall keep to my first purpose, that of leaving Marseilles by the Smyrna steamer; besides, I wish to see Smyrna, Rhodes, and Cyprus. I shall let you know shortly the day of my departure. Here I must stop against my will. Good old M. Jomard of the

Bibliotheque Nationale (formerly Royale) has invited me to assist at a *séance* of the institution, as M. de Saulcy is to deliver a lecture on his recent voyage to Palestine, and I perceive with some alarm that the clock just now points to the hour at which the *séance* was to begin; so adieu! Believe me, &c.

PARIS, *October* 27, 1851.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Although various circumstances have detained me here longer than I would wish, yet very soon I hope to leave Paris far behind me. Here are my trunks beside me ready packed. I have been advised not to encumber myself with any article beyond such as are usual for a traveller's outfit. The less luggage the better, only I have provided a waterproof cloak, and a pair of waterproof trousers and shoes, that I may defy, if necessary, the winter storms of Palestine.

I have got with me Ritter, Robinson, Kitto, and Keith "on the Holy Land," a good store of drawing materials, the best of the hitherto published maps, a compass, a telescope, and an instrument for surveying: the one used by the French engineers appears to me, from its simplicity and accuracy, to be the best suited to my purpose.

But I have still to relate my interview with M. de Saulcy and his travelling companions at the *séance*, which made me break off writing to you the other day. I found myself suddenly transported to the East, at least among learned Orientalists. There stood de Quatremère, at sight of whom M. Jomard whispered,

" C'est le Prince de l'Orient;" there was Count Leon de la Borde, M. Vivien de S^{t} Martin, and no inconsiderable number of others more or less learned. The feeling of having been cast, as it were by chance, in this small world of sages, somewhat disturbed my attention as I sat listening to de Saulcy. He read us a discourse intended to prove that the so-called tombs of the kings on the north side of Jerusalem have really held the sarcophagi which contained the ashes of Judah's kings. Had you been present at the discussion which arose among the members of the institution, you would have felt the truth of the proverb, "In much wisdom is much grief, and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow." * For my part, I must own the opinion maintained by M. de Saulcy, that the Scriptures were very liable to err, and that such texts as speak of "his being buried *in* the city of David," were probably mistakes, must appear so absurd even to such as do *not* consider the Bible as the word of God, that I was rather surprised he should be listened to with so much attention and patience. At another meeting M. de Saulcy read to the assembly a lecture, in which he asserted he had discovered the ruins of Sodom, Gomorrah, Admah, Zeboim, and Zoar, on the south-west coast, and in the range of mountains which lies to the west of the Dead Sea.

On this point, also, the alleged discovery of these ruins did not seem to me to be quite in accordance with the topography of the Scriptures; but at such a moment there is little possibility of saying anything against the declarations of this distinguished traveller,

* Eccles. i. 18.

who affirmed he had found, in such and such places, ruins still bearing their ancient names. M. de Saulcy and his antagonists seemed, however, glad that an impartial traveller was going to inquire on the spot into the truth of these assertions. The position I hold between both parties must, I fear, hereafter expose me to the displeasure of one of them. The kind politeness shown to me personally by M. de Saulcy, and his readiness to oblige me with a copy of his yet unpublished manuscript maps for my expedition, makes me secretly hope I may be able to prove something in favour of his opinions on my return. Yet the fear that very possibly the contrary may be the case was increased, when he related to me, with that open-hearted confiding manner so peculiar to him, how he and his companions had spent whole days and nights in those kingly tombs, now choked up with rubbish, for the purpose of examining the curiously sculptured stone coffins; and, above all, when he ended his animated discourse, by telling me he had succeeded in carrying off secretly from thence a sarcophagus, which he maintained was none other than that of King David himself.

Lieut.-Colonel C. Callier, who went to survey Palestine in 1832 and 1833, was not then in Paris, but I obtained some information relative to his survey at the War Office. From a list of the instruments provided for him by the government, it appears, at least, he was properly fitted out for the most exact survey. The archives here are otherwise but scantily furnished with geographical notices concerning the Holy Land.

You ask me, in your letter of the 10th instant, if

I have nothing to impart to you touching my interviews with the Christians in this city? Your expression would be a characteristic one anywhere, but above all it is so here. As if the greater number of the people here were heathens! But I quite understand you. In many respects you are not wrong; but let me tell you that there are here still many luminous spots amid the general darkness. As regards the manners of the Parisians, it strikes me, having just passed some months in England, that they far surpass the inhabitants of Albion in politeness towards strangers, and in a certain readiness to oblige them.

What a difference between this city and London! Oh! if this people, gifted by nature with so much that is amiable and engaging, had but the knowledge of God, and of his Son Jesus Christ! At present, in the moral atmosphere of Paris, you breathe nothing but estrangement from Him, and ignorance of His laws. As to the keeping of the Lord's Day, for instance, you no longer perceive any reverence even for the outward form. All the shops are open—the streets full of idlers—the coffee-rooms crowded—the advertisements of balls, theatres, &c., even more numerous than on week days. Alas for thee, Paris! If thou didst but know the love, the saving love, of Him who stands now at thy door, and knocks; if, perchance, thou shouldest hear His voice, and open unto Him, that He might come in and sup with thee, and thou with Him!

One of the saddest examples of the hardened state of error into which man can sink, I met in the case of a gentleman who had but recently returned from a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. His irreverent manner of

speaking, intermingled as it was with oaths and curses, struck me. I thought he might perhaps not know the third commandment, and ventured to ask him a question.

"Have you had any book in the Holy Land which could serve you as a guide, and remind you of the events which happened there?"

"Most certainly. I had my Bible always with me: there is no better guide."

"You are then acquainted with the word of God: but I thought your priests forbid you the use of it."

"Yes; but I laugh at that command, the most tyrannical one ever given. That priestly system of keeping the people ignorant is most detestable. I still read my Bible every evening."

"And does not this reading really refresh your heart—the perusal of the revelation of God's infinite love reconciling lost sinners to His holy Justice? What an impression must Jerusalem and Galilee have made on you!"

"Oh, certainly; I went there an unbeliever. I returned as a *believer*. Deeply, very deeply, was I struck by the sites connected with the holy scenes. Never shall I forget the tears of emotion which I shed in the Grotto of Nazareth, where the Holy Virgin received the salutation of the angel Gabriel."

"You are happy! You are now become like a pilgrim to the heavenly Jerusalem. You now run with patience the course which is appointed you—fighting—is it not so?—the good fight, and striving to enter in. Would that this strife appeared less difficult to us!"

"Oh! as for that, I trouble myself but little about it. I *believe;* that is sufficient. God has created us thus weak and sinful; if He call us to Himself, His will be done! What can a man do against it? Formerly I feared death; but the late revolution broke out—I became familiar with human blood. I went to the Holy Land, I believed, and since that time I fear nothing."

How fearful is this! having ears to hear, yet not understanding; having eyes to see, and yet not perceiving!

Poor pilgrims to the Holy Land, is such the faith you bring from thence?

You will, doubtless, my friend, after such examples, feel the more earnestly excited to pray, "Thy kingdom come." With you I say amen to this. Farewell!

MARSEILLES, *November* 1, 1851.

ONE hour for you, dear friend, of the short time allowed me here. The world is again new to me these last two days. I am writing in one of the spacious rooms of the Hôtel des Ambassadeurs—the same in which a short time ago Kossuth was staying,—refreshed and rested after a long journey of fifty hours in the diligence, and not a little excited by being now in reality on my way to Palestine—a fact which sometimes began to grow doubtful to my mind, from the length of time I was detained at Paris.

If it should ever be your intention to set off for the East *vid* Marseilles, let me recommend to you the diligence of La Fite, Gaillard, 130 Rue St Honoré.

The diligence, with self and baggage, as soon as you arrive at the station, is transferred from its own wheels to wheels made for it on the line, and so you glide on to Chalons in a few hours. In this manner, when the line is complete, the whole distance is to be performed. You have a few minutes allowed for refreshment at Fontainebleau, at Tonnère, and at Dijon. At Chalons, where you partake of a French dinner at 10 o'clock in the evening, you are again sent forth on your own wheels in the ordinary manner. You settle yourself in your corner as comfortably as possible, endeavouring to fall asleep. If you are travelling alone, the impériale is the best place for a view of the country. I had therefore chosen this high seat, but did not gain much by so doing; for the rain soon descended in torrents, the outlines of the hills and trees, of the cities and villages, were lost in mist; only the golden autumnal tints of the few yet remaining poplar leaves, thrown out against the silver-blue haze of the distant mountains, were still visible through the net-work the rain had drawn over the coach windows. I had the impériale quite to myself till 2 o'clock in the morning, and slept tolerably well, with my feet warmly wrapped up in a piece of the conducteur's sheepskin. Soon, however, after this, two sturdy horse-dealers got up beside me, whose restless speculative spirit showed itself in rather a noisy manner, so that I was right glad, at the dawn of the next day, to perceive from afar the second capital of France. You arrive there about eight in the morning; drive through a great part of the city, admiring as you pass the picturesque groupings of its tall houses—some built

on the hills round the city, others at the foot of them; you then go along the winding banks of the Rhone, bewailing the dirty streets of Lyons, where the mud in some parts lies half a foot deep. You may here say to yourself, Farewell, henceforth, to the cleanliness of our homes and fatherland; for the farther you travel, the worse you fare in this respect. After leaving Lyons, the monotony of the long journey is agreeably interrupted by the many windings of the river, and the ever-changing scenery. At Vienne you are allowed to stretch your wearied limbs for five minutes; at Valence, to partake of a *diner soupatoir*. The second night must be rather oppressive in the summer season, as even now you feel strongly the change to a southern climate. In these cold autumnal days, however, a warmer atmosphere is rather agreeable. You approach the proud city of Avignon, encircled by a range of chalk hills, and with its remains of Papal pomp and Roman grandeur, just when the night is disappearing. O! might the night of superstition and incredulity there also disappear before the bright rays of the Morning Star, of the Sun of Righteousness! Again you are hoisted on the railway as before; again you rapidly pass hills, tunnels, fields, villages—then the small town of Arles; and when first we greet from afar those calm blue waters called in Scripture the Great Sea, it is noon, and we are at the end of our journey by diligence.

To-day we must again set off. I had some slight trouble this morning when taking my place at the Bureau des Messageries Nation*ales* (when shall *ales*

again change its preceding syllables?) No tickets are given until your passport is examined by the consul of your nation. Unfortunately, to-day is All-Saints-Day, which is kept here very strictly—strictly, that is, in the way of having all shops closed, and all offices shut. This was the case with the consular office of the Netherlands. It is impossible to get my passport examined. At last I paid 300 francs for my ticket on board the Smyrna steamboat, without the much desired passport *visa*. By the advice of some fellow-travellers, I have taken a place in the second class; but if you travel with ladies, the first class, 480 francs, is preferable. All expenses of eating, drinking, shipping of baggage, &c., are included in this sum. Travellers who are not pressed for time, and who would like to touch at Genoa, Leghorn, Civita Vecchia, Naples, and Messina, before landing at Malta, will find at Marseilles a steamer, which leaves on the 9th, 19th, and 29th of each month, ready to take them in this direction, and then, being connected with the steamer bound direct for Malta, it will take them farther—to the Levant on the 5th, 15th, and 25th of each month, or to Alexandria on the 7th and 26th.

Everything being settled for my intended journey, I went to take a walk to the rocky summit of Notre Dame de la Garde, where many people were coming and going with various purposes. From this height you have the most beautiful and extensive view of the city of Marseilles, stretching out to an immense distance, with no fewer than 150,000 souls for its population;—there is its wide haven, where you may see the flags of all the nations of the world flying; there are its grey-coloured

large and tall houses, its strong bastions, its sheltering breakwater, surrounded by yellowish-grey fields; there, in the distance, you may see its hazy mountains, and at its feet the dark-blue waves of the Mediterranean Sea. Bethink you now what interests are bound up in those houses, those churches, those fortresses, those hills, what hopes are resting on those waters, and you will understand what brings the motley crowd to this spot, to kneel in prayer before those crucifixes and those images enshrined here. I believe that had the Apostle Paul wandered forth to-day on this rock—had he heard the mass-bells ever ringing day and night, and beheld the altars and sanctuaries—he would have exclaimed here, as once at Athens, "I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious." It is a touching thought—so many living souls worshipping a God so unknown.

I am now right glad to have provided myself at Paris with a store of Bibles and evangelical tracts. There are many waters on whose shores I may find opportunity of sowing the good seed.

Trusting this will find you in good health, &c.

ON BOARD THE FRENCH STEAMER L'ALEXANDRE,
November 4, 1851.

FOR the first time, my friend, wind and waves allow me to relate to you somewhat of my voyage. Do you remember our passage to ——?—how we were tossed and pitched about—those deadly-pale faces on deck disappearing one after the other to their berths, some suffering so terribly from sea-sickness that they firmly vowed never to set foot again on a steamer? Well, just

such a scene as this did we go through here. Hardly had we let go the last cable which bound us still to the continent of Europe, when our miseries began. It blew hard from the west, fortunately just in our favour; for those who, well used to the watery element, thought not of sea-sickness, it was an animating interesting sight to see our steamer bounding, as it were, lightly over the foaming waves.

This weather has now lasted three days—a time of suffering for most of the passengers, with the exception of only a few hours' relief, as we neared the high coasts of the straits between Corsica and Sardinia, where the water was smoother. To-day, though, the storm has ceased, the sky is clear, the waters calm; the passengers, too, are come to life again; sufferings are forgotten, and everything wears so cheerful an aspect on deck, that it has cost me some effort to leave the gay scene, and bury myself down here below with pen and ink. On the whole, our ship pleases me well; yet the cabins and attendance leave much to be wished for as to order and cleanliness. Our French friends do not understand these things yet. If a traveller does for once complain, they have whole volumes of the most polite excuses ready to silence his complaints. The dinners are good; the society numerous—representatives of all classes and nations. Passengers of the second class are allowed to intermingle freely with those of the first class on the quarter-deck. To-day began the business of making acquaintance. I must leave to your imagination the lively scene of ladies, gentlemen, small and great, French, English, North Americans, Germans, Italians, Greeks,

Turks, Maltese, Syrians. They come to tell me Malta is in sight. Farewell! Forgive me for leaving you. More hereafter.

La Valetta Harbour,
Evening.

Only just at the beginning of my journey, and already I find I have undertaken no easy task—that of communicating my various impressions to you from the very spots which give rise to them. Yet, I will be faithful. Some of our passengers are gone ashore: this leaves me a quiet hour.

What a solemn moment, when we were sailing by the north-east coast of Malta! In this neighbourhood it was that the ship from Alexandria, sailing to Italy, suffered shipwreck, with no less than two hundred and seventy-six souls on board. On this sea, now smooth and even as a crystal mirror, she was tossed and beaten of the winds for fourteen anxious and sorrowful days and nights. All hope of being saved seemed lost. At length, on the fourteenth night, they discover some land near. Day breaks, and there before them rises a range of hills, at the foot of which they discover a bay. These hills are from four to six hundred feet high. On their summits you now perceive the castle of Selmoun and some fine-looking villas. On the south-east side of the bay the sea dashes its high and foaming waves, with a hollow murmur, against the rocks. To the north is a small slip of land running out into the sea, which is yet further lengthened by an island; the latter seems to close the bay. Between

this island and the narrow peninsula, the vessel, it is said, was thrust by God. It was soon after broken by the violence of the waves; yet, according to the Lord's promise, all escaped safe to land—some on boards, some on broken pieces of the ship. A beautiful image, is it not, for those who, like Paul, have chosen their lot, and are now tossed about, by unbelief, on the ocean of grace? Although the darkness lasted many days and many nights—although no small tempest lay on them—and although at length the frail vessel is shattered to pieces, yet the Lord hath spoken it, "not one of them shall perish;" but a better than the hospitable Publius stands with open arms, ready to receive with love and mercy the shipwrecked mariners. Let their only care be, that they make not shipwreck of their faith, but trust that He will ever be to them as He has promised.

There is so much to be admired as you approach the destined port, that you hear little else from those on board, save exclamations of wonder and delight. On entering the harbour of La Valetta, all rose, as if by a magic charm. The last rays of the setting sun were streaming through the arches of the aqueducts, round the base of St Elmo, and shed their warm southern glow on the opposite fort of Riccasoli, near the Citta Vittoriosa. Every small creek and inlet of the bay was covered with the light and gaily-painted boats peculiar to this place, and whose occupants are proverbial in the Mediterranean for their noisy and clamorous bargaining to obtain the preference of travellers. And then, when the anchor was dropped, it was not into *water*, but into a sea of purest liquid

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] Maltese, Italians, Greeks, Spaniards, [illegible] in short, what nation do you not find here? Now, you have to ascend the steep and numerous flights of steps which form not a few of the streets of this old knightly city. To look at the architectural

style of the houses, with their balconies jutting forward and covered over, you would fancy yourself in Italy; but, should you try to judge by the crowds of human beings, it would be impossible to discover by features or costumes in what part of the world you were: north, south, east, and west meet here. Malta itself has its fair women shrouded in black veils, which conceal eyes darker and more brilliant still; it has its swarthy-looking youths, lively and alert. England has here her gentlemanly looking civilians and government officers—her military and naval costumes; Southern Italy can show its lazzaroni and closely-shorn monks; Northern Africa and Greece their fortune-hunters. Each land has, in short, some representative. The Knights of St John alone—better known as the knights of Malta—are no longer to be found here. Since 1798 they are no longer showing forth the characteristics of the nations from whence they sprung. Their grand-master, La Valetta, founded the present capital of Malta in 1566, and surrounded it with fortifications which were too strong for even a sultan Soliman, the mighty conqueror of the East. Now their churches, palaces, and fortifications, are all that is left of them to tell to the stranger visiting this island the history of their former glory. The cathedral, dedicated to St John, the patron of their order, and built in 1580 by the grand-master Jean de la Cassière, with its architectural beauties, its pictures and statues, its floors and vaults of inlaid marble, is certainly one of the finest in the world. The palace of the grand-master is now inhabited by the British governor.

Should you, my friend, ever visit Malta, and should

you will there be limited hours not to take a stroll in the upper regions on this side of the city looking towards Floriana. There, at every turn, you meet with views so magnificently beautiful, that I would advise you to keep your steamer in view, in order that you may be ready to tear yourself away from the enchanting panorama at the least appearance of preparations for departure: otherwise you will forget both time and distance, and, lost in the bewitching scenery, you will run the risk of being left behind. It is near this locality that most of the English families have their mansions or villas; and you will perchance meet their *beau-monde* in the botanical gardens, which are laid out in the Italian style.

How delightful is this atmosphere! I do not wonder that so many invalids from England should spend the winter here. Yet the north-east winds are said to be very sharp at this season. This agrees with verse 2, chap. xxviii. of the Acts of the Apostles. We however enjoyed light southern breezes; and the warmth outside the city, amidst the barren chalk-fields, seemed to me as great as on a summer day in our beloved North. I am now obliged to end my letter. So many new travellers are coming on board, that it is impossible to write amid all this noise and confusion. Farewell, then.

SMYRNA, *November* 10, 1851.

You would scarcely forgive me, I know, if I made you step thus at once from Malta to Smyrna. So I sit down to sail with you quietly over those sixty hours from Malta to Syra, casting anchor in the lat-

ter harbour for a day, and live over again the sixteen hours' passage from thence to Smyrna. Could I only make you taste of the delightful winter climate here, on a fine day! The atmosphere seems of a nature entirely different from that of our cold northern region. What the difference is you cannot well tell, but certain it is that there is something soothing, and refreshing at the same time, something invigorating and bracing in the air of these parts, which, having once breathed, you never forget. Look, also, at the cheerful countenances of our fellow-travellers —sure signs of the state of mind they are in! What makes conversation flow so freely and easily, and gives so bright and cheerful a tone to the recent and short-lived friendship of our intercourse? Yet there is a want of reality and solidity in all this buoyancy of spirits. Speak but to those two North Americans with strongly-marked features and eagle glances, restlessly pacing the deck, as if impatient at our rate of ten knots an hour, which they feel almost as a delay or a stoppage in the "go ahead" journey they have before them; turn but your conversation on the high and favoured theme of the excellencies of our blessed Saviour, and judge then if there be peace within. They will show you, with no small flow of words, that they cannot receive the Bible as the Word of God, nor Jesus as the son of the Most High, still less as the Saviour of mankind; that man has been created by God to be always happy—that is, according to *their* sense of the word happy, living as the thoughtless Frenchman, who follows every wish of his own corrupt heart. They will tell you, that *he*

is a fool who cherishes chimerical notions and fancies of piety, which deprive him of rest and ease here, and will not serve him hereafter; that man has been created with a free will, and free reasoning powers; that his reason is his religion. Provided he do no man harm, and do all the good he can, it is undoubtedly certain he will be blest hereafter by a *just* God—a fearful word in their lips. They will tell you that all those moral lectures, tracts, and religious books, are very good for the uneducated classes, but that a man whose reason is duly cultivated, is above such things! Or approach, if you will, that elegant lady, sitting near the ship's compass. She is the wife of one of the diplomatic officials at the Court of Athens, and is on her way back to her husband, bringing with her a daughter of twelve years of age, who had just been receiving (so the mother said) a year's good education in one of the convents at Paris. The education of young ladies is excellent for bringing the conversation upon the concerns of the soul, and nothing could the proud mother speak of so highly as of the religious proceedings and effects of that twelvemonth's course of Paris education. "You should have seen, Sir, how beautifully the church was decorated on the day my daughter received her first communion. If you could but have heard the touching sermon Father —— gave us upon death. I thought I could have expired while he spoke."—Again, you may, if you like, present a tract to that light-hearted Frenchman leaning against the paddle-box—for instance, the account of the conversion of an Irish priest. At first he will reply with French politeness, but the truth will out at last. He

detests all those tales the English Protestants tell about their "bribery" of the Irish Romanists. Happily, they are amply repaid by the return of so many English to the "true mother Church!" He follows up his speech with, "Eh bien—let a man but feel repentance, do penance, and perform works of charity! Que voulez vous de plus, Monsieur?"—Let us join, if you prefer it, that merry group, leaning over the ship's side. No! you will perhaps say, I see well enough, that even that most lovely region of our earth, the Mediterranean Sea, cannot do aught towards imparting grace to man. But while reflecting back the image of our own heart in that of our fellow-men, we may, indeed, ask—Who hath given us this light?—what are we, that we should thus have been taught to submit obediently to God's word?—Meanwhile the steamer ploughs her way steadily on through the blue deep; and, just rising in view, there are the classic shores of Greece, and its island groups. The pilot shows you the point of Arcadia; behind it the smaller isle of Sphagia, and the bay of Navarino, where, on the 20th of October 1827, the Turkish fleet was destroyed, and Greece thereby delivered from the despot sway of the Moslem tyrant.

What a host of remembrances, both from ancient and modern times, haunt these waters, and throng around each rocky headland as we rapidly sail by! How rich and varied the glowing hues that light these shores!—from the silver blue of the distant Mount Jud and the bay of Coron (where lies Corona, founded by Epaminondas) to the grey, broken tints of the rocks of Sopienza, Cabrera, and Venetico! What thoughts arise

within us as we pass Cape Matapan, whose stern summit time has bleached, and whose dark green base, worn partly away by the water, tells of the many ages it has felt the stormy winds and waves beating against it! How strange the contrast between the Cerigo of our days and the Cythera of old—the birth-place of Helena: the spot where once stood the far-famed temple of Venus, now a place of exile for Grecian malefactors, kept here under the care of a small garrison! We leave Cape Matapan, the point longest visible on this coast, just as the last rays of light are fading fast from it, and returning day finds us in the midst of the Cyclades, passing Thermia and Serpho on our way to Syra. These are but barren rocks, which we can with difficulty recognise as the abodes of Grecian gods and goddesses.

The contrast between these grey masses and the houses of Syra, which are painted white or yellow, renders the aspect of this town very striking. It was the first eastern city I had yet seen. No more roofs of red tiles or grey slate, but flat terrace-roofs in their stead, rising one above the other. To climb the rocky hill through Syra's streets is no small undertaking. Here and there we may perceive a church tower rising above the surrounding buildings, or the sails of some clumsy windmill, with its twelve arms moving heavily round. The neighbouring hills seem to bear the ruins of old fortifications. In the port all is life and activity. Ships of the most various flags and sails are seen here; some lying unfinished in the docks, others ready for sea; some entering the port, some leaving it. Between them you may see the Greek

boats, with their gaily, but, to our eyes, strangely clad crew. Look at the graceful folds of their dress, drawn tightly in some parts, their small red caps with bright tassels, their loose jackets and smart sashes; look at their features, their dark sparkling eyes and long mustaches—is not all about them full of Eastern poetry?—a thousand eyes seem scarcely sufficient to mark all as it would deserve.

The ship only remains here long enough to place the passengers for Athens on a steamer ready for them, and to take in some new travellers, and a supply of coals. There would be time enough for a turn on the shore; but the reports brought by some of our fellow passengers about the streets of Syra, after they had spent some hours wandering there, were so unfavourable that I am right glad I have not lost the illusion its outward appearance gives, and have contented myself with looking at it from afar. Syra is like many other things in this respect—would you see them to their greatest advantage, then keep at a fair distance from them.

We sailed on between Tynos, Delos, and Mycona; from thence we steered north-east, and made for the Bay of Smyrna. One of our passengers, a French painter—a sort of *bon garçon*—shared in my admiration, as I watched the change of colours the scenery was undergoing on that delightful evening, whilst the sun sank in the west. The works of God lead us so naturally to converse upon the Creator; but here our feelings ceased to sympathise. My painter was just the opposite of the American travellers before mentioned. He looked upon man as a being without free-

will, supposing him to act as a passive instrument under God's superior power, and according to certain fixed laws, not in the least responsible for his actions. The Bible he considered as a fable, compounded by men who were under the influence of a melancholy temperament.

"Man," said he, "has but one obligation laid on him,—that is, to love his neighbour as himself; and this duty every one should endeavour to fulfil."

"But who has revealed this obligation to you?"

"My reason—my own sound reason."

"Do you not acknowledge, then, that there must be some just retribution inflicted on those who transgress this law?"

"Most certainly. But man finds this retribution or chastisement in himself; it cannot come to him from God, for God is goodness only—He is neither a judge nor an avenger."

"So you deny the existence of sin—I mean of sin considered as making light of God's commands, and transgressing against them?"

"Mere chimeras! God is infinitely too high and too mighty to admit the possibility of man's offending him."

"But then, what of our indifference, our ingratitude towards a God so good and so great?"

"We are not to blame for this—it is owing to our physical constitution."

There is a time to be silent, even with a very great wish to speak. I fancied this was such a time. There is a certain state of mind, in which man, "having changed the truth into a lie," finally looks upon this

lie as the truth, and becomes at last unfit to receive the latter—an awful state !

Do you think, though, my friend, that darkness alone dwelt on our ship? Many an open ear and heart did I find, and many an opportunity of distributing the Holy Scriptures or religious books. There were no tyrannical priests here to snatch the Word of God from the hands that had grasped it; and this morning, when we parted on our arrival at Smyrna, many a hand shook mine warmly, and many a look seemed to say, "Farewell, till we meet again in the presence of Him who hath loved us!" Even so: may He grant us there to meet, according to His holy word.

The sun had scarce risen above the mountains of Smyrna when the "Alexandre" cast anchor in the bay. A singular impression it gives you, this arrival at the greatest commercial city of Western Asia. The town lies on the background of an arm of the sea, which is almost too large to be called a bay. It is closed in on all sides, excepting on the north-west, by mountains broad at their base, some of them reaching a considerable height, some rather bare in appearance, yet not without gardens and cultivated fields, woods and tracts of bushes.

The roadstead is commanded by a fort, situated at about the distance of half-an-hour's walk. The traveller landing here, meets with no high or magnificent buildings. The greatest part of the city is hidden behind a low range of irregular houses, above which wave the flags of the consuls. These houses are anything but inviting in their appearance. The row of buildings near the seashore is called the Franks' quarter, because it is chiefly

Europeans that live here. The part of the city which lies close behind this belongs to the Greeks, the Armenians, and other Oriental Christians. The Moslem quarter, with its high red roofs and white minarets, is built on the declivity of a hill, about four hundred feet high, on the right or south side of the city. The barracks, which are defended by a battery, and situated at some little distance from the town, as well as the quarantine establishment, painted yellow, make rather a showy appearance. Here and there you may see the tall dark cypresses rising above the houses: these, in the East, always announce the locality of a cemetery. The cypress-tree ever remains green, and in consequence is always an ornament to Moslem cities. On the summit of the hill behind the town are the ruins of an old castle. As they look down on you from their lofty station, in all their picturesque beauty, they seem to say to the approaching traveller, "Forget not, O man, that there, where now the cup of unrighteousness is full even to overflowing, that Lord, who calls himself 'the first and the last, which was dead, and is alive,' once had a church to whom he addressed these words: 'I know thy works, and tribulation, and poverty (but thou art rich), and I know the blasphemy of them which say they are Jews, and are not, but are the synagogue of Satan. Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life. He that overcometh shall not be hurt of the second death.'"* Not that the ruins of this castle have any thing in common with the history of the first Christian

* Rev. ii. 8–11.

church at Smyrna, but at its feet we find the remains of the amphitheatre in which Polycarp suffered martyrdom. A tombstone has been erected to his memory, and the Moslems even look upon it with reverence. Polycarp was faithful unto death, and won his martyr's crown. Much there is in Smyrna—which even the very Turks call the infidel Smyrna (Ismîr Giaour)—which makes us think of Polycarp, and pray that his spirit may again dwell here.

I am writing this in my room at the Hôtel des Deux Augustes, kept by a certain M. Mille, a Frenchman. It is now evening. A few hours only have elapsed since my arrival this morning, yet all is so strange and new to me, that it seems as if a whole life of events and circumstances had fleeted by in that brief space of time. Stepping out of a steamer into a strange city is never a very pleasant business, and here it was quite disagreeable. I was instantly surrounded by a crowd of fellows, in very various costumes, who began wrangling in all manner of tongues, every one perfectly unknown to me, as to who should take charge of my luggage. In the midst of this confusion a Turk stepped up to me, with his belt well stocked with pistols, his scimitar and long mustaches, a fit figure to frighten children with. Stretching out his hand, he pronounced the word "Baksheesh" (a gift of money), showing by his gestures, at the same time, that he was a custom-house officer. There are numbers of such functionaries in our own land who would gladly follow his example, and indeed do so, yet still covertly and with some sense of shame; but here I met with a specimen of Turkish honesty in the unblushing manner in which

this officer openly demanded a bribe for not searching my goods.

My first visit was to the house of Sir James van Lennep, our worthy consul-general, whom the Pasha of Smyrna so justly entitles the "Father of Consuls"—a man whose integrity, honour, and politeness, will be well known to you from books, letters, and reports. It would, therefore, be superfluous in me to add my praises, however much he deserves them. Nor was it this gentleman only to whose civility I was so much indebted. His cousins, the Van Lenneps—heads of the commercial house of that name—offered with the utmost kindness to do everything in their power, in order to make my short stay at Smyrna as agreeable as possible. I immediately took advantage of their kind offer in accepting their escort on a walk through the Turkish cemetery near the Caravan Bridge, and on the Pagus Hill, where are situated the old ruins of the castle I mentioned. Were I to give you a full description of all that happened here, I should have to enter into so many particulars about the city and its inhabitants, that my letter would extend at last to a full description of the town of Smyrna. This would be exceeding my promise. We agreed, you know, that I should impart to you all that I should learn concerning the Holy Land, and my adventures there; and as Smyrna lies without its boundaries, you must consider what I tell you about it as a something extra. Well, winding our way first through the Franks' quarter, the great bazaar-street of Smyrna, and afterwards through that of the Greeks, (the new quarter—the old having been lately burnt down), we found ourselves, after half-an-hour's

walk from the hôtel, on the banks of a small stream called the Meles, on the banks of which, as some will have it, Homer was born. Opposite lies the Caravan Bridge, so called because it is the chief entrance to the city, by which the loaded camels, and other beasts of burden, bring to Smyrna's market the products of the fertility and industry of Asia Minor. There are a few coffee-houses by the water side; but you must not form too high an opinion of these. They are but uncouth booths or huts. The Greek host brings a couple of low stools outside for you, and offers coffee prepared after the Oriental fashion, and presented in small Eastern cups and saucers; or, should you prefer it, ginger beer and French claret are also to be had. Here you may sit and calmly meditate, away from the turmoil of Smyrna, enjoying the cool refreshing breeze. Here, too, if you have eyes to observe, you may, in the space of an hour, see more go past on the Caravan Bridge than volumes could describe. There go foot passengers, riders on horses, asses, camels; fair women from Smyrna, and strangers from the west of Europe and north of Africa. You may see the Turkish women, closely wrapped in their long white veils, shuffling along in their yellow slippers; and unhappy delinquents groaning under their chains. These are despatched from the interior provinces to the Turkish magistrate at Smyrna. In short, I saw here a world in itself, perfectly new to me; and yet, notwithstanding, I must still own that "there is nothing new under the sun."

The remains of the castle on the Pagus Hill are well worth a visit. It is not known who first built

C. de Bruin mentions the Greek emperors; others say the Genoese. Whatever be the fact, it is certain that the arches and vaults which are yet standing have been made up from the remains of former buildings. Dapper relates that in his time there were still many inscriptions and carved works of the Roman character to be found, as well as a superscription, in the old Grecian tongue, above the walled-up entrance. From this circumstance he inferred that the founder of the building had been a Grecian. This superscription, he adds, was much defaced. Nothing more is to be seen of it now. Inside the castle there is a vaulted cistern in a pretty good state of preservation; also a small square edifice with a dome, formerly a church, but now used as a mosque.

Travellers to other regions, who are stopping at Smyrna for a short time only, cannot do better than spend a part of their time on the Pagus Hill: you have from thence an excellent panorama of the town, with its surrounding villages, its plains, gardens, hills, and woods. The Pagus Hill is strewn with fragments of granite and marble. What magnificent buildings must once have stood here! By the opposite side of the hill you descend into a pleasure-ground with trees of every sort. The landscape is varied by country houses and villas. These are built in the modern style; yet you are in no danger of forgetting the ancient, as a very fine aqueduct, with a double row of arches, recalls it forcibly to your mind.

You have a strange feeling as you enter Smyrna after viewing such a scene. It was now afternoon: the host

of quarrelsome children, the howling dogs, heavily laden asses, horses, and camels; the proud turbaned chief and the fiercely-armed policeman, who nevertheless seemed incapable of inspiring the evildoers with fear—all these were beginning gradually to leave the streets, particularly in the Frankish quarter, making room for the Smyrna ladies, with their handsome profiles, and fairy black eyes. I need not add, that this is the hour for the dandies of Smyrna. Poor paraders! I wish you a better promenade than these Smyrna streets, so badly paved and so frightfully dirty to a Netherlander's eye. Only conceive—these streets are never cleaned; and when a camel sinks beneath its heavy burden and dies, the carcase is left lying there until the dogs have carried it away piecemeal. Added to this, the streets are so narrow that you are compelled to crush yourself against the wall, if you would avoid being run over by some camel. And then the eastern warmth of the atmosphere—think of that! It is therefore not the least surprising that so many thousands of the inhabitants of Smyrna are frequently carried off by the plague; it is, on the contrary, strange that a continual plague does not dwell here, caused by the unhealthy miasmas these streets constantly exhale.—Meanwhile, my friend, it grows late; enough for my first day in Smyrna. The Austrian Lloyd's steamer is to start for Beirût in eight days. I shall leave this letter open, that I may afterwards add a little to it.

Boudja, *November* 17, 1851.

The steamer from Constantinople having been detained by contrary winds, has not yet made its appearance. I rode over this afternoon to the house of Mr

Lewis, the English Episcopalian clergyman. He himself accompanied me. It is a very fit retreat in which to tell you a little more about my brief sojourn at Smyrna. Many of the English residents are staying here. The village is about an hour's ride from the town; the air of the place is very healthy, and the nights, especially in summer, are much cooler than in Smyrna. During the last two years, however, bands of robbers have infested the neighbourhood, so that most of the European inhabitants of Boudja, as well as those of Bournabat—a village on the other side of Smyrna, to which the French give their preference—have been obliged to leave their houses and return to the town. You will have seen in the newspapers that one of the Van Lenneps of Boudja was seized by robbers, and carried off to the mountains, and that he was only freed from their hands by the payment of a very high ransom. The Turkish magistrates look upon such acts of violence with the coolest possible indifference.

Mr Lewis has been established here for a great number of years. He, together with his colleague, the missionary Walter, and three missionaries belonging to the North American Society of Boston, preaches the Gospel in these parts. There is also a minister attached to the suite of the Dutch Consul.

There cannot be greater distress of souls than that which prevails among so many poor French, German, and Italian emigrants who come hither to seek bread. Remember that five-sixths of the 120,000 inhabitants of this large city bear the name of Christians; and these are continually being drawn deeper and deeper into the errors of the Greek, Armenian, and Roman Catholic

doctrines, by patriarchs and priests, by monastical restraints and jesuitical lessons—while they scarcely ever hear a single voice telling them of the *one* way to the Father, Jesus Christ our Saviour.

If you would learn something more regarding Mr Lewis, read what the Scotch missionaries relate of him, in the *Narrative of a Mission of Enquiry to the Jews in* 1839. His work is, however, limited—the English language being so little known among the inhabitants of Smyrna. The missionary Walter labours chiefly among the Greeks. He lived formerly with Mr Hildner at Syra, where there was then a flourishing school of six hundred children. He complained much of the persecution he had to endure from the Greek patriarch and his priests. Again and again he had been obliged to cease preaching to the Greeks, but he intended beginning anew with fresh courage.

Mr Walter is properly a missionary among the Turks; but, until now, no open door among them has been found for him. He converses, indeed, with them: they are very willing to hear him in a *tête-à-tête*, and some will even ask for Bibles; but the certain death which the laws of the Koran pronounce on those who embrace the Gospel of Christ, is an obstacle which has not yet been overcome. Religious service for the small English congregation at Smyrna is performed by Mr Lewis and Mr Walter alternately.

I greatly enjoyed the company of the North American missionaries, Benjamin, Riggs and Johnstone. With them I met the missionary Lowndse, now settled at Malta as agent for the British Bible Society. These brethren, likewise, experience the greatest opposition from the Greek clergy, so that the

press is, in reality, almost their only means of communication with the people. Excommunication and social persecution render it more than difficult for the Eastern Christians to join the ranks of those who worship the Lord Jesus, not through the medium of living and dead saints, or tyrannical priests, not by kneeling before images and pictures, but in spirit and in truth, according to the words of the Holy Scriptures. And yet, notwithstanding all this, the Sun of Righteousness is rising anew for the churches of Asia, especially in Aintab, and the neighbourhood of Aleppo. The missionaries there are constantly sending the most cheering intelligence. This awakening is taking place particularly among the Armenians. The missions among those people now enjoy the most manifest blessing, after having suffered for many years the direst persecution. As a human means which has been instrumental in lessening this persecution, we must mention, above all, the unwearied efforts of the British Ambassador at Constantinople, Sir Stratford Canning (now Lord Stratford de Redcliffe). It was he who first succeeded in obtaining from the Sultan, in 1850, a firman, granting to the Protestant church in the Turkish dominions the same privileges as are enjoyed by the Armenians. It is a remarkable fact, and, at the same time, an encouraging one, that while the Turks appear more and more to dislike the Roman Catholic Church, and her fellow-sisters of Greece and Armenia, they hold, on the contrary, the Protestant Church in honour and esteem. Yet we must not depend too much upon this. The Government of Turkey knows nothing about justice or integrity. It is not the oppressed, suffering unjustly, that they will declare to

be in the right, but the oppressor who can pour gold into the hands of the person in authority, be he Pasha, Mufti (high-priest), Cadi, or anything else. And should it happen that both the oppressor and his victim endeavour to gain their rights by "baksheesh," he wins the game who is able to give most largely. The following case will illustrate this. An Armenian was baptised by Mr Benjamin: his countrymen, the Armenians, upon whom he depended for his daily bread, would no longer suffer him to dwell in their quarters, and his master turned him out of doors. He complained to the magistrate: unfortunately he had no baksheesh with which to plead his cause; and as soon as the adverse party had slipped money into the magistrate's hand, the poor man was dismissed unheard. Such things are of daily occurrence. A fearful position is that of the Moslem kingdom. "Judgment is turned away backward, and justice standeth afar off; for truth is fallen in the street, and equity cannot enter. Yea, truth faileth, and he that departeth from evil maketh himself a prey: and the Lord seeth it, and it displeaseth him that there is no judgment." O that the time might soon come of which we might say, "And he saw that there was no man, and wondered that there was no intercessor: therefore his arm brought salvation unto him; and his righteousness it sustained him."* I promise, my friend, to tell you more upon this subject hereafter—it is too important to be discussed thus passingly; but I must at present be brief.

The printing establishment of the American missionary society here provides Bibles and religious works in the Armenian, Turkish, and Armeno-Turkish tongues, for Asia Minor and European Turkey. Among

* Isaiah lix. 14, 15, 16.

these is the *History of Dr Cappadose's Conversion*, translated into the Armenian language: it is one of those which have been most richly blessed. May the liberty which the various Christian sects enjoy under the dominion of the Sultan encourage the Protestants of Western Europe to bring the Gospel to the Roman Catholics here. Hundreds of Italians seek their bread at Smyrna, and here the world-wide rule of the Pope cannot forbid the Bible. Who knows whether these very Italians may not be the means of introducing God's word into the dark land of Italy?

Need I tell you, my friend, that the days of my sojourn here have flown past as it were, what with the Christian intercourse I have been enjoying with the missionaries, and with various members of the Van Lennep family, and what with the strange novelty of a first visit to a large Turkish city? I could still find much to tell you regarding my wanderings in the beautiful environs of Smyrna; regarding the bazaars; and regarding the state visit which our Consul-General paid to the newly appointed governor of Smyrna, Hagil Kiamil-Pasha. On this occasion I had the honour of accompanying him to pay my respects to the Pasha. Then, again, I could enlarge upon my visits to some of the mosques and barracks, and I know not how many other matters; but before me lies my ticket for the steamer "Conte Sturmer," reminding me that soon I shall have to write on more important subjects. Through the medium of our Vice-Consul, Mr R. Van Lennep, and of our Ambassador at Constantinople, Baron Mollerus, a firman from the Sultan has been forwarded to me to-day, assuring me of the protection of the authorities on my future survey.

I leave Smyrna with feelings of gratitude: may the Lord have mercy on its poor inhabitants. Farewell! I hope to write to you shortly from Syria.

BEIRÛT, *November* 23, 1851.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I believe I cannot do better than send you the enclosed sheets, just as they are, written on my passage from Smyrna to this place.

ON BOARD THE "CONTE STURMER."

Were I to say I am sitting on deck, surrounded by a crowd of passengers, you would very imperfectly realise what my words meant to convey. The crowded deck of an oriental steamboat is quite a different thing from that of one upon a river in our western regions. The larboard side of the half-deck is so arranged, by means of a wooden partition, and of a sail spread over-head, as to serve for an apartment for the wives, children, and female domestics of our Moslem travellers. You cannot exactly see what passes inside that harem; but the screams of the children, and other repulsive sounds, do not say much for the peace and comfort within. As long as the weather remains fair their position may be a tolerable one; but should stormy weather fall to our share, where can those poor creatures be stowed away? From this to the fore-deck you may see walking, sitting, but the greater number reclining, Europeans, Asiatics, Africans, Greeks, Armenians, Jews, Turks, monks, padres, with their packages and bags, together with pots, pans, chests, and carpets, thrown here and there in the greatest confusion. Lamartine may call such a scene and such a medley of colours poetical

for my part, I find this dusty heap of humanity unsightly and repulsive. Among the travellers of rank and fortune also you may perceive indications that you are already in the East. Many of them are on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem; among others the Greek bishop of Cephalonia, with his worldly-ecclesiastical train. I am again in the second class, which is much superior to the same department in the French steamers. Several monks are with us—one of them is padre Sebastien Vehil, procureur-général de la Terre-Sainte, a Spaniard of the order of St François de la Cordélière.

Having sailed from Smyrna, "we came the next day over against Chios," now Scio (Acts xx. 15). Night coming on, we could not see much of that fertility which gave to this island the name of the Paradise of the East. If ever ground was drenched with blood and tears, it was that of Scio. Before Greece won her independence from Turkish despotism, the population of the island was, as I have somewhere read, 120,000 souls; 900 only escaped fire and sword.

We saw nothing of Mitylene (the Lesbos of ancient times), well known for its fertility, and for its being the birthplace of several Greeks of note; among the rest of Sappho. We left it on our right to the north-west.

The following morning we sailed past Samos. Its high mountain-top peers above the other islands of the Archipelago, and may be seen from a great distance. You must not mistake it for Samos in Thracia, or Samos, the modern Cephalonia. Pythagoras first saw the light in this place. The ancient Greeks held it to be the birthplace of Juno: it was here also that Herodotus first wrote his history.

We left on our right Nicaria or Icaria, so called

from Icarus, who fled hither with his father, Dædalus, from Crete. A little to the south lies Patmos, a large rock of moderate height, twelve English miles in length, six in breadth, and twenty-eight in circumference. St John the apostle was banished here by the emperor Domitian. We did not pass close enough to distinguish the shabby city of Phocas. It is well known that Alexander Commenes founded a monastery on the summit of one of the hills here, where they still show a grotto in which St John is said to have dwelt. Not only this spot, but the entire island is full of relics of this apostle. Lero and Calamo lay on our route, and also Cos (now Stango), which is higher and larger than the two former. The capital, Cos, is built on the shores of a shallow bay. Its white houses and slender minarets rise in a most picturesque manner from out the dark green foliage of the woods around. I have nowhere on our passage through the Archipelago seen the land so well cultivated as it is here. It is said that Cos is not inferior in fertility to either Samos or Scio. Apelles, Hypocrates, and some other learned men of ancient times, were born here. A heavy gale from the south delayed us much. Our small vessel, of but 140 horse power, was ill fitted to bear up against the wind and waves. The captain was speaking of seeking shelter in one of the bays of the mainland, and of awaiting there a better opportunity for crossing over to Rhodes; but just as we neared that celebrated island the wind fell, and became favourable. We lay to for that night, and were not a little surprised on the ensuing morning when we saw the sun rising in fiery eastern splendour from behind the massive walls and towers of the venerable old city

of Rhodes. St Paul the Apostle followed much the same track when he set sail from Troas to Jerusalem, "being bound in the Spirit, which witnessed unto him, that bonds and afflictions did there await him" (Acts xx. 11). What must then have been the feelings of the apostle, after that farewell greeting at Miletus, when he arrived, as we have now, at Rhodes, to set sail from Patara for Tyre? How different must the city of Rhodes have appeared in those days to what it is now! Then, a city of universal fame, the abode of the God of the sun, a wonder of beauty, with its countless statues; now, a desolate heap!

I have been wandering for some hours this morning among the ruins of the city. I have thought of its founders, the Greeks of old—of its conquerors—Romans, Saracens, Greeks of the lower empire, Venetians, and Turks—of the proud knights of St John, who in 1319 took the island by surprise, under the command of their grand-master, *Fulco de Villaret*—of the terrible siege it sustained in 1522 from the sultan Soliman, and its conquest by that chief. I have wandered through the haughty city of the knights, where the lonely and half-decayed balconies still tell of its former splendour; I have got the door of the old cathedral, now a mosque, opened for me by some idle boys, whom I bribed with a promise of baksheesh, and under the mats of the Moslem devotees I have contemplated the grave-stones of the knights, their images and inscriptions. I have strayed among the walls of the old knightly palace, not without some danger of being buried under the crumbling edifice. I have stood mute before these immense walls and towers, moats and drawbridges, and the enormous stone-balls, scattered everywhere

among the ruins; and have now returned, deeply saddened by the impression all has made on me. What becomes of man's works if God do but touch them! not only fire and sword, but earthquakes have here lowered the pride of man. For this purpose God brought Rhodes under subjection to the crescent. Wherever it holds the sceptre, desolation and death, both moral and temporal, follow in its immediate train. Each day I spend in the Ottoman territory, at each visit we make to the places under Turkish domination, I feel more and more astonished that the Turks should ever have acquired so much power in this part of the world, and should have become, as they did, a terror to all Europe. A nation so enervated, so given up to sensuality, so languid, disorderly, and indifferent as the Turks of the present day—a government so feeble that it does not exercise justice, or protect the rights of man: such a nation, in short, as this one, how is it possible that it can have maintained itself so long? There is but one reply to this question. God not only suffers it, but uses it as an instrument for fulfilling that which He hath purposed to bring upon other nations, that of His people of Israel in particular.

Mr Ducci, the Consular agent of the Netherlands at Rhodes, was kind enough to give me a guide, to show me the most remarkable parts of the town. I had trouble enough to make out my way through the rubbish of these streets to his dwelling. Two years ago an earthquake overthrew some houses here, but all the efforts of the government to get the ruined heap cleared away have been unavailing: the crumbled walls remain lying as they have fallen. Such is Rhodes—such are most of the islands under the Sultan's sway; and yet these

islands are so exceedingly fertile, that they were the glory of the ancient nations on the shores of the Mediterranean. It may seem advisable to advocate the independence of Turkey, as they do in some of the cabinets of the great European powers, in order to prevent worse evils; but any one who visits these countries will rather lament that politicians should not spend their efforts in endeavouring to set them free from the deadening influence of the sickly government which can no longer rule them. Who would not grieve at beholding such glorious regions of God's earth lying waste and desolate under the cursed sway of the Infidel!

I have also strayed outside the town into the Moslem quarter, which from a distance appears very beautiful in its elevated position, and with its wooded mountain crests. You may spare yourself this trouble, should you ever come to Rhodes. Seen from a distance, the place looks picturesque enough, from the contrast presented by the dark green foliage and the grey houses; but on a nearer view all is poverty, idleness, and desolation. The quarter appropriated to the Latins and Greeks has a better appearance, with its neat, clean-looking churches; it lies on the north side of the city, along the strand. It was in this neighbourhood I paid a visit to the British consul. On leaving his house you come through the Bazaar to the haven, or, if you prefer it, you may pass by the house of the Pasha, and some old batteries, mounted with guns bearing the insignia of the Knights of St John. I inquired of the guide where the famous Colossus had stood. He indicated to me the entrance of the harbour, which is, however, more than a hundred yards wide, so that his answer did not

satisfy me. The fact is, that the harbour has undergone so many changes during the numerous wars the island has seen, that no one knows the exact spot on which this immense brazen statue formerly stood. I looked into the synagogue, which is on the left of the port, in a part of the town formerly very fine; it looked clean, and showed well among the other buildings. There were numbers of maimed beggars and children about the streets. My guide brought me to the country residence of the Sultan, a villa with a garden laid out in the Oriental fashion, yet simple and small, and not much calculated to give a high idea of its princely owner. I found the Superintendant sitting on his divan, with a long pipe in his mouth, reading the Koran. My guide told me that Napoleon once lodged here.

We go per steamer to Cyprus, which we hope to see to-morrow.

November the 22d, 1851.

AT ANCHOR IN LARNAKA ROADS.

WE got into the roads last night about midnight, after having sailed the whole day along the south coast of Cyprus. The sea was like a sheet of crystal; the heat extremely oppressive. The captain of our steamer pointed out to me the Bay of Baffa; on its shores lies Paphos,* where Paul and Barnabas preached the Gospel on their first journey to the island-world, and where they found an Elymas the sorcerer, who sought to keep back Sergius Paulus from the faith. We find afterwards Barnabas, a Cyprian by birth, confirming his labours on this isle, accompanied by Mark.†

* Acts xiii. 6. † Acts xv. 39.

We know not what fruits Paul may have been permitted to witness of his labours here; but those who know his mind with regard to the salvation of his fellow-sinners, will not find it impossible, as they sail along these shores, to enter in some degree into his feelings, when, a prisoner on his way from Cesarea to Rome, he beheld this island,* where he once had preached peace to lost sinners through the blood of the Cross.

Larnaka, or Larneca, is now the chief port of Cyprus, and one of the steamboat stations on the line between Smyrna and Beirût. There is a magic beauty about the place, as you view it from the sea, with its proud minarets, its waving palm trees, and Mount Olympus seen afar, the morning rays lighting up the whole scene. The houses by the sea shore, inhabited chiefly by Greeks, are in a tolerably good style, and well kept. Behind these extends a plain, where some will have the ancient Citium to have stood—but that is doubtful. Be this as it may, there are to be seen the ruins of an old tower, and among the rubbish which covers the ground, pits in which, it is said, there were anciently wine presses. The Turkish quarter of the town is on the side next to the land; and here, as well as in the Christian quarter, you meet with antique fragments of walls, crumbling arches, columns, and similar remnants of the old city.

The almost insufferable heat made me pant for breath. I met our fellow-travellers, the Padres, in the new Roman Catholic church built in 1843. They were to take with them to Jerusalem three pilgrims from among the brethren of the adjoining convent. We should perhaps

* Acts xxvii. 3.

have wandered on to the Greek Church, but a Greek merchant whom we met, and from whom we asked information regarding the ancient Citium, took us home to his house, where he very speedily turned the conversation upon the celebrated "*vino di comodore*" of Cyprus, in order to induce us to try and afterwards to buy it. His wife sought to compensate us for the loss of the view of the Greek Church, by telling us that the tomb of Lazarus is to be seen there, who died in this place, as the legend goes, after having been some time Bishop of Marseilles, and having lost his sister Mary at Paris.

We remained here too short a time to see much of the interior of the country. The heat, too, very soon drove us back to our vessel. It is now winter: what must it be in summer? We were told that some parts of Cyprus are particularly beautiful and fertile. Yet the mountains, seen from a distance, have rather a barren appearance; and no wonder, as it rains so seldom on the parched soil. Cyprus was not always so barren or so scorched by the sun's hot rays. Dapper quotes a passage from Strabo, in which he describes the woods of Cyprus as having been once so extensive and thick, that shipbuilding, and the digging of mines, were insufficient to clear proper openings in them; for which reason every person was allowed to occupy whatever land he might clear as his own property, free from all taxes. "But," says he, "the Turks have since (1571) been in possession of this island, and according to their usual custom, have so laid waste the land, that now scarce one of the Christian inhabitants has the means of eating bread during a whole year, and the greater number live on the fruit called St John's bread." Since the clearing of the woods, rain has almost ceased in

Cyprus, and thus one of the most fertile soils on our earth has been changed, as it were, into a crust of brass. In former times, the island supported more than two millions of souls; now it can shew but 100,000 inhabitants, of whom the third part are Turks.

And the spiritual life? Alas! it is as feeble and inert as the life of Nature. A missionary was stationed here from 1825 till 1830 by the North American Missionary Society of Boston; but owing to the unhealthiness of the climate, and other difficulties, he was sent to Syria.

The number of travellers on board has been increased by a crowd of Jews and Turks. This evening at 7 o'clock we are to weigh anchor, and if all goes as usual, shall reach Beirût twelve hours after. What a singular assemblage presents itself on board! Unbelieving Turks, who call themselves "believers" exclusively: commercial affairs have called them to these shores. Jews, with their wives and children, from different lands: under the shadow of the law, they are going to end their days in Palestine, in the hope of insuring a blessed lot in the resurrection. Christian pilgrims from all parts, who think to move the Saviour to become indeed their salvation by performing devotions and penances in Palestine's holy but polluted land. Travellers, also, of more cultivated and enlightened minds, but with no more of faith. How doth "the whole creation groan and travail in pain together until now," "though the Lord be not far from every one of us." *

Thus far my notes on board the steamer.

The Lord be praised, I may write you the last lines of my letter from this spot.

* Rom. viii. 22. Acts xvii. 27.

It was late last night when I retired to rest. The coolness of the evening was so refreshing after the heat of the day, the stars were shining with so vivid a brightness in the dark vault above, and my fellow-travellers were conversing on such interesting topics, that I had some difficulty in leaving the deck. Added to this, that was much too important a moment to lose in sleep in which we were to catch the first glimpse of Lebanon. There was a restless feeling within me, which sent me up on deck again long before the break of day. All around was deep stillness—in nature as well as in our ship. It was as yet perfectly dark, and nothing could be distinguished of the shores we were approaching. And still there was a something: what could it be?—the dashing of the ship's wheel? the frothing of the waves against her sides and keel?—but no, it was not that,—and yet no other sound could be heard around. It was a strange mysterious feeling, telling that you were nearing the high mountain-coast. But look to the east! The grey mist of night is growing pale; the passengers begin to rise, and turn to gaze anxiously into the distance. At first, a doubtful shake of the head; then comes a breathless silence; at last doubts are removed; eyes are raised, and hands extended, towards some distant object. There is a low whispering about an uncertain form of no definite colour, whose dim outline you can just trace against the sky, there where the morning star still lingers. Meanwhile the ship moves on. Another half-hour glides by. Day at length dawns; and the grey mass gradually takes a more definite shape, until at length you perceive the summits and slopes, the craggy sides

and precipitous ravines of a mountain-chain. And now in the east comes a rosy flush—a crimson glow; and gradually these glorious colours melt, as it were, into a fiery orange. Every moment you trace more clearly the details of light and shade on the mountain sides. Houses and towers are now plainly seen on the foremost hills, and soon also the masts of the vessels anchored in the bay. Your pulse beats fast and yet faster, your breath comes short and quick. One moment more, and then, O pilgrim! thou, to whom hath been granted the boon denied to Moses —"to see that goodly land and Lebanon"*—behold before thee God's glorious sun rising from behind His blessed mount—the Lebanon!

A striking arrival in Emmanuel's Land.

Should you not have expected, my friend, that on first treading this holy soil I should have knelt to kiss it? For my part, I frankly own I had been greatly inclined to do so before we had got so far. But from the moment you cast anchor at Beirût, you find the reality of most things concerning the Holy Land to be very different from—sometimes exactly opposite to—what you had expected.

The steamer is lying still, and you have not eyes enough to examine well the first city you see in Phœnicia;—those houses without roofs, or rather with flat ones, thrown, as it were, confusedly together;—those narrow windows and thick walls;—the consular flags of so many nations;—the gay wild group of boats and boatmen laying close siege to our ship;—and there, beyond, Mount Lebanon. 'Tis a

* Deut. iii. 25.

pity this hour of wondering contemplation should pass away! But there is no help for it. You listen to the deafening shouts of those brawling fellows, who have thrown themselves like a set of plunderers on your luggage. And this, then, is that musical Arabic tongue of which we are told such wonders in Western Europe! Were it not that from among that wild set, some step up to you who are distinguished from the rest by their more handsomely embroidered jackets, their richer girdles, and their wide trousers, and who speak to you in broken English, French, or Italian, you would despair of ever fighting your way successfully through such a disorderly state of things. But these men tell you they are interpreters (dragomans), who will set all to rights for you, and assure you of their fidelity, honesty, and vigilance, by producing a small bundle of certificates. Reading among such testimonials the names of travellers well known at home, either by their renown or their writings, you will not hesitate to choose at once an interpreter from among those who show them. I should like to add, for your information, in case you should ever undertake the journey hither, "Trust them not"—trust not the dragomans themselves, nor the conscientiousness with which their papers seem to be signed. But you would naturally reply—What then must I do in such a state of helplessness? You must give yourself up into the hands of some dragoman or other for the present: you have no choice. What best suits you here is the carrying out of the first lesson in that long course of experience so often taught to travellers in the Holy Land—"passive endurance." With the aid of a certain degree

of this, I got on shore at last with my trunks and packages, gave two piastres to the visiteur for the right of entrance—which functionary, by the way, strikingly resembled the one at Smyrna—and then allowed myself to be taken to the Hôtel de l'Univers,—not far from the port, and kept by a Frenchman, M. Audibert. I had only time to refresh myself, and partake of a frugal French breakfast; for Mr Lowndse, the missionary, my travelling companion from Smyrna, now stationed in the house of one of the North American brethren in this city, had the kindness to come and inform me that the religious service of the American missionaries, which is performed in English, would begin at half-past nine (to-day being Sunday). This service is a privilege which travellers can enjoy only here and at Jerusalem and Damascus.

It was good for me to be here, in this simple church in the printing house of the Missionary Society, just outside the town at the western gate. The worthy Mr Eli Smith preached to about sixty people, three or four of whom wore the costume of the country. He had taken for his text Luke xi., 13. I have much need of the comforting promises of the holy word—now more than ever; for ever since my foot has touched this soil, all things seem to unite in casting me down. What a different state of mind to that I experienced a few hours ago, when I first caught sight of this land! Whether it is the heat, or the oppressive atmosphere within the narrow walls of the city, or the miserable appearance of the inhabitants and their dwellings—or whether it is a sense of my own loneliness in this Eastern world, so new, and so strange, amid the

rude lawless life around me—I know not; but certain it is, that all these things combined have a wonderful influence on me. You feel yourself bereft of all human help here; there are few Europeans, and such as there are vie with the natives in endeavouring to get as much gain and advantage out of the newly arrived traveller as they can. More than once I have said to myself, that I ought not to give way, even for a moment, to such dark thoughts. But this is easier in theory than in practice; especially when each moment brings some new proof or experience, deepening the impressions already made on you. Ignorance of the Arabic tongue—the language of the land—is also no slight hindrance. It is true you have the dragomans, but these are the very men who betray and deceive you; and yet you cannot do without them. As I look from my window, on the huge rocks and precipices of the gigantic Lebanon, with its peaks 10,000 feet high, which I shall have to wander over in many directions with my surveying instruments, the thought flashes across me,—who am I, that I should have thought myself capable of surveying this Land? At the table-d'hôte, I met several persons who had been for many years in the country; a French merchant from Damascus, traders from Egypt, who were going to Asia Minor by Jerusalem and Beirût; and among others, a Polish Count, an exile from his country since the year ——, and now a medical officer in the Sultan's army: all these men spoke and reasoned quite differently from what we are used to in our Western home. Not one of them but had some adventure to relate about his latest excursion, but all agreed in condemning both

this land and its inhabitants. I sit listening to their adventures in silence, sometimes with a smile; but when I hear of the murders and robberies of the Bedouins—of guides who wilfully mislead you—of difficulties with the servants, muleteers, and persons forming your escort—of the heat of the sun, and the storms of winter—of discomforts and wants of every kind, my heart well-nigh fails me.

A journey to *Jerusalem* by the ordinary route,—that may be accomplished; but to travel over and survey districts which are still entire blanks on maps, and where few travellers if any have passed, because the dangers are too great, amid such lawless men, and in so fearful a climate—shall I undertake this? It is true, I had heard much about the perils to be encountered in a journey through the Holy Land; but I must own, such narratives always gave me the impression that they were greatly exaggerated; or I thought the travellers were themselves chiefly to blame, for the troubles and difficulties they met with. Some appeared to me too hardy, others too timid; and I could not help fancying that the fault lay as much in themselves as in the circumstances of the case. Those Bedouins, for instance, are not treated as they should be, thought I. We go to them all armed—we shew distrust and suspicion toward them—we treat them as enemies; it is a mistaken way of acting. What if I leave my pistols at home, not to arouse their suspicions—converse freely and kindly with them—shew them I come in peace, and trusting to their feelings of honour—surely then I shall not fare so badly among them? Alas, what visionary dreams were these! The scales have fallen from mine eyes, even before I have set out on my survey.

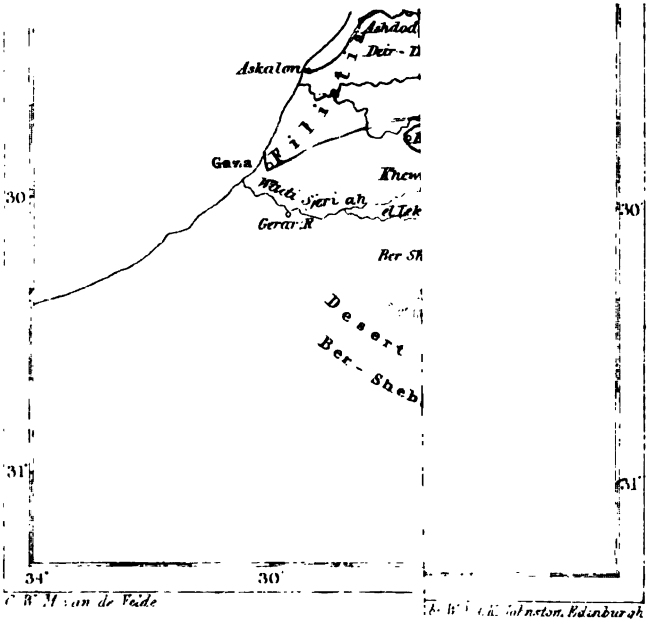
I no longer wonder that so many hardy and famous travellers were unable to accomplish more than half their task in Palestine. They could do no more. Exhausted with fatigue, wearied and worn out by the persecutions of the inhabitants, they were obliged, one here, the other there, to stop in the midst of their labours, unless they would fall a sacrifice to the undertakings they had begun; others, again, sank down just as they had begun to follow in the track of these. Hitherto, while yet in prospect, all had seemed possible to me; yet scarcely have I taken the first step, when unconquerable difficulties seem to rise mountain-like—higher even than this Lebanon opposite me. And *now* I need well to know with certainty that I am treading the path which the Lord would have me follow. Yes, thanks be to Him, I *know* in *whom* I have put my trust. Therefore, my friend, let no sad forebodings of mine cause you to fear. I feel more and more where all this must end. All power, all strength, all glory, must be ascribed to *Him* alone to whom it is due. No need to fear, therefore, even if the body feel weak and faint, amid the thousand perils of this truly fearful land. No need to fear, even though I be cast down at times by the descriptions others give of all they have had to wrestle with. A strong heart of hope is mine; and if I rightly judge, there was no harm in letting my pen run on while under the gloomy influence of that dark-looking future. For one instant I thought of destroying the pages I had written. But no!—let them remain. Write just as you feel: God will receive the greater glory should all end well. And thus, if for awhile my brow was clouded, it soon cleared up, even as I wrote on; and the com-

forting words of the 20th Psalm are lying before me:—"Some trust in chariots, and some in horses, but we will hope in the name of the Lord our God."

Farewell now! This letter goes to-morrow by the Trieste steamer; my next most probably by the French mail. Write to me under cover to J. Black, Esq., a very respectable English merchant here, who has undertaken to be my agent at the recommendation of N——. Every Wednesday a post courier rides by Sidon, Tyre, Akka, and Jaffa, to Jerusalem—a three-days' journey. Twice a-week a courier carries letters to Damascus. I shall thus have an opportunity of receiving your letters in each of these places, through the kind care of Mr Black.

Now while I write, many things come to mind which I should like to tell you of; but the band of the Turkish regiment quartered in the barracks just under my windows, are making such an awfully discordant noise with their sharp, false instruments, that it is out of my power to attend to anything.

This evening, after I had been at the religious meeting of the American Missionaries, where the service was performed in Arabic, for the Greeks and Armenians, I heard the same band on the raised ground near the city playing several pieces from "Norma." Such contrasts as these—an opera from the Western world played in the very heart of the East—are the order of the day in the Turkish dominions: they form a part of the march of civilisation in that state. But when I look from my window on the flat roof of the barracks, and see the groups of two, three, four, five, and even more soldiers, kneeling down to offer up their evening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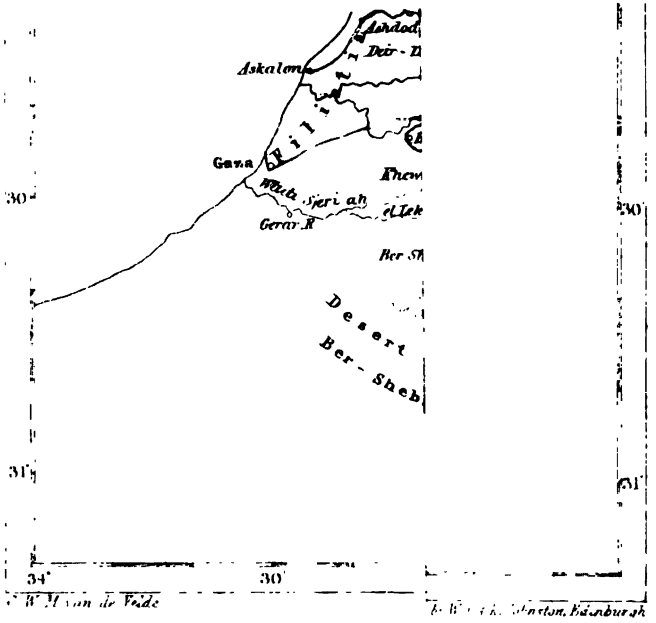
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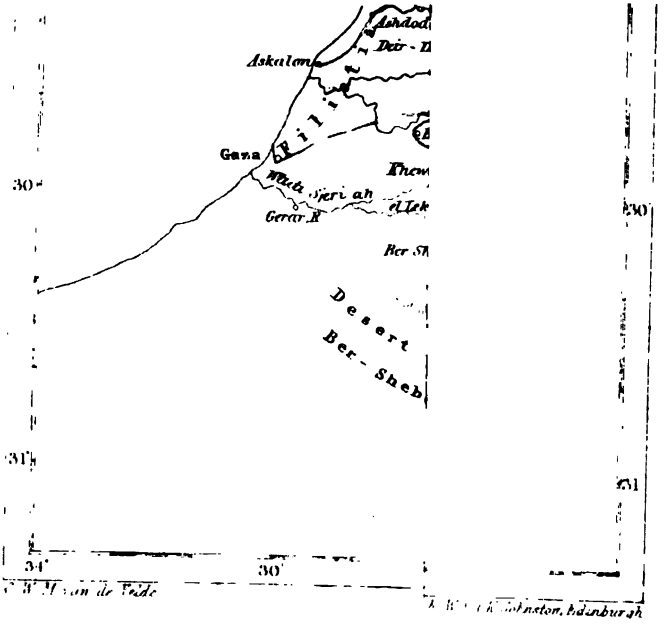
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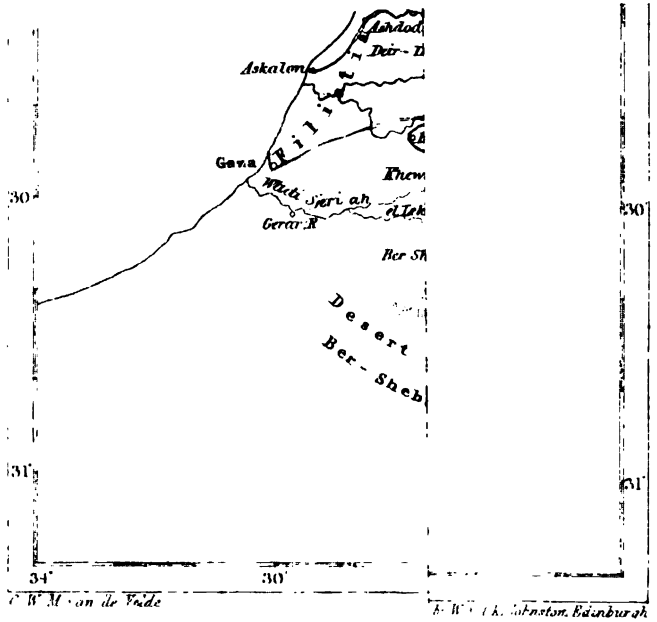
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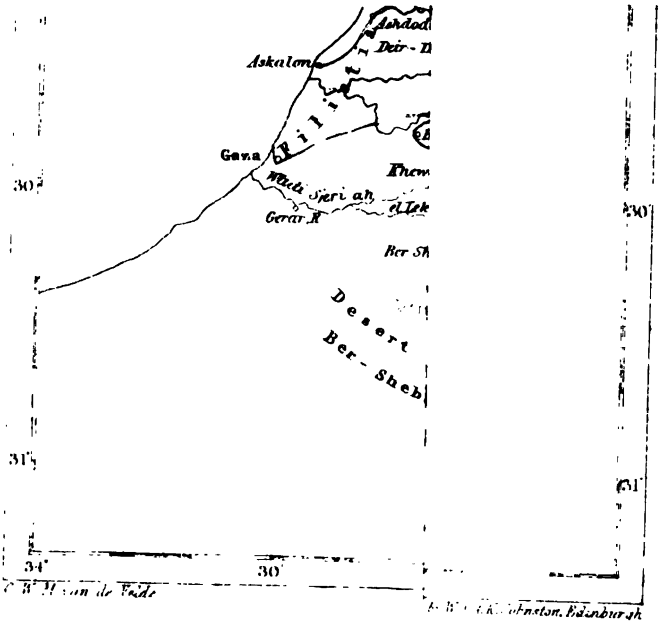
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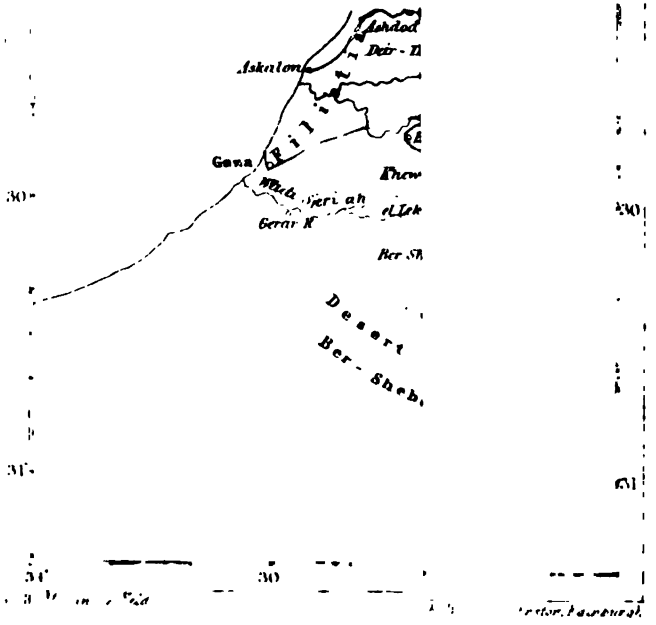
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Were it not for the heavy rains which have fallen, I should already have been on my way. Since last week, however, Nature seems to have undergone a complete change. Mount Lebanon has clad itself in wintry array. Its highest summits, covered with snow, are sparkling in glittering white between the dark grey clouds which hang over its brow. Only a few days ago, all seemed scorched and calcined by the burning sun of the last eight months of the dry season. Yellow and greyish white were the painful colours your eye rested upon everywhere. Mountains and valleys, houses and fields, had all the same withered hue. The sky was of a deep blue—the heat oppressive. But now it blows from the west; clouds have arisen from the sea, have spread themselves over the mountain tops, and have descended in torrents of rain, with stormy winds and tempests. These are "the floods" of the Scriptures. We should take them for cataracts in our land, they come down with such violence. But the thoroughly parched and burnt soil in this country has need of such rains to moisten and penetrate it. The rain has fallen as snow on the mountain heights. It falls the more heavily there, I am told, as the winter advances.

And now it is quite clear to me, that it is an utter impossibility to travel in these wild mountainous districts during winter. This shews me at once that my road lies for the present through the low plains of the country. My host, who rather prides himself on his knowledge of the weather, tells me it will continue so for a couple of days longer. We may then hope for a short respite for another two days, and I intend taking advantage of them to pursue my journey to Sidon.

But, in my anxiety to push forward, I must not omit to retrace a few steps with you to the day of my arrival here. Here, then, my friend, is what I have marked down for you in my note-book since that day.

My introductory letter from the American brethren at Smyrna had acquainted their fellow-labourers at Beirût with the purpose of my journey through the Holy Land. They shewed much interest in my undertaking—Mr Eli Smith, in particular, who supplied me with information from some notes written by himself and other travellers, and also gave me much useful advice about the best way of pursuing my journey.

I received also friendly assistance from others in the purchasing of a horse, the hiring a servant, and whatever was yet necessary for equipment on my journey.

Affairs of this kind are carried on slowly in the East, if you would avoid paying extravagantly for your haste. I listened therefore the more readily to a proposal Mr Lowndse made me, of taking a tour to the missionary school at Abeyh, a village in Mount Lebanon, five hours' ride from this place.

Mr Hutter, one of the North American missionaries, very kindly hired horses for us for 18 piastres (3s. 4d.) for two days. The horses were good, but the Turkish saddles, with their short stirrups, were far from comfortable.

How refreshing was the morning air when we got to the end of the dirty, and in general over-arched streets. Having passed the gate, we rode first through a lane, hedged in by the thorny cactus; after this we could

breathe freely. There is something in the gloomy, heavy, and closely packed houses of Beirût, which always weighs oppressively upon one. The narrow streets do not allow a free current of air; besides this, there is an unceasing bustle and turmoil—a crowd always of various beasts of burden, loaded with all kinds of articles. There is also the unpleasant smell of the camels, which you can distinguish a great way off; the refuse, too, is never cleared away. It is no wonder the European inhabitants should have fixed their residences outside the town; they have there tolerably good houses, surrounded by shady gardens, and commanding most beautiful views on all sides. The suburbs of Beirût are of great extent. The appearance of the town is very beautiful, seen from the neighbouring heights, with its bay crowded with large and small vessels, and Mount Lebanon rising in the background.

Passing these gardens, we came to a large sandy plain, which is varied by downs on the side next the sea; but on the south-east of the city, it is shaded by a fine wood of firs. It is evident that this plantation is a recent one, yet some old trees are seen towering above the rest. These were planted, it is said, by the famous Emir Fachr-ed-Dîn, about 180 years ago. I must find out who this Prince of the Druses was. He is often mentioned, as he took up his residence here, and raised Beirût from its declining state to rival even Sidon. He erected a number of buildings, laid out gardens, and procured for the town commercial intercourse with other lands; and since that time Beirût has continued flourishing, espe-

cially during late years. The trade of Sidon has been, so to speak, swallowed up by that of Beirût. The products from Damascus and Lebanon are now exported chiefly from the latter. I find, from a missionary record of 1836, that its population was then 1500 souls. The town was of course much injured by the bombardment it sustained from the English and Austrian fleet in 1840. This happened when England wrested Syria and Palestine from the ambitious grasp of Mehemet Ali in favour of the Sublime Porte. The slovenly Turks have left the castle of the port still lying in its demolished state; but although the roadstead is dangerous in the winter, from its exposure to north-west storms, yet commerce flourishes in a surprising manner. Europeans, Frenchmen especially, continue flocking hither in increasing numbers, to settle in the district of Lebanon. They are attracted by the silk trade, which is a very advantageous one. The steamboat traffic between Asia and Europe, by Smyrna and Alexandria, is becoming more and more extensive. There are consuls here from the principal powers in Europe; and the ancient Berothai, whence David received much copper,* rises once again, after having been destroyed and rebuilt by the Romans, and burnt and plundered in later times by both Christians and Moslems, as the Beirût of the Turks; yet all its prosperity is owing to the enterprising spirit of the Christians. The town has now more than 40,000 inhabitants. The stones of the ruins, which have been every where dug up in the neighbourhood, are no longer sufficient for the building

* 2 Sam. viii. 8.

of its new houses. Every day I saw ships coming in from Saida and Sûr laden with building materials, which had been taken from the ruins of the royal cities of Sidon and Tyre.

But to return to our pine-wood.

Well, we came to the end of it at last, and found ourselves among the remains of an old Roman aqueduct (now overthrown), in the midst of extensive olive-yards and mulberry gardens. The wild and barren hills of Lebanon extend here down to the very road-side. Scarcely a peak or summit can you see, without some cloister or village built upon it; such, for instance, as the villages of Hadit, Bàâbda, and a little further off, Kefr-Shinâ, Ain-Bseba, and Ain-Anûb. The path winds upwards, with many a turn, and beneath, on your right, lies the fine extensive plain called Shwaifat, covered with olive-trees, with a village of the same name, and another called Burj-el-Brajini. But why should I weary you with these Arabic names? let me rather pass them over. The higher we got, the more lovely were the views. All was enchanting, not only the panorama beneath, but also the terraces of olive and mulberry trees, and the vineyards, covering the rocky slopes through which the pathway led us. It is quite incomprehensible to me how anything can possibly spring up thus from a handful of earth, amid these stones and rocks. They gave as a reason that the limestone, of which these are entirely composed, when reduced to gravel or powder, makes the soil extremely fertile.

Whoever is accustomed to travel with any attention to geology, will find on his way here a great

number of shells and incrustations. The archæologist will be struck by huge stones, whose square cut forms mark the existence of former buildings; also by two sarcophagi, or stone coffins, near a village three hours' march from Beirût. To such as love the beauties of nature I would recommend a few minutes' halt in the shade of a small fir-wood about two hours from Beirût,* from whence they may see the town, with its bay and surrounding mountains, to the greatest advantage. About four hours from Beirût, and 2000 feet above the level of the sea, we reached the silk factory of Mr Scott, a great friend of the North American missionaries. He received us with a hospitality which far surpassed what I had heard in praise of it.

Dr Kalley, a Scotch missionary and physician, well known in connection with his persecution at Madeira, and banishment from it, which he drew upon himself by his evangelical labours in that island, was also one of this dear circle of friends. He had taken up a temporary residence in this country on account of the ill health of his wife; but her disease was already too far advanced; and but a short while ago he had carried to the grave the remains of her who was so dear to him. He told me he was preparing for a winter's journey through Galilee, with the view of visiting sufferers, and of giving them, as far as lay in his power, assistance both for body and soul. The companionship of such a man on my journey seemed so desirable an acquisition, that I could scarcely repress the wish to tell him so, and on the other hand he

* In the East, distances are always designated by hours; an hour's travelling in the plain being equal to about three miles,—in the mountains to somewhat less.

seemed well inclined to travel with me; so that, when he spoke regarding it, I was half resolved to accept his proposal. There was, however, one difficulty. My business might sometimes lead me to places where Dr Kalley would perhaps not feel called upon to go; so we determined to think the matter over.

The sun was setting fast, when, passing Ainab and Ain-Kesour, after much climbing, and many windings of the rough broken path, we reached the Druse village of Abeyh, which is five hundred feet higher than Shemlan, the silk factory of Mr Scott.

In lands where we seldom meet with those who are one with us in faith, hope, and love, we value their society so much the more. It was so with me on that day, first in the family of Mr Scott, and afterwards in that of the missionary Calhoun. What hours of Christian happiness did I spend with them—hours never to be forgotten!

I found about twenty young people in the evening school; they were being instructed by a native teacher, and seemed full of youthful zeal and relish for their studies. It was really a pleasure to me to hear these young Arabians answer some geographical and mathematical questions I put to them. The usher, also a native, translated their Arabic into English. One of the young boys solved a problem of Snellius so well, that I wished they would only do as well in our schools at home. While upon the subject of schools for the training of native evangelical ministers and teachers, I shall add a few particulars about the labours of the North American missionaries in these parts.

Their stations are at Beirût (founded in 1823),

and at Abeyh, Hâsbeiya, and Sidon, also at Tripolis, Aleppo, and Mosûl. Their duties at Beirût, besides visiting the people in their own houses, are as follows:—On Sundays, the preaching of the Gospel in English and Arabic; on Tuesdays and Saturdays, a prayer-meeting, conducted in Arabic; the same, in English, on Thursdays; on Wednesdays, a Bible lecture; and there is, besides, on Sundays, a Bible class for grown-up people, and a Sunday-school.

The missionaries now settled at Beirût are the Rev. Dr Eli Smith, Mr Whiting, Dr de Forest, who is also a physician, and Mr Hutter.

Dr de Forest has, moreover, a school for native girls, and Mr Whiting one for boys. In these they are both actively assisted by their wives. Mr Hutter has charge of the printing-press, a part of their work becoming every day of more importance. Dr Eli Smith's Arabic translation of the Bible, the fruits of many years of arduous labour, has just been printed in this establishment.

Mr Whiting is pastor of the so-called Native Church, which has about thirty members. Here, as everywhere else, the Gospel of free grace and forgiveness of sins through the blood of the Son of God, has met with much opposition. The Greek, Armenian, and Romish priests have endeavoured, as usual, to prevent the spread of the Gospel, by persecution and excommunication; but after having tried these means for many years without effect, they seem to have grown weary, and there is now less resistance on their part. About eighty or a hundred people generally attend at church. As, on account of the extreme heat,

a constant sojourn at Beirût would be very injurious to their health, the brethren generally retire to Mount Lebanon from June to November. Thus the village of Bhamdûn, situated at about five hours' distance from Beirût, and five thousand feet above the level of the sea, has become their summer station. During their residence in it, service is of course regularly performed in this village; and on their return to Beirût during the winter, one of their number, in order to carry on whatever good may have been accomplished, still continues to officiate here as frequently as circumstances allow.

The inhabitants of several neighbouring villages often come to beg that the Gospel may be preached to them also; and to supply their wants, the assistance of some of the native teachers has been obtained. In the town of Jaffa, also, which was formerly a regular station, though it had been for some time given up, the good work, once begun, is again carried on by the help of Arab Christians.*

Messrs Wilson and Foot have begun their labours at Tripolis, in the midst of a considerable congregation of Christians. The brethren Ford and Benting are stationed at Aleppo, but their work is comparatively light in the newly founded Church.†

* Since I wrote these lines, I have received the following pleasing news from one of the missionaries of the English Episcopal Church at Jerusalem—Dr H. Crawford:—"A number of Arabs belonging to the Greek Church at Jaffa have openly separated from it, and have formed a Protestant congregation, under the superintendence of a native, who had enjoyed much intercourse with the North American missionaries formerly stationed here, but who had retired to Beirût on account of the many obstacles they met with."

† In February 1852 this station and that of Mosûl were reinforced by one missionary.

In a few days I hope to become acquainted with the brethren Thomson and Van Dyck at Sidon. I shall then tell you some particulars about their work.

That portion of the inland population of Syria and Palestine among whom the North American missionaries are labouring, is almost entirely composed of Christians (that is to say, men called so in contrast to the Jews, Moslems, and Heathens). They belong to the Greek, the Greek-Catholic, the Armenian, and Armenian-Catholic Churches; there are also Maronites, Jacobites, &c. The Druses (I know not whether to call them Christians or bastard Moslems, though they will not be called so) show themselves accessible to Gospel truths. If you would know, my friend, how all these various sects are classed and arranged under their respective patriarchs, bishops, and priests, look over Robinson's Biblical Researches. You will find at the end a short note on this subject by Dr Eli Smith, who is certainly the best authority to be had. As regards the missionary labours of the North Americans in Asia Minor, particularly among the Armenians, I can recommend no better work than the excellent one of H. G. O. Dwight, entitled "Christianity revived in the East; or, Narrative of the Work of God among the Armenians of Turkey."* What is there said about the opposition and persecution on the part of the priests, applies equally to the Holy Land. I hope, however, that the constant intercourse I shall have with the inhabitants of the country, and of which I shall give you a full account, will make you better acquainted with the mode of life, the morals, feelings, and cha-

* New York, 1850.

racter of the people, than quotations on the subject from books.

On my return to Beirût, I found the preparations for my journey not much advanced. The heat was still extremely oppressive, and I longed once more for a fresher and freer atmosphere than that which we breathed among these closely-packed houses. Having at first settled in the Hôtel de l'Univers, I was unwilling to change it for another; but should I ever return to this city, I would rather take rooms in the hotel of a Greek called Demetri. It is indeed more expensive, but also far better, and there you can at least breathe fresh air, and enjoy a fine view, as the hotel is situated in the gardens to the west of the city.

You will not wonder, my friend, that I have occasionally taken a short excursion to Shemlân, and also to Saida or Sidon, nine hours' distance from Beirût. I received a most warm and hearty welcome from Messrs Thomson and Van Dyck, and found with them a second home. Mr Thomson has spent nearly twenty years in this country, and is one of those missionaries who have traversed it in every direction, and that in all seasons, and under all circumstances. Gifted with fine feelings for the beauties of nature, and endowed with many and various talents, he has come to know the Holy Land better than many other travellers. You can imagine how interesting his conversation was to me, and of how much value were the hints he gave me about my surveying expedition. Firmly resolved to follow his advice, as being that of a man of great experience, I rode back to Beirût, purposing to limit my excursions for the winter to the low hill country, and to the plains near the sea-shore. I thought that by following

this plan, I should have to give up the idea of having the highly-valued society of Dr Kalley on my journey. But, on reaching my hotel, I found a very kind note from that worthy man, in which he proposes just such a journey,—as he had given up thinking of the highlands of Upper Galilee, which had at first had some attraction for him. He very wisely advised that each should make his own provision for the journey, so that, in case our different callings should oblige us to separate, we might not be dependent on each other's stores. "I trust," he writes at the end, "that the Lord, who himself went about these villages doing good, teaching and healing, will assuredly make us feel His presence, and that He will guide us and bless us, wherever our road may chance to lead us. Let us endeavour to feel that we are brothers indeed—that we serve the same gracious Father—the same beloved Master—the Lord our Saviour, who died for us. If our work allows us to remain with one another, we would rejoice at it; but let us also ever be ready to give up that happiness when the Lord shall shew this to be necessary for the advancement of His cause."

To travel in such a land, with such a companion, is a privilege I value highly. There are people, I know, who would see in this matter nothing more than a very natural course of events; but to me, who feel myself a stranger in a strange land, the turn my affairs have taken seems plainly to shew the leading hand of God, who thus answers the prayer of faith which was addressed to Him.

I have just been interrupted by a muleteer, or, as they call them here, mukhari, with whom I had to

debate a long time about the price for which he would hire out his mules to me as far as Sidon. Unfortunately, the last Lloyd's steamer brought over a great number of travellers to Jerusalem, and the mukharis now ask unheard-of prices. This buying and bargaining, in what a vile manner is it carried on! You know what Jewish deceit is. You have perhaps heard it said that it takes ten Jews to match one Chinaman; but here you may safely say, A hundred Chinese to match one Arab. After much worry, I at length agreed to give the muleteer fifty piastres for three mules, which were to take us to Sidon. A muleteer who keeps his word, gives a few piastres to the person who has hired him; this is understood as a pledge of the sacredness of the agreement. My muleteer, however, declared he had no money, and accepted instead some piastres from me. This is thought to be equally binding, and you may afterwards in some degree trust your man. We have agreed that to-morrow morning, at six o'clock, the animals are to be ready at the door. Yousouf, who understands two words of English, and answers you with three in Italian, is to ride the one; the two others are to carry the articles formerly mentioned.

I have not yet engaged a dragoman, as it appears to me that I can very well do without one at first. The expense of an interpreter seems to me too great as yet, as it is probable I shall be detained in many places near the shore by the storms and heavy rains. These fellows exact seven or eight hundred piastres a month, besides travelling expenses, lodgings, &c. Yet I must own, that the difficulty of the Arabic language seems every day greater to me. I can just manage to get

on with the help of the Europeans here. One of the native clerks belonging to the North American Consular Office, Nicola Amiuney by name, has also been of great service to me. He had learnt English from the missionaries, and assisted me in the purchase of a horse, and a few other things which I required for my journey. The horse seems a tolerably good one. I bought it for seven hundred piastres from old Mustapha, the cook, who accompanied Captain Lynch to the Dead Sea, and who has the honour of figuring in one of the engravings of his "travels," (though by the way he is there greatly flattered, and too young looking). He is said to have cooked for himself a pretty little fortune on this expedition. I can assure you I shall be right glad to leave Beirût behind me. I know not what awaits me on my journeyings; but this I know, that here I have had to endure many a vexation. A world so full of deceit and intrigue as is this Eastern one, was as yet strange and new to me,—and to find this, too, on the spot where I would so willingly indulge in calm and silent meditation, or rather where I had hoped to enjoy continually holy and peaceful thoughts. What think you of this, my friend? Yet they are wholesome withal, these strange unusual circumstances—these trials of your patience in the Holy Land. How does the heart learn thus to know itself! How humbled do we feel! How are we led thereby in lowliness and shame to the feet of the Saviour, who has taught us to seek for happiness no longer in ourselves, but in Him alone!

Dr Kalley has been detained by a patient in Shem-

lân. He writes me that I must join him at Sidon. Now fare thee well!

SIDON, *December* 10.

ONLY a few days ago, I despatched a letter to you from Beirût *via* Marseilles, and yet here I am already beginning another, though it may be some time before I send it. The ride hither was so agreeable, that I must communicate my impressions concerning it to you, before they are perhaps effaced by the storms which may rage anew this night. First, I shall tell you that I sit writing in a very neat comfortable parlour, in the house of the hospitable Mr Thomson. The rain is beating hard against the window-panes, but for that I care not; except that it prevents my surveying. A bright fire is burning on the hearth; good and useful books are scattered on the table; and every attention that Christian love and hospitality can suggest, and that is kind and amiable, is shewn to me by the father and mother, and the dear children.

How deeply does one feel this, when alone in this barren land!

You may remember I had ordered my mukhari at six o'clock in the morning: the whole world else may have been there, but he was not. I had worried both my host and myself about being up in time; at eight o'clock I sent Yousouf to seek the rascal and his mules. At length he made his appearance, but without his beasts. He began by assuring me, in the discordant tones of his Arabic jargon, that he could not

possibly take me to Sidon for the sum we had agreed on. He required ten piastres more as baksheesh; but this, of course, I refused. A like refusal on his part. I uttered some threats about a magistrate; he continued vociferating, as if the greatest injustice were done him, by my refusing to give him baksheesh. I quietly endeavoured to remain firm, and await the end of the scene; but the mukhari's air of the most irritating cool indifference shewed me plainly which of us would win the game. I might have complained to a magistrate about the fellow, but I should then have lost an entire day. Nothing was left me but to give in. About nine o'clock he appeared at last with his mules; but now began a new quarrel, not with me particularly this time, but with Yousouf. The mules he brought were not those which he had shewn, and which I had hired, but, in their stead, three miserable lean old animals, on which my proud servant absolutely refused to sit. My luggage lay scattered on the street, the wretched mules standing by it, and on either side my servant and the mukhari, screaming at the pitch of their voices. All around stood no small crowd of idlers, each, according to the Eastern fashion, shewing the interest he took in the affair by giving his advice very freely upon it. Not wishing to vex myself uselessly by such a scene, I returned into the house, and resolved to wait the end, in which resolution I was strengthened by my French host, who told me that such was the usual mode of procedure of the muleteers, and that no traveller escaped a similar scene. I waited about a quarter of an hour in my

room, and then again ventured out. I found that another mule had been brought for Yousouf, but the hour of departure did not seem to be yet come; they were just packing canteen, provisions, chests, camp-bed and folding-table, when lo! in tightening the cord which held all together, the saddle-cloth (which was to preserve the back of the poor beast from being hurt by the sharp edges of the boxes) gave way; and amid fearful imprecations from Yousouf, the mukhari, and the sympathising bystanders, twenty minutes more were spent in putting all to rights again.

At last I was fairly seated in my saddle. It was ten o'clock before we rode out of the gates of Beirût, where I gave a couple of piastres to the Turkish sentinel, according to the usual custom.

Compare such a mode of travelling with that of our railways, steam-boats, and stage-coaches! Yet we are impatient if we arrive five minutes too early or too late.

In the yellowish-red sandy plains which extend for about an hour's distance outside the city, I soon forgot all I had gone through in the morning. The visage of my mukhari also cleared up as soon as he had bought himself a couple of rolls of bread at the city-gate. Lighting his pipe, he followed his mules with slow and deliberate step. From time to time I looked back, and tried to make him understand that he was to make some haste, as we had set out so very late. But haste and speed are words unknown in the dictionary of a mukhari. He gave his mules the semblance of a touch with a small stick which he held, and shouted out brave-

ly "Hu! hout!" But, as you may easily suppose, these poor beasts are of the same opinion as their driver, and would not belie their nature; so I let him hang back to his heart's content, and followed with hasty steps the road along the shore, Yousouf by my side. The latter has charge of my surveying instruments, and from time to time gives me information about the names of places, and other particulars.

You would scarcely believe what a change the face of nature has undergone during the late heavy rains. A few days ago all was dry and withered; everything seemed glowing with heat—not only the atmosphere itself, but also the rocks and sand. Now the soil is completely drenched, and even the barren rocks which here and there jut out some distance into the sea, give out a feeling of cool freshness which is delicious; and everywhere, as if called forth by magic, the loveliest little flowers are blooming. Who would expect to find on this barren stony ground small crocuses of such beautiful hues—and these sprung up in so short a time! It made me think of some passages in the Holy Scriptures, such as Hosea vi. 3, Joel ii. 23, in which the Lord compares the blessings of his Holy Spirit to the "former and the latter rain." The first showers of the *former* rain have scarcely fallen, and what a change and a freshening already in nature! "Because the ground is chapt, for there was no rain in the earth; the ploughmen were ashamed."* "Thou, O God, didst send a plentiful rain, whereby thou didst confirm thine inheritance, when it was weary."† The husbandman, ploughing the field with "his yoke of oxen"

* Jer. xiv. 4. † Ps. lxviii. 9.

—the birds, with their wild, glad warbling—the small flowers springing up all around—the gentle ripple on the strand—and the rocks dripping with water, and glistening brightly in the sun—all seemed to call to me:—"Sing unto the Lord with thanksgiving; sing praise upon the harp unto our God, who covereth the heaven with clouds, who prepareth rain for the earth," &c.* When our Lord himself uses in his Holy Word the rain as an image, to shew what His blessings are, and to whom He doth dispense them—should not we raise this hymn of praise in tones more glad than ever?

The road from Beirût to Sidon does not abound in beautiful views; on the contrary, it is rather uninteresting, from the want of variety. On one side, always the blue waters of the Mediterranean sea; on the other, the barren hills of Lebanon. There is not much of a beach, and what there is, is too much covered with stones to allow of your riding quickly and steadily over it. Where the foremost hills reach down to the sea shore, the road lies indeed over the rocks; but it is so extremely difficult for horses, that you are obliged to walk it very slowly. Here you see the remains of the old Roman road, and of stone mile-posts lying in the sand —both of which have been described as curiosities by Maundrell in 1697, and also by later travellers. At intervals of an hour's walk, though this is not always regular, you find dekans—small inns, or places of refuge —where you may rest for a few minutes, and let your horse drink from the trough, which is usually made from part of an old Phœnician sarcophagus; such stone coffins

* Ps. cxlvii. 7–9.

are often found on this road, especially about Khan Hulda, about two hours and three quarters from Beirût. Antiquarians will have it that the old city of Heldua stood here formerly. You can see that this city must have been a large one, from the number of sarcophagi which are scattered for a considerable space around. I had already passed the dry beds of some rivulets, when I found myself at about half way from Sidon, on the banks of the fast-flowing Nahr-ed-Damûr—the Tamyras, or Damûras, of ancient times. The stream is not broad, and has but little water in the summer; but, springing from a high part of Lebanon, at a short distance from the strand, it gathers in its course, in the space of a few hours, the waters of many a brook formed by the rain; so that in winter it is not to be crossed without danger. I should, perhaps, have hesitated to pass over, had not an Arab, living in a small hut on the opposite side, come over to me. Leading my horse, he made a circuit, and brought me over by the ford. Maundrell's relation of his passage over the Damûr involuntarily shot across my mind, as I was handing a couple of piastres to this guide of mine. The worthy traveller says, speaking of the remains of an old Roman bridge which is to be seen higher up, that "it is easy to see these artful Arabs have destroyed it purposely, to oblige travellers to have recourse to them as pilots, or in the hope of their drowning themselves, that they might have a better opportunity of plundering them." But I rather incline to Robinson's opinion, who thinks the bridge has often been repaired, but never strongly enough to enable it to withstand the raging torrents.

Maundrell had perhaps already had such sad experience of these wily natives, that it was natural he should thus suspect them. Give a dog a bad name, and it sticks to him.

The low brushwood, and the reeds and oleander shrubs which grow on the banks of the river, form a pleasing contrast to the barren soil of the remainder of the road. The aspect of Mount Lebanon is very picturesque from this place; its high southern cliffs and peaks, which for a while have been partly hidden, now come again in sight, while one or two small villages can be seen in the distance. At a little less than an hour from this spot, you ride along a small sandy bay or creek, in the waters of which took place, according to tradition, the miracle related in Jonah ii. 10. You see on the strand, near a group of tamarisk trees, a khan or Arab inn, and next to this, a house and tomb in the Turkish style—a small square open building with a dome. The Arabs say the prophet Jonah lies here. Yousouf accordingly shewed me the monument as the Weli of Nabi-Younas, or as the Arabs say shortly, Nabi (*i. e.* the Prophet) Younas. I believe it is not necessary to consider this spot as the burial-place of Jonah, but I think it not improbable that the prophet was cast on the dry land somewhere about here. The legend finds many advocates, and many disbelievers. Some say the event must have taken place at quite another spot; but it seems they have no better grounds for their opinion than those who maintain the identity of this one. The prophet set sail from Joppa (now Jaffa), about twenty-four hours' sail south of this place, intending to flee into Tarshish,

which is about as far north. There is no reason why this should not have been the shore, in a geographical point of view. Be this as it may, it was a sea-shore—a sea-shore such as this one. So far as scenery goes, it was not difficult to picture to myself a man kneeling on the strand, his wet garments clinging to his body, his tears mingling with the salt sea-drops from his dripping hair, now with downcast eyes, and now with looks upraised to heaven, offering up the prayer of thanksgiving, having just been rescued, as never man before him was, from the uttermost depths. Well, indeed, might Jonah say: "Salvation is of the Lord!" and if a Jonah enlightened by heaven, though sinful, could yet say from the inside of the fish, "I am cast out of thy sight, yet I will look again toward thy holy temple," shall not we have faith, firm, trustful faith? O, ye poor builders of the graves of the prophets, why do ye not remind the passers by, that "salvation is of the Lord?" Why do ye not write these words, in large letters, on the tombstone which ye have erected in honour of Jonah?

Some are of opinion that the old city of Porphyreon may have stood here; but as far as I know, no traveller has ever met with any of its ruins.

From the first high rocky cliff you cross, after leaving Nabi-Younas, you perceive Sidon, at about two hours and a quarter's distance. Near this you find some caves or tombs hewn in the rocks, and other tokens of the former existence of an inhabited place. During the last hour and a quarter you ride along a smooth level strand. At a distance of three quarters of an hour from Sidon you cross the river Auwly, which, according to Robin-

son, is the old Bostrenus; it is broader but less dangerous than the Damûr, and its banks are ornamented with tall reeds and oleander shrubs. After you pass the cliff last mentioned, the mountain chain curves inwards, down to the hill of Surafend, four hours and a half more south, leaving a level space extending along the shore, in breadth a half or sometimes a whole hour's walk. This is the celebrated plain of Phœnicia. The river Auwly seems to have been the natural boundary between Phœnicia and Syria; and inasmuch as Sidon was allotted to the tribe of Asher, when the land was divided among the children of Israel, it must have been also the boundary line from the sea to Lebanon, dividing the Israelites from their north-western neighbours. Here the river Auwly gently flows into the sea, but a look upward to the mountains suggests to you that it must have a deep bed somewhere there between precipitous rocks. I hope soon to make a nearer acquaintance with this mountain-stream.

The ride had tired me, owing to the great haste I was obliged to make on account of our late departure from Beirût; and it was with pleasure I saw the great square houses in Sidon, the castle, situated on an eminence, and the sea-fort, with its stone bridge, gradually become larger and more distinct. Riding on, I passed, on my left hand, the celebrated gardens of Sidon, behind some tall tamarisk trees. There were some small ships undergoing repair under the shade of these trees. Having been pressed by my kind host, Mr Thomson, to take up my abode at his house, I rode round the eastern walls of the city, passing the Moslem churchyard, with its tall

trees with their cool green shade, and arrived at the south-eastern gate of the city. I took this way, because Mr Thomson lived close by, and also, because I wished to avoid a dangerous ride under the low arcades of the street. But the sun had set half an hour before, and the gate was shut. I knocked, and received, indeed, an answer, but an Arabic answer, which I did not understand. I knocked again. Another answer, in a louder tone; but, notwithstanding all my knockings, and the answers from within, the gate remained shut. I do not understand those half-safety measures of the Turks, which require all the city gates to be closed at sunset. I was at a loss what to do for a few minutes. It was growing dark, and Yousouf was still some distance behind, and my baggage possibly only half way. It would not do to remain standing outside. Fortunately there came an old man, who had seen me standing there; he said something, from which I made out that the northern gate of the city was yet open, and that I was to ride in through it; he then added, in an interrogatory tone, the word "baksheesh," to which I nodded an affirmative, and, ten minutes afterwards, I was at length in the city. It was black night here, under the low, narrow, massive arcades. One solitary passenger, with a paper lantern in his hand, was still wandering about, and by his light I could just see enough to know that I was running the risk of fracturing my skull, unless my horse kept exactly in the gutter, which ran in the middle of the street. I stooped as low as I could, and did not breathe freely, till I found the old

man had stopped me at a small door, saying, "Haida beit Chawadja Thomson,"—(this is the house of Mr Thomson.)

It was thus I made my entry into the kingly city of Sidon.

December the 21st.

I HAD not fancied the winter in this land to be so severe. Since my arrival here it has rained and poured incessantly from the west and south-west. Now and then the morning sun breaks through the clouds. The weather seems settled for a few hours, but the storms soon burst forth again with double fury. In consequence of this I have been detained at Sidon much longer than I expected, and there seems as yet no prospect of better weather. I am told, however, that when the early rains have ceased, there are often intervals of a week or fortnight between the storms. As soon as I have a favourable opportunity, I hope to go to Hâsbeiya, a large hamlet at the foot of Mount Hermon, on the west side, two days' journey from this. It is at Hâsbeiya that the northern branch of the Jordan has its rise. The place appears a suitable central point for my surveying operations in this part of the country. Dr Kalley has written me that he has been invited thither by a native missionary, Mr Wortabet, who is at the head of the small Protestant congregation there. He intends going as soon as the weather will allow him, and I hope to join him there. Meanwhile I begin to fear that I shall not enjoy so

much of his company on my travels as I had anticipated. This has induced me to provide myself with a dragoman; for every day I feel more and more convinced that it will be impossible for me to accomplish my survey without the help of an interpreter. I have written, therefore, to Nicola, asking him if he will consent to act in that capacity, and join me on my expedition. He has never yet travelled as an interpreter, but I think him well fitted for such a work. At Beirût I saw him under many favourable points of view. I expect his answer to-morrow, either by letter or in person. I have commissioned him, also, to look out for another servant for me, Yousouf having been confined to his bed for the last week with rheumatism. The doctor, our worthy and reverend brother Van Dyck, has pronounced him incapable of undertaking the journey to Hâsbeiya. A good servant is of the utmost consequence, under circumstances such as mine, and such a person is extremely difficult to find.

You think me, perhaps, far on my way already, but consider on how many things my journey depends! Yet I am not wasting time here. I find in Mr Thomson's library a number of books concerning the Holy Land. To look them through, and make extracts from them, is an almost indispensable preparation for my work. Without their assistance, I must own, I should have set out to a great degree in the dark. Then, also, what I have gathered from Mr Thomson's anecdotes and conversation concerning his twenty years' residence and experience in this country, is of still greater value. What could possibly be of

more use to me than such hints as his, respecting the proper mode of travelling, the way in which to treat the natives, geological and archæological peculiarities, and a number of places of which as yet little or nothing is known? Is it not strange how all things necessary for my journey are brought, as it were, to my hands? Much, I feel, must depend on keeping on friendly terms with the natives.

The firman I have, will perhaps procure assistance from the civil powers, when I require it; but notices and explanations on the remarkable places of the land —on the ancient ruins, for instance—are more to be expected from good will, than to be had by exercising authority. These Mr Thomson has obtained for me, from those among his Arab acquaintances who are better acquainted than the other natives with the names and localities of the villages. So you see I ought to be any thing but discouraged by the rain. Had I spent my time in the French khan, the usual abode of winter travellers, or had I been quartered in one of the monasteries, I should probably, like Turner the traveller, have experienced much ennui. But where could I possibly be better off, under the circumstances, than in the cheerful, hospitable family circle of the excellent Mr Thomson?

In the evening, we often go over to Dr Van Dyck's, who is married to a daughter of Mr Thomson's. There we find in the drawing-room, a pretty upper room, ten or twelve Arabs, seated on the divan, to whom Dr Van Dyck explains the gospel. There were sixteen of them yesterday evening. I cannot

understand the conversation; but I like to see the attention with which these men (Greek Catholics most of them) listen to the Word of Salvation. Now and then Mrs Van Dyck, and her brother William Thomson (nineteen years old), kindly interpret to me their remarks and replies. Perhaps many a formal Christian of other lands would take offence at their free Eastern manners, as they sit listening on the all-important interests of their souls. But the Syrian or Arab knows nothing of the particular phraseology and bearing we think necessary when conversing together on religious subjects. He lies reclined cross-legged on his divan, coolly smoking his long tjibouk, or inhaling the fumes of the nargileh; just, in short, as he would do, were the discourse on any other topic. He disputes about the gospel as he would about other matters, until his reason is completely convinced, and he admits the truth of the gospel of Jesus Christ. Dr Van Dyck has been stationed at Sidon only for the last month. Many of his hearers are perhaps drawn to him from curiosity, perhaps even from false pride and vanity, as any intercourse with the civilised Christians of the West is considered by the natives an honour. The light tone of their conversation, while at Dr Van Dyck's, makes me suspect this; but however this be, they hear the gospel, and "faith cometh by hearing."

Dr Van Dyck spoke to me about a native physician, who, after much anxiety of mind and doubt, had at length fully embraced the gospel, and had written a book, intended to shew the folly of those who follow tradition rather than the simple Word of God.

Michail Michaka is his name; he is now living at Damascus. Dr Van Dyck was reading this book aloud to his circle—it originated many an interesting discussion. Several present asserted that it was impossible for any one, who believed in God's Word, to adhere to the doctrines of the Greek or Roman Catholic Churches, which in many points are exactly opposed to it.

I met once at Dr Van Dyck's a young man, a native, tolerably well acquainted with the French language. He seemed deeply interested in what the missionary was reading. "This," said he, "has long been my firm conviction; if the Bible be true, then the Protestant religion is the only genuine one; for the Protestants only, I perceive, live according to its precepts. The other Christians confess that they know God, but they deny him by their works."

Dr Van Dyck has acquired much facility in the Arabic language. This accomplishment, and his medical skill, added to his naturally grave kind character, are of great help to him in winning the hearts of these poor ignorant Orientals.

They are building a large room in Mr Thomson's house, in which religious service is to be held; and also a small one, for a school. The number of those who attend on Sunday is but small, most of them being men—just the contrary of what we usually see in our own country; this is probably the effect of the low degree of development of the Eastern women. This is only a commencement of missionary enterprise. If it be a true saying, that where the Lord prepares to bless

largely, Satan offers the most resistance to His work of grace, then there is much to hope for Sidon. Scarcely had the two missionaries settled here, when the Greeks and Greek Catholics threatened to excommunicate all who should dare to listen to the missionaries, or to speak to them; and were there no worldly interests in the balance to bring the people to the missionaries, notwithstanding these threats, how would it be possible to find access to them? How true is it that "all things work together for good!"

Meanwhile, the days I have spent at Sidon have not been of use and interest within doors only; I found much to observe without also, and have, between the storms, made several excursions on the neighbouring hills, to measure angles. I would willingly tell you something about the survey itself; for when I find a favourable point for my observations, it is so great a satisfaction, that I have some difficulty in keeping silence. But of what use would it be to you to be told much about it? you who are uninitiated in the mysteries of the business. I shall rather, therefore, speak of the aspect of the country; and if aught remain unintelligible to you after my description, I shall try hereafter to explain such parts by my drawings.

The situation of the town is indeed most lovely. You are struck by this even in winter, for several fruit-trees, such as the orange and the lemon, the olive and the graceful tamarisk, retain their foliage in this season; but in spring it must be a little paradise, I fancy, for then the fig-tree and pomegranate, the apricot and almond-tree, the creeping vine and the banana,

are arrayed in all the beauty of rich blossoms and green leaves; and then, also, the barren, greyish hills are clothed in soft, fresh verdure. It is a pity this lovely spring season should last so short a time. I am told the heat becomes very oppressive towards the end of May, and the dweller in the city will do well, if his business allows him, to fly from fevers which rage within the walls, and to seek a cooler retreat in the mountains. The Lebanon here recedes much farther inland than at Beirût, and the landscape thereby loses much of the grandeur it has at the latter place; on the other hand, you enjoy a greater variety of views from the lower hills, which lie at a short distance from the town, whilst at Beirût they are a good way off. I sometimes go to a hill, to the east of the town, where there is a *weli* (or tomb) of the prophet Elijah—there are several dedicated to him in Palestine—surrounded by the graves of the native Christians. At the foot of this hill are a number of caves, where the Phœnicians of old used to bury their dead. Nature seems to have pointed out these for tombs, as everywhere in this neighbourhood she has left such grottoes, to which art afterwards gives the shape required. From thence the eye rests on a forest of gardens, beyond which Sidon, with its two castles, is situated. It is now a wretched little city, of no importance, having scarcely five thousand inhabitants, of whom two-thirds are Mahommedans. Yet these Oriental houses have a showy appearance from a distance; and although you may consider it now as in a state of desolation, yet the town, with its walls, its castles, its haven (which the Emir Fachr-ed-

Dîn caused to be filled up with stones, when he feared an invasion of the Turks), its gardens, aqueducts, and cemeteries, has retained in some measure the chief features of the royal city—*Great Sidon*,* which Tacitus calls the *Mother of the Phœnicians*. And as we wander over these hills, a vision of Sidon, the Sidon of past days, passes silently before us:—First in her infancy, with Zidon, Canaan's eldest-born, for her founder.† Again in all her power, dreaded of many, especially of Israel,‡ the great world-mart of commerce and industry.‖ Again in her first decline, her glory fast paling away before that of her daughter Tyre: now with countless regions storming round her walls, and spreading desolation around—the mighty armies of Salmanassar the Assyrian, and of Alexander the Macedonian. Successively she passes under the yoke of Persia, Syria, Egypt, Rome; and now 'tis the Saracen's hand which holds the sceptre, though once she has had Christian disciples,¶ and though a Christian bishop has ruled her Church. Time after time we see her conquered, plundered, rebuilt, and again overthrown —by the Crusaders under Baldwin and Lewis IX.; by the Moslems in 1187, and again under Malek-el-Adel; again by Sultan Selim; later still, by the Emir Fachr-ed-Dîn; and last of all by the English, in our own day. Remembrances such as these give you matter for deep thought. "Be ashamed, O Sidon! The Lord hath said, Thou shalt no

* Jos. xix. 28. † Gen. x. 15, 19. ‡ Judges x. 12, and xviii. 7, 28.
‖ Is. xxiii. 2, and Ezekiel xxvii. 8. Also 1 Kings v. 6, and Ezra iii. 7.
¶ Acts xxvii. 5.

[illegible] O thou oppressed virgin, daughter of [illegible]*

The ground of the plain round the town is now too much saturated by the rain to allow you to pass it on foot; so I usually ride, and thus make longer excursions than I should otherwise do.

There is much to observe around. They are now ploughing the plain of Phœnicia—and manuring it? you will ask. No, this is never done, and yet the soil has borne fruit for hundreds and thousands of years, without any other preparation than the plough, the simple wooden plough of Syria, drawn over it by a yoke of oxen, the seed being afterwards dropped trustingly into the furrows. The fertility of the land, far from being exhausted, is, on the contrary, renewed by every shower, which, as it loosens the chalky substance of the mountains, spreads it over the plains.

The hills extend to about three quarters of an hour's distance from the sea-shore. They lie for the most part in ranges, stretching east and west; and are separated from one another by steep precipices in the higher parts, and by lower ones near the strand, though here also the valleys are deep. You see in the east the high snow-capped summits of Lebanon, in particular, the two conical hills called Tomat-Niha. A little more to the south, and joining the chain of Mount Lebanon, rises Mount Rihan, with rugged tops and thickly wooded slopes, such as are found nowhere else in the land. I can see from my windows the castles of *Djebea* and *Surba*, glittering in the sun's rays against the dark shady foot of the mountain.

* Is. xxiii. 4, 12.

You see, on one of the southern tops of the Djebel (Mount) Rihan, a *Weli*, which I have heard called by the Moslems, Nabi-Sejûd; a Jewish inhabitant of Sidon told me, that his nation look upon it as the tomb of Aholiab, the workman of the Tabernacle, and come to visit it accordingly.

About forty minutes from Sidon, you find on the summit of a hill, 550 feet high, called el-Montere, the remains of a very ancient building. To judge from the immense size of the stones, from its position on this very prominent hill-top, and from the staircase hewn out of the rock, it seems probable that a Phœnician temple once stood here. Perhaps there may have been similar buildings on the summits of the other hills; at least so one would suppose, from the cuttings in the rocks. If it were possible to make excavations in the grounds around Sidon, without getting into difficulties with the Turkish government, many an interesting relic of antiquity would be dug up. I have been once, with William Thomson, in one of the vaults, south of the city. We found a number of stone coffins, ornamented with carved work, lying either near to, or on one another, in their original places; the foremost ones, which had been placed at the entrance of the vault, were broken. Who knows what discoveries might be made by opening these stone coffins? for the Phœnician articles, now kept in the antiquary's cabinet, have been most of them found in such sarcophagi. But excavations could not possibly be made here, without occasioning much fuss. The suspicious natives cannot understand what can induce Europeans to visit this land and its ruins.

and most others in this country, consisting of a small closely packed group of houses, the smallest piece of news is speedily spread; and though this place is not far from the pilgrims' high road, yet the arrival of a Frandji, or European, is quite an event. The population consists, for the most part, of Greek Catholics.

To avoid appearing ceremonious or stiff, we made haste to partake of the provisions we had brought—bread and cold chicken—for which the fine cool mountain air had fully prepared us. The kettle was placed on the fire, which was on a hearth in the middle of the apartment. Some branches were laid on, and the room —or I should rather say the house, for the whole house was but one spacious oblong room—was soon filled with smoke. The guests, as they entered, took their seats around the fire. We sat down in the circle, cross-legged, in the Eastern fashion, as well as we could. Every now and then some new comer dropped in, chiefly old people. Each person brings his own pipe and tobacco. Approaching the circle of guests, he salutes them, saying, "Mesikûm-bel-cheir," (may the evening be happy for you), touching, at the same time, his mouth and heart with his right hand, to signify that what his lips utter flows from his heart. Those present answer the salute in like manner; but if the newly arrived guest be of rank, one who must be honoured, all rise, and only sit down again at the same time as he does. I found, at first, in this patriarchal circle, enough to observe and interest me. Their discourse, indeed, was lost for me, although my good-natured travelling companion officiated now and then

December the 28th.

STILL at Sidon. Yet, during these last days, a little more active than usual, and there is, perhaps, a chance of setting out soon for Hâsbeiya. I have also visited the Rummiët Roum, so I shall first tell you something about it.

The weather looked rather threatening at first, yet we ventured out, William Thomson and I, accompanied by two natives, and a muleteer on foot, who drove before him a mule laden with our camp-beds and provisions. We passed through the gardens of Sidon, then over a small brook, called Nahr-el-Kemli, crossed some hills, and pursued our way eastward. The road runs through several villages, and is not interesting until you are beyond the village of Feraim. After this, the scenery becomes bolder; you descend into a valley where huge stones oblige you to dismount and lead your horse. You ascend again, on the opposite side, between high rocks and bushes. The village lies on the south-west side of the mountain, whose summit you can reach in a good half-hour, and which is at least three miles further than the valley. It began to rain heavily as we approached Roum. It was still early, only four in the afternoon, but the unfavourable weather put a stop to our expedition, and we thought ourselves happy in finding a hospitable refuge under the roof of old Abou Milkam, an acquaintance of Mr Thomson's. The friendliness of these villagers struck me. We had not yet unsaddled our horses, or unpacked our baggage, when a crowd of inquisitive visitors surrounded us. In villages such as Roum,

ment, while a Rembrandt tint is cast over the whole, and you will have a pretty fair idea of the inner room of our host at Roum.

The mother spread out the blankets (tefahs) over some mats, which covered part of the floor. The visitors went silently away, one after the other, and we lay down to rest. The good Abou Milkam fastened a cord from one side of the room to the other, hanging over it a large cloth, so as to give us a kind of private partition. The feeble lamp went gradually out, and nothing was left which could disturb our sleep—so at least I thought. But, alas! scarcely had I been there five minutes, when I was assailed by a swarm of fleas. I need not describe the fray which ensued. It was in vain to turn and writhe under the attack; they made me undergo a species of martyrdom. Then the next morning; you may imagine how one feels after such a sleepless night. Yet I should have dozed away at last, for an hour or so, if Abou Milkam's dear little grandchildren had not set up such shrill screams, as if they were determined that the dawn should not break upon us peaceably. The family were up early, long before break of day. As we sat round the fire, enjoying a cup of warm coffee, I could not help saying something about the night's discomforts; but they had not much consolation for me, coolly saying, "in winter we have *no* fleas here (el jaum baragit lah!) It is only in summer they worry us a little." William had also suffered much, but he is somewhat hardened to this kind of Eastern society.

When the sun rose, we stood on the summit of Rummiët Roum. Here I could breathe at last! The

morning air was sharp and bracing. The Aneroid showed a height of 2855 English feet above the sea; 300 feet lower lay the village of Roum. I found on the mountain top a small space enclosed by a wall of loose stones; within this, many broken pieces of water jugs and other earthenware vessels. An old man from Roum, who served as guide, said, that in former days some castle had stood on the spot. I rather think, however, from the appearance of the enclosed space, that it was once a consecrated place, where religious observances were held.

The view from this height is well worth an excursion from Sidon. From north to south, on the left hand, is one continued panorama, with hundreds of villages, convents, hills, valleys, cultivated fields, and small rivers; on the right are the high steep precipices of Mount Lebanon, separated from Roum by valleys of fearful depth. But I shall give you a more minute description.

Imagine yourself, then, standing by my side. Turn to the north, and let your eye wander round from this height for the space of half a league; next to you appears a deep and narrow cleft, whose high rocky walls rise almost perpendicularly; far beneath, the Auwly is foaming and frothing along in its wild course, after a descent of many hundred feet from those high mountains whence it springs. Look how its waters come rushing down, like masses of foaming snow, which, ere it reaches the depths of the abyss, is converted into vapour, that whirls and wreaths above the tortured waters below. A little beyond, behold a sea of mountain ridges, reaching to the very strand, their summits crowned with convents or villages. How glorious the

effect of the morning sun, as it lights up those square buildings! Its rays are now falling in a slanting direction, so that each separate portion, with its dark shadow or bright light, is more distinctly marked by far than later in the day, when the sun is high. That tall building to the north-west, three hours from this, is *Deir Machalis*, the largest monastery in the whole land; and close to it lies Joûn, the village where poor Lady Hester Stanhope outlived her glory. Beirût lies concealed behind the hills; but that silvery thread which loses itself there in the sands, is the mouth of the Auwly river. Take your telescope now, and mark how distinctly you can see the forts and houses, the ships and rocks of Sidon; and how vividly the green of her gardens contrasts with the yellowish tints of the hills around. Yonder height to the south-west, forming a promontory near the sea-shore, is the place where Sarepta once stood. There, each small creek and inlet is distinctly seen. In ancient times several commercial towns lay on the shores of these bays; now you can scarcely trace their foundations. A little further south is a low neck of land stretching out into the sea, on which are a few houses, and a minaret rising above these: that is Tyre; and the high cape intercepting the view on the opposite side is the so-called "Ladder of Tyre;" the White Cape and the plain of 'Akka, with Mount Carmel, are hidden behind it. As you turn farther east, the landscape alters. The cliffs and slopes of the Djebel Rihân, until now veiled in a purple-coloured haze, appear in the foreground, hiding other more distant points; the Castle of Djebea is concealed behind it;

that of Surba, being lower, is visible. Roum lies at your feet. Have you ever seen valleys so fearfully deep as those in the mountains on yonder side of that village? Look at those dark chasms, and those mountain walls piled up thousands of feet high; mark those dark and light-grey rocky masses — that fir wood of a deep green on the slope of the yellow brown sandstone—and the black threatening thunder-clouds gathering round Mount Lebanon; and lastly, those loftiest of the mountain crests clothed in glittering snow, which you might fancy transparent silver, of a beauty not to be imaged by human painter. What would I have given for you also to have enjoyed this view from Rummiët Roum! Is it not a pity that travellers to Palestine should leave such places unvisited?

I am not exaggerating when I talk of the hundreds of villages you can see from hence. It is really no easy task to measure angles here. My guides were puzzled about the right names. You see sometimes four or five villages in the same line. Then there is great confusion and much difficulty in making them understand which village you mean among so many. Added to this, there are some letters which the natives pronounce so indistinctly to my European ears, that I am obliged to make them repeat the word several times before I can catch the sound.

About eleven o'clock we left Roum, accompanied by a volley of salaams or peace-wishes, the parting farewell of Arab hospitality. We did not return to Sidon by the same road we had taken in coming up, but descended immediately from Roum into the valley beneath, which, according to the Aneroid, is 1000 feet lower, and where

the Nahr-S'kani rises—a large brook flowing into the sea near Sidon. I was sorry I could not remain some days longer in this lovely valley (or Wadi, as they are called). The ochre-coloured cliffs and slopes, with their dark-green fir woods, the fresh murmuring brook, the young oaks, the oleanders, and many shrubs unknown to me, give the whole scenery so rich and varied an appearance, that it was difficult to tear one's self from the spot.

The atmosphere in this valley is, besides, very refreshing; for although situated much lower than Roum, it is yet a considerable height above the level of the sea, and cool streams of air descend continually from either side of the mountain. After leaving the valley, we followed the S'kani river, passing the village of Birti; and crossing huge rocks, and pushing our way through the branches of the wild sycamore trees on its banks, we reached the hamlet of Medjedi; we then traversed a cultivated mountain, came to the Baragût river, whose waters run close by the town, and were back in time to find the gate still open.

Another of my excursions was to the hill of Surafend. The road to it is the one along the sea-coast, already described by many travellers. The mountain chain runs parallel to the shore, at about half an hour's distance. At six miles from Sidon we crossed the bed of the Zaharani river, spanned by a ruined bridge, with the foundations of a few houses near.

A quarter of an hour farther you come to a small artificial hill, or *tel*, as the Arabs call it—Tel-el-Bârûk; two clear brooks flow close by it. A few years ago a rich citizen of Sidon, Mr Catafalgo, had a large khan

built here, and laid out some gardens; but his benevolent undertaking does not seem to have been successful. Part of the unfinished khan is already overthrown, and the gardens are overrun with weeds and wild shrubs. Turner says, that the port of Barone was formerly here; perhaps the name of Bârouk has misled him. About twenty minutes past the mound or tel are the ruins of a square tower, probably one of the watch-towers built by Helena along the coast. This tower is situated on a projecting ridge of rocks, which, in conjunction with the broad and outstretched point of Surafend, form a small haven.

The number of beautiful shells I saw lying on the strand tempted me to dismount, and, leading my horse, I went on my road, picking them up as I walked. Were it not for the fragments of marble and the broken pieces of pottery scattered in all directions, convincing me of the fact, I should not have known that the shore where I was stooping for those curious shells, was the same where once the widow was bending to gather sticks in the neighbourhood of Zarephath's gate.* Poor mother! In misery surpassing all we can imagine. No salvation seems possible. The heavens are of brass, and the earth of iron. "Behold, I am gathering two sticks, that I may go in and dress the handful of meal and the little oil still left for me and my son, that we may eat it and die." And yet she was "not to fear, but first to make a little cake thereof for Elijah, and after that she might make for herself and her son."

Mother! it was nobly done to deny thyself the

* 1 Kings xvii. 9, &c.

last morsel, to give it to the man of God; but to take it from the son of thy bosom, the child of thy love, without doubt or fear, because the Prophet had told thee, "*Thus and thus saith the Lord;*" and this, too, at a time when thou hadst thine own sad burden to bear, a burden which might well cause thee to fear; this, indeed, was truly great, O mother of Zarephath! Sinful man can scarcely comprehend it. The Lord it was who gave thee this faith, and by thy faith thou "being dead, still speakest" to us.

The Lord will grant such faith to all who ask it of Him—to you, my friend, and to me also.

Some books say that the ruins of Zarephath indicate the existence of a small village; but from their extent, and from the beautiful carved marble fragments scattered around, I rather think Zarephath must have seen days of greatness. Surafend, which now has replaced the ancient city, lies at a little distance, built against the slope of the hill. It is a miserable village, inhabited by Moslems, who have here two welis or tombs dedicated to Moslem saints. You find a third on the sea-shore, in honour of Chudur-Abu-Abès. Who his excellency was, I cannot tell you. There are a number of caverns at the foot of the hill, partly formed by nature, and partly by art, which probably served once as burial places for Zarephath. One of these is shown as the grotto where Elijah resided for so long: something belonging to the prophet is well suited to the place. Lower down in the village, close by one of the welis, I saw a plank set in the ground, bearing the inscription:—"Sacred to the memory of the Rev. R. J.

Oliver, H. B. M. S. Rodney, who died suddenly whilst on a tour from Beirût to Jerusalem, July the 19th, 1841, being twenty-six years of age." Where, alas! will death not find us? How many have already found their graves whilst journeying in the Holy Land!

Having finished my survey of the hill, I returned to Sidon, lost in thought; but the remembrance of the widow of Sarepta cheered me up.

Christmas passed silently by for me. The American brethren do not celebrate it. How different to what you had imagined; for in your letter of the 1st December, which reached me here, you say: —"What solemn emotions must Christmas awaken in your heart, there, in the very land where Christ took upon Him our mortal nature!" I shall tell you more about my impressions on another occasion. We men are more alive than we are aware of, to the influence of what is around us. You thought my feelings would be pious and solemn, from my being in so holy and solemn a spot; but, just because what immediately surrounded you was of a different character, it is probable that you, so far as external impressions are concerned, will have felt in a much holier and more serious disposition in the midst of the rejoicing church, than I could feel here, at the house of my kind host Mr Thomson,—in a circle by whom the day was not celebrated.

To-day Nicola arrived. He requires 400 piastres a month—exclusive, of course, of travelling expenses. He has brought with him a servant from Abeyh; but the fellow understands nothing but Arabic, and,

to judge from his outward appearance, seems more fitted for a lazy indolent life, than for the fatigues and hardships of a long journey. But we must make the trial. This man's wages are to be a hundred piastres a month.

I hope to leave this to-morrow morning, if the weather is clear. I shall leave this letter to the care of my host.

FROM SIDON, BY THE CASTLE ES-SUKÎF, TO HÂSBEIYA.

HÂSBEIYA, *January the 3d*, 1852.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—The labours of the day are over, my journal written, my sketches laid by; Ibrahim, the new servant, has just made an excellent fire,—Nicola is busy getting tea ready, and all promises a quiet evening. I take advantage of all this to tell you of my journey hither.

The weather was really good on Monday the 29th of December; so I hurried Nicola out to look for mules. William's father shook his head, and looked suspiciously at the sky. "You will be two days on your journey from this to Hâsbeiya," said he, "and what will you do, should a storm come on again at night?" "We will weather the storm," replied I; "my baggage is well protected from rain by wax-cloth; I shall be safe enough, myself, with my waterproofs." The mukhari was consulted about the matter; and as he gave us good hopes, we decided on setting out.

William's father gave him a mare for the journey; her colt was to follow her. Now came a few hours' confusion and quarrelling between Nicola, Ibrahim, the mukhari, and a crowd of meddling bystanders; a repetition of the scene of strife and wrangling we had had at Beirût. The aim of such scenes is to extort from the person who pays, that is, the traveller, more money than has been exacted from him when the bargain was made.

This time, however, I left Nicola to fight it out, this being part of his dragoman's business, and resigned myself to await patiently the moment when I should hear the cry of "Challas" (all right). It came at last, about one in the afternoon; late enough, you will say, but people are not expeeted to be particularly quick here. We then took the way along the shore. William's father gave us once more many a hint about our tour, shook hands, called out again, "Now mind the colt!" and returned home alone; but the anxious looks which clouded his brow had not yet disappeared, and remained present to my mind.

At about a couple of miles from the town we quitted the shore, to pass over the plain of Phœnicia, and the Zaharani river, which flows right across it. The path wound in a south-easterly direction up the hill side, and brought us to a khan, called by the natives Khan-Mehemed-Ali, from whence you enjoy a very beautiful view of the mountain-chain of Djebel Rihân. Close by, is a stone with a Greek inscription. The Aneroid indicated a height of 1262 feet. From hence you ride over a rocky table-land of bluish-grey chalkstone; here I found some remains of an old Roman road, similar to those on the way between Beirût and Sidon. An observing eye will not pass unnoticed the fragments of stone coffins, which indicate the site of some ancient city; but what it may have been, I have not yet been able to discover. A little past Zifti, a village situated on a height on the right, we began to descend the hill; we then followed a long wadi or valley, at the end of which is the village of Nabothiëh, the chief place in the district of Sjukîf,

so called after the castle of Belfort, which the natives have named "Kâlat-es-Sjukîf." The castle is two hours further to the south-east, and is built on high rocks above the Leontes river. The sun was already set when we entered the valley, which appeared rude and wild, strewn with fragments of rock, and overgrown with thorny shrubs. It was only when we reached the neighbourhood of Nabothiëh, that signs of cultivation presented themselves in the shape of newly ploughed fields.

How silent and solitary was all around us! Now and then only we heard the shrill hooting of the night-owl, the undisturbed inhabitant of these little frequented regions. The stars were shining with so unsteady and flickering a light, it was easy to foresee rain. Conversation became less lively, and consequently the wadi more dull. I happened to look back, and saw bright flashes in the north-west—certain signs of an approaching storm.

"Did you see that, William?"

"Yes."

All were again silent.

Our colt began to neigh. Something I could see in the faint twilight which resembled a village. I heard a sound of voices. . . . . We were at Nabothiëh.

The owner of the khan came out to meet us.

"Are we to sleep here, William, in this miserable hole?"

"Yes; there is nothing else to be had. You had better make the trial, as it is probable you will have to spend many a night in such khans. We shall try and get our horses put up at the shech's house (the village

chief), and we must make the best we can of our night's refuge."

I crept in through the narrow doorway after William, with a certain uncomfortable feeling. Some Arabs were sitting round a wood fire, the smoke of which nearly suffocated me. These execrable inns, without chimneys!

All rose courteously at our approach, and then made room for us, at the same time spreading out a mat, upon which we sat down. An Eastern lamp, a small saucer-like basin of earthenware, rested upon a wooden stand near the fire, lighting up the dirty, smoky abode just enough to show that I could not have chosen any lodging more resembling a robber's den than this khan. Our baggage was still far behind. We longed, too, for our dinner, which might now be called a supper. Eggs and butter were brought us, and with the help of an iron pan we soon fried an omelette, which we ate with some Arab bread. The latter is as thin as paper, in shape resembling our pancakes, but without any taste save that of flour, water, and salt. There was in the khan a small copper coffee-kettle, and a couple of Oriental coffee cups; and thus our bodily wants for the day were supplied. I thought, as I sat upon the mat, leaning against the smoky wall, enjoying the fragrance of the Syrian tobacco in the shape of a cigarette, that man scarcely knows how little he requires to supply his wants. How often have I been dissatisfied in the midst of the greatest abundance, and how contented do I now feel, in what may comparatively be called actual want!

The khan was soon filled with people, curious to see the Frandjis. The mouthpieces of a couple of nar-

gilehs (tobacco-pipes) went constantly round the circle. Nicola interpreted as fast as he could, so I did not long remain a stranger to the conversation.

When the mukhari, accompanied by Ibrahim, arrived with the baggage, the storm, which had been fast gathering, burst out with great violence. All night through I heard the dashing of the rain, for sleep was not to be thought of. The host of small lively guests which filled the khan prevented that. Morning came slowly, but it did at last come. It was still raining, and the sky was thickly clouded. What was to be done? We were about six hours from Sidon: to return thither would be a disappointment to us. Hâsbeiya was seven hours' journey distant: we should not have worse weather on our road thither than on that to Sidon. For some moments we hesitated; but, wearied of our lodgings, we resolved to travel on. Just then Nicola stept up to interpret the request of an Arab whose child lay deadly sick. The father prayed I would come and cure him, if possible. Poor people! Nabothiëh is not a place to which pilgrims resort. They think, therefore, when Europeans come there, that they must have another motive than that of visiting the holy places of the land. He must, they assume, be a hakîm (physician), whose love of mankind induces him to repair to villages and hamlets, where neither aid nor advice is to be had for poor sufferers. Some of their own countrymen are sometimes moved to this philanthropic work by compassion; and they can suppose no less of Europeans. I was now there by chance; and as you know, I understand nothing of medicine; but from having often been with the sick, I know

the application of a few household remedies. A division of my canteen was stored with quinine, salts, &c., for my own use; so I set out for the house of the sick child. Alas! it lay dying in the arms of its mother, who was likewise ill. The child was suffering from inflammation in the brain, the mother from fever and exhaustion brought on by watching at the sickbed of her poor child. To her alone I was able to administer some refreshing draught. Gratitude led her to minister to me of her goods, for one of her household followed me immediately with a bowl of milk; but before I could reach the khan again, a crowd of sufferers arrived from all sides, praying that the hakîm would come to their houses likewise. Never had the Saviour's passage through the cities and villages of the land seemed so vividly present to my mind —"Preaching the Gospel, and healing all manner of sickness, and all manner of disease among the people. And they brought unto Him all sick people that were taken with divers diseases and torments, and those which were possessed with devils, and those which were lunatic, and those which had the palsy, and He healed them all.* Great multitudes followed Him, and He healed them all.† And Jesus went forth, and saw a great multitude, and was moved with compassion towards them, and he healed their sick."‡ O days of unspeakable blessedness! the days of Christ's sojourn on earth,—blessed above all here, where want and misery were so great, and where no helper was at hand! Thus it was that Jesus shewed the desire of His soul, and the greatness of His power, by seeking out *such*

* Matt. iv. 23, 24. † Matt. xii. 15. ‡ Matt. xiv. 14.

places, and by healing *such* sufferers. And when He hath given Himself up unto the accursed death to deliver us from the power and mastery of sin, what may we not expect from Him, now that He is risen, and hath ascended into Heaven itself, there to appear in the presence of God for us as a faithful High Priest!

It cost me some pain to leave these poor Nabothiëh-ans, but we were obliged to continue our journey.

As soon as you are out of the vale of Nabothiëh, you see the castle of Belfort on a high ridge before you; beneath this, at a depth of fifteen hundred feet, the wild Litani or Leontes rushes foaming on its way. It takes you an hour and a half to reach the castle. You have to pass over a rough table land, where you see two hamlets, Nabothiëh-el-Foka and Kefr-Tibnîn, and, lastly, the village of Arnûn, at the foot of the castle. One glance upwards is enough to convince you that it is a fort of no small strength. I have not been able to find out the name of the founder; but, climbing the rock, I recognised, in the lower foundations, those huge colossal stones, roughly hewn on the outside, with smooth edges, such as were used only by the earliest inhabitants of the country. This rocky eminence, towering over the surrounding neighbourhood, must have seemed to them an important post for the defence of the river. Ancient history is silent on the subject, but the Roman walls, reared on the remains of those of the Phœnicians, shew plainly the high value which builders of a later date set on this fort. As you wander round the walls, or climb over the solitary ruins, you perceive that the Saracens and Crusaders have not left fewer traces than the Phœnicians

and Romans. A large moat, hewn out of the solid rock, seems to have surrounded the castle on the side of Arnûn. Within are a few chambers, also hewn out of the rock, which I thought had most likely served as dwelling-places for soldiers, or stables for their horses. At any rate they tempted us to fasten our steeds to the large loose stones which lay there, and to pursue our researches on foot. From want of proper knowledge about the interior architecture of such posts of defence, and also from the half ruined state of the fort, I can with difficulty form any idea of its appearance when perfect. Yet some portions are well preserved; for instance the large water-tanks, several staircases, both under and above ground; nearly the whole of the outer-walls, which in some places are no less than one hundred and eighty feet high; and in particular the Crusaders' Chapel, in the upper part of the building.

I dared not venture into the subterraneous caverns, for a half-eaten goat, close to the entrance of one, shewed plainly that there were other besides human residents in the Castle of Belfort. It would moreover have been of no use, as we had neither lamp nor candle, having sent the mukhari straight on to Hâsbeiya, that we might not have again to wait for him.

I placed my surveying instrument on the highest part of the wall, opposite the Crusaders' Chapel, between the creeping plants which had sprung up among the rubbish. The weather had cleared up in the meanwhile. The sky was almost cloudless. Mount Hermon alone, which I so much wished to behold in all its majesty from this place, was concealed behind a dark grey drapery of stormy looking clouds.

The views from Kâlat-Sjukîf belong to a class in the Holy Land which, whilst they possess much in common, present at the same time great variety, so that they are ever new, ever impressive, ever fascinating.

Could I but give you a glimpse of that region to the north, among the thickly wooded mountain cliffs of the Djebel Rihân, over whose broken summits dark clouds are constantly rolling and spreading, (no favourable sign for the weather,) while at their feet the valleys of Djermak and of the Zaharani river lie, smiling in the glittering sunshine! How shall I describe to you the windings of the Leontes, there before me; no tame silvery line wreathing through plains or corn fields, no broad smooth sheet of water, with towns and hamlets, hills and valleys, reflected in its mirror; but a wild mountain torrent, whose green waters dash headlong and foaming over their rocky bed, as if it were a monster serpent chained in the yawning gulf many a hundred feet below, where she writhes and struggles evermore to escape her dark and narrow prison between those fearful rocks, but always in vain, save only near the sea, where, an hour and a half north of Tyre, her windings reach a close. You would perhaps feel dizzy, were I to ask you to fancy yourself on the edge of the farthest projecting wall of the castle, and looking down from a height of fifteen hundred feet, (the height of five tall spires piled above each other,) upon the glorious torrent, as it rushes past at the foot of the perpendicular rock of Sjukîf. In that far deep below, its waters hurtle and roar along with a ceaseless deafening din, but their voice may not reach us here on our calm

height. And yonder is the famous plain of Ijon (the Merj-Ajûn,) on the opposite side of the river, with its fruitful fields and abundant water-courses. It is a panorama, in short, of mountains and valleys, which you must come and see yourself, if you would form an adequate conception of it.

On the west side of the castle is the village of el-Hamrah, built on a high rock. Here are some large old square stones, which would seem to indicate the existence of an ancient city. Having consulted some old books, it appears to me that this must have been the Rama mentioned in Joshua xix. 29, through which ran the boundary line of Asher's inheritance, just where the Leontes ends its southern course, and turns westward to the sea. The learned say that Harama is the Hebrew form of the word. According to Joshua xix. 28, 29, the country between el-Hamrah, Sidon, (Saida,) and Tyre, must have formed the northern portion of the tribe of Asher.

While William and Nicola were amusing themselves with rolling large stones over the precipice, the bottom of which they reached in a few seconds, dragging with them in their descent loose fragments of rock, gravel, &c., I opened Robinson's Researches, and Thomson's description of Kâlat-es-Sjukîf. It is a pity these writers give but a short account of the taking and retaking of the place by the Saracens and Crusaders. How willingly would I have learnt the history of this venerable fortress, if its walls and moats, its arches and subterranean vaults, could speak!

The castle belongs now to the Matawileh Prince, Hamed-el-Beg, governor of a part of the district of

Belad-Besharah, who resides in the ruined castle of Tibnîn. I know not what kept me here so long, whether it was the magic view from the height, or the proud building itself, or a certain strange feeling which holds the traveller spell-bound, when he sees before him the impressive remains of days of old; but as we got on our horses, intending to descend by the pathway near Arnûn which leads to the Jisr (bridge) el-Chardeli, I perceived with surprise that it was two o'clock. The sun sets now at a quarter to five. Hâsbeiya was at least five hours distant. Our baggage was a good way on before us. To remain without it in this old ruined castle during the night, was impossible, for many reasons. We hurried on, therefore, as fast as we could; but do what we could, it was impossible to get on quickly over the rough rocky pathway, overgrown with the short prickly stems of the *Spina Christi*, a shrub which covers most of the hills. There was a worse prospect in view too, — gigantic storm-clouds were advancing rapidly from the south-west, and we could hear the distant thunder. The rain came down before we began the ascent from the Leontes valley; and while we were climbing the hill on the opposite side of the river, a terrific storm burst upon us.

It takes an hour and a-half to descend from Arnûn to the bed of the river, and about as much to ascend to the hamlet of Klea, on the opposite side; but the wind was so violent, and the rain poured down in such torrents, that it really required a great effort to climb the mountain. Our path seemed washed away. We were obliged to push on blindly through the bushes and over the sharp hard stones. It was too much for William's

colt; it could scarcely drag itself along, and still it was necessary it should keep up with us, so that we lost no little time in waiting for it. Stopping at Klea was not to be thought of; the inhabitants seemed to have shut themselves up in their houses. Besides, we knew not whether we should meet with friend or foe. There was nothing for it but to move on. We continued our way in silence for an hour and a half—William, as guide before us, Nicola and Ibrahim behind me, and last of all the poor colt, neighing anxiously.

We were now on the mountain-slope which bounds the Merj-Ajûn to the west. We could see, through the thick rain, the large *tel* on which the town of Ijon was built, which rises in the plain. Mr Thomson once visited it, and found extensive ruins.

I proposed to William to ask for a night's lodging when we should reach the village of Jedeideh; but he replied, that the inhabitants, being of the Greek Church, would be ill disposed towards travellers who spoke English—to them equivalent to our being Protestants—especially should they happen to hear that we belonged to the house (an Oriental way of speaking) of Mr Thomson, the missionary of Hâsbeiya.

"Two hours more," said he, "and then we shall be sitting comfortably by the fire in Mr Wortabet's house, enjoying and refreshing ourselves, and forgetting the storm. Besides, even if these villagers would receive us, we have no dry clothes and no provisions; we should get nothing but that wretched Arab bread; and the only resting-place they could offer us would be a dirty mat, spread over the hard earthen floor of the hut."

There was so much truth in all this, that I did not attempt to argue the matter. It is but two hours' more misery, thought I. I was also more anxious about my travelling companions than about myself, for my waterproof cloak kept me in some degree dry, whereas the rain had already penetrated their camel-hair Arab mantles, and was running down their backs and shoulders in small streams. It was now pitch dark, though the moon was in her first quarter. We had reckoned a little upon her light, and it was a wonder to me how William could possibly distinguish the path-way; his own opinion seemed to coincide with mine, for on turning the hill-side, he said, "Now, what should you have done if I had not been your guide?"

"Your poor colt!" I replied, avoiding a direct answer, for I had a presentiment that the self-satisfaction of our young guide would soon have a fall.

"Ibrahim," cried he, "drive the poor animal on; it is lost if it lags behind."

"I must give him up, sir; my own horse is already so much exhausted, I fear he will sink under me if I must continually stop to look for the colt and drive it on."

It was heart-rending to hear the neighing of the half-fainting colt.

"Could you not take it up on your horse before you, Ibrahim?"

"Impossible, sir."

The rain at this moment was less violent, and the clouds had cleared off a little. There was a gleam of moonlight, just enough to show the forms of two large animals a hundred paces from us. They came

down the hill on our right, crossed the narrow defile, and remained standing on the opposite slope, glaring at us.

"Look there, Nicola! What animals are those?"

"Good heavens, what large hyænas!" cried William, Nicola, and Ibrahim at once. "Our poor colt—we cannot save it now! We shall be fortunate if we can reach Hâsbeiya ourselves!"

Again the rain came down in torrents, beating against us with such violence, it was almost impossible to stand.

And now we could hear nothing but the rushing of the thousand and thousand torrents which swept down on every side of us; we saw nothing but the dense grey mist of rain; we felt nothing but the icy chill that ran through our stiffened frames, as our dripping garments clung to us. In such moments as these you require strength of mind. Exposed to such a storm, amid the loud fearful moaning of the wind, the fierce glare of the lightning-flashes, the unceasing roll of the awful thunder, your heart seems half to fail you. Confused and stunned, you still push on, but it is mechanically,—and this not the rider alone, but also his horse.

At length the storm died slowly away. More than two hours, I fancied, had passed since we left Jedeideh, and yet I saw nothing of the Jordan, which we were to cross half an hour before Hâsbeiya. We went silently on through a lonely valley, but still no signs of the place we were seeking. Of the poor colt, we had heard nothing since the last outburst of the storm.

"We have lost our way!" cried William suddenly; "we have indeed lost our way."

I endeavoured to rally the lad's courage in this anxious case. "Come, my young friend! keep up your spirits; we can retrace our steps till we come to some point where you will recognise the road." And summoning all my fortitude, I endeavoured, by cheerfulness of tone, to encourage my companions.

At length we perceived the dark mass of the olive trees in the valley of Jordan, called here the Nahr-Hâsbani. William recognised the way, and at about half-past nine of that memorable evening, I passed, for the first time, the celebrated river.

Another half hour yet. But how we were preserved in that last half hour, I cannot tell, unless it were by a miracle of God's providence. The village of Hâsbeiya lies on one of the lower western slopes of Mount Hermon, down which runs a small brook; at the foot of this hill flows the Nahr-Hasbani. The road from the river to the village, which is, I imagine, an ascent of about 800 feet, leads partly through the bed of the brook, among dangerous loose blocks of rock—a road reckoned one of the most perilous in the whole country; and when I went to see it next day, I shuddered at sight of the dangers I had passed.

Scarcely had we crossed the swollen Hasbani, when we found ourselves in the waters of the ravine of Hâsbeiya, which came rushing down on us. I knew no longer where I was. William alone was acquainted with the fearful gulf. It seemed one long succession of cascades, among which we had to struggle upwards, or rather our horses, for we let them go as they pleased, where they

found the firmest footing. And here amid that white foam rushing between dark rocks, we could indeed realise a "voice as the sound of many waters."* I thought of the awful idea presented by that image; I thought of the omnipotence and infinite mercy of Him, whose voice of unutterable majesty was thus heard by St John.

At last, we distinguished lights in the distance; the barking of dogs followed; then the sound of men's voices; soon we saw rising above our heads the high walls of the Emir of Hâsbeiya's palace, and the next moment were greeted by the warm and hearty welcome of the kind missionary Wortabet, and Dr Kalley.

Surely here, if any where, was the place to raise an Ebenezer, and say "hitherto has the Lord helped us."

The mukhari had not yet made his appearance. I became rather uneasy when, on the following morning, we had searched for him in vain. I therefore sent out Nicola to gather tidings of him, who came back towards noon, with the news that he was laid up in the dwelling of an Arab, close to the spot where we had crossed the Jordan. It seems he took a wrong path, or made some kind of circuit; at all events, he was overtaken, as we had been, by the storm, and was completely stunned by its violence. One of the mules fell, and the mukhari was without any one to assist him in replacing its load. He then relieved the other mules of their burdens on the middle of the road, made himself a night's lodging of the baggage as well as he could, fastened his mules to it, and passed the night in this miserable condition. Some people who were passing

* Rev. i. 15.

by, found him the following morning in the spot, more dead than alive; without their assistance, he would probably have perished.

And the colt, you will ask—was nothing heard about it? As soon as the weather was somewhat settled, William, mounting his mare, rode out; he found the poor colt in a valley, not far from the place where the hyænas had passed us; but, alas! it was half devoured.

What think you, my friend, of the winter in Palestine? And was this the idea you had formed of it? It was certainly not mine. Can you understand now why our blessed Lord says, "Pray ye that your flight be not in the winter"? *

As I expect to remain here for some time, I have hired, with the help of Mr Wortabet, the house of one of the members of his congregation, whence I am now writing my adventures to you. It consists, like the one I lodged in at Roum, of one large apartment; but the walls and floor are clean. It has one small window without glass, and in the corner next to it is a chimney, so that I run no risk of being suffocated by the smoke, as in most of the other inland abodes I have visited. Here I was allowed to spend the last hours of the year in grateful meditation.

The first morning of the New Year was one of the loveliest my eyes ever beheld. There was not a cloud on the sky. All nature seemed in deep repose, or rather as if rising anew, to begin with the new year a new life. And scarcely was breakfast over when I mounted, in order to visit, with William, who is now my faithful companion in all my expeditions, the so-called

* Math. xxiv. 20.

Chalwet of the Druses, two miles south of this village. These Chalwets are secluded places, on the summit of some high hill, where the Druses hold their religious assemblies. They dwell here in neat-looking houses, which form a sort of village—that is, the Akals or ecclesiastics, those who are initiated into what they term the mysteries of their religion. The other Druses live in the village itself. Hâsbeiya, they say, was one of the first and principal places where the Druses established themselves. A kind of mystery seems to rest (even after all that has been written about the subject) upon the real origin of this strange sect, and their peculiar doctrines. I find it said by most writers, that these Druses are descendants of the Crusaders, and that their religion is a mixture of Christian and Moslem doctrines and forms; that they have chosen the southern part of Lebanon for their abode; that they are always governed by their own princes or emirs, and hold a tolerably independent position with respect to the authority of the Egyptian or Turkish rulers of the land; and that by their warlike propensities, especially towards their sworn enemies, the Maronites (who chiefly inhabit the northern parts of Lebanon), they have often brought fire and bloodshed into these quiet mountains. There is scarcely one writer on the East but has something to say concerning this people — one giving scientific particulars, another relating his adventures among them. So I do not suppose you would wish me to give you extracts on the Druses, which you can find in our libraries at home. I shall rather proceed with my journey, trusting that, if the Druses possess sufficient

interest for you—and I should think they do—you will be willing to seek more ample information about them than my letter could contain.*

The ice was crackling under our horses' hoofs when we reached the mountain top where the Chalwet lies; it is at least 3000 feet above the level of the sea. From this high point you have a view over an extensive region; in particular, the broad valley between Lebanon and Hermon, which, under the name of Wadi-el-Teim, begins from Râsheiya, a spot situated about six hours north of Hâsbeiya, at the north-west foot of Mount Hermon. The waters of the Hasbani torrent flow through it, on their way to lake Houleh, the waters of Merom of Scripture.

I thought of taking pencil and sketch-book in hand, but this could not be. About eight Druses were sitting in front of their dwelling, with the "books of the mysteries" in their hands; some young lads were seated on the ground before them, evidently receiving instruction; our arrival put a sudden stop to this. The old Druses rose and advanced towards us with the greatest courtesy, and, welcoming us in the most kindly manner, obliged us to enter their house.

Their politeness required a similar return on our part, however much it vexed me to have to respond to it, and thus to sacrifice the precious moments I had destined for surveying and sketching. But there was no help for it

* See among others—C. Niebuhr's Journey to Arabia, &c.; The Travels of S. Schultz; De Sacy, Exposé de la Religion des Druses; Volney, Voyage en Syrie; Burckhardt's Travels, &c. Mr Eli Smith, in Robinson's Researches, estimates the number of Druses in Lebanon, Damascus, and the Hhauran chain, to be 70,000. A number higher than this was stated to me *in loco*.

now. The Druses knew William in spite. He passed for Englishman, and the English said they were their friends, passing, at the same time, their two fore-fingers together, and saying "Shwa, shwa"—meaning nearly that the English and the Druses resemble each other exactly, and are the same kind of men. To show the truth of this affirmation, we were commanded not only to enter in, and sit for a while by the fire, which was lastly lighted, but also to eat of their bread, with butter, bread, olives, and "dibs"—a kind of sweet and syrup, made from grape-juice. By this the bonds of friendship were confirmed between us; for when a Druse eats bread with another person, he looks upon it as a most sacred sign of alliance.

It appeared as if the opportunity of shewing their love for the English was too good for them not to take a double advantage of it. They not only feasted us on the very best of their stores, but when at last we shewed that their excessive politeness was becoming tiresome, they filled our pockets as full as they possibly could with dried figs and raisins, disregarding alike our thanks and refusals. I do not at all wish to decry the virtue of hospitality, as exercised by the Druses; but, from some hints dropped by William's father and Mr Wortabet on this point, I have the impression that their special love for the English is not quite disinterested; these two gentlemen being residents in the country, must of course know them well. Not that I shall venture to determine exactly how far the warlike Druse, the child of independence, sympathises with the originality of the English national character, as far as it is displayed by British travellers in Palestine; nor that I overlook

the moral influence exercised on this people by the American missionaries, (who are looked upon by the Druses in the same light as the English,) in proof of which influence an occasional convert from among them is seen; but it is well known that for many years the Druses have sought the alliance of the English, in opposition to the union of the Greek Christians with Russia, and of the Maronites with France. As the influence of the European powers has become greater in the dominions of the Sultan, this party spirit has developed more strongly; while the Druses, seeing the progress made by Protestant or Evangelical Christianity in Syria, have not been slow in openly shewing their preference for the Protestant natives. A natural consequence of this is, that you meet with great diversity of opinion among the different writers who have spoken of the Lebanon population. French travellers paint the Druses in the blackest colours, while they attribute to the Maronites, as their brethren in the Roman Catholic faith, not a few good qualities. English visitors, on the contrary, are not free from prejudice in the way in which they view the vices of the Maronites, while they are less disposed to acknowledge the hypocrisy of the Druses, which is perhaps their greatest vice, and is, alas! counted by themselves as a merit. From the little experience I have had as regards both Druses and Maronites, it seems to me that travellers in Palestine and Syria have good reason to think lightly of both.

We thanked our hospitable Druses, with many salamas

ferent surrounding nations. The words Sirion, Shenir,

and Sion, or Zion, all designate height *par excellence*, according to well-informed writers.

I now understand also the nature of the blessing (Ps. cxxxiii.) represented by "the precious ointment that went down from Aaron's head to the skirts of his garments,"—a blessing which became Zion's share when the ark of the Covenant was brought thither. It is compared to "the dew of Hermon, which descended upon the mountains of Zion." Sitting at the foot of Mount Hermon, I see how, from its woody crags and ravines, where the snow lies nearly the whole year round, the watery mists must ascend in much greater abundance than from those other mountains, whose bare tops do not rise to such a height. The waters drawn up by the sun's warm rays are reduced to vapour, which is diffused through the atmosphere, and descends at night in cool refreshing dews on the lower hills that branch out on every side around. The Psalmist compares the spiritual blessings referred to, not only (as is elsewhere done) to a dew, but to the most excellent dew, like that which falls in the regions round Hermon, and which, according to travellers, is to be found nowhere else in the country. You must see Hermon yourself, to realise the image fully.

Some of its deep light-green valleys lie before me. Exactly opposite is the wadi-Shebah, with the village of Hibariëh on yonder slope of the mountain, and several neighbouring valleys, all covered with pines and shrub-oaks. Behind the first dark green range are seen the peaks of higher mountains, and here the pine woods are sprinkled, as it were, with

[illegible]

one arch, which, according to Eastern fashion, is pointed in the centre. A little higher up, the water is turned off by a large stone dam, and part of it is carried away in a small stream, which works a mill lower down. A few yards above is the basin or source, where the water comes bubbling up from under steep projecting rocks. It is of a transparent dark colour, and appears to be of immense depth. But there was still something I did not understand: it appeared to me that the main stream of water came down from a point farther up; this made me doubt whether I really had before me the right source, until it was explained to me that this stream, which I saw coming down from the north-east above the source, was only a winter torrent, which, rising at Râsheiya, swells into a brook of no inconsiderable appearance, containing even more water than the Hâsbani source itself, but which nevertheless dries up entirely in summer, and then leaves the true source visible. The Hâsbani, small as yet, is surrounded on all sides by hills, and winds its way through a grove of willows and oleander shrubs, flowing over a bed of sand and pebbles, which ripple up the water in thousands of brilliant wavelets. The grey winter green would give a melancholy aspect to the landscape, were it not for the slender sycamores, the favourite companions of the rivers of Palestine; these still retain enough of their yellow-brown leaves to break the monotony of colour in a most picturesque way. The brook murmurs on thus for about three miles; opposite the ravine of Hâsbeiya it is about fifty feet broad; thence it flows on, with many a curve, increas-

ing in breadth, through a beautiful wood of wild shrubs and olive-trees, till about a mile beyond a large khan called the Khan of Hâsbeiya. Here the Wadi-et-Teim falls with a considerable declivity between isolated hills, on the tops of which are built the villages of Râsheiya-el-fochar, Kefr-Hammam, Ibl, Churbi, and Chiëm, and afterwards expands into an undulating plain toward the extensive marsh on the north side of the lake of Merom. The Jordan follows the course of the wadi, its channel becoming deeper and deeper. Near the Jisr-es-Sûk bridge, the second from its source, immediately south of the khan, dark brown blocks of lava present themselves on the banks of the river. The farther south you go, the volcanic breach, which commences at the north of Cœlo-Syria and extends to the southern shore of the Dead Sea, becomes the more distinct. It seems as if the land has been riven asunder by the subterranean volcanic forces, leaving an enormous cleft.

Is it not strange that neither Josephus nor later writers should mention the Hâsbani as the chief of the three springs of the Jordan? * Thomson, the missionary, was the first who described it minutely, in the number of the *Bibliotheca Sacra* for February 1846; I perceive several recent writers have hastened to adopt his faithful and interesting description of this locality. The two other springs, at Dan and at Banias, I shall not have time at present to visit.

* Robinson himself, although he repeats what is said by Van Haimendorf in 1556, and by Seetzen, Burckhardt, Buckingham, and Richardson, does not seem to have given much credit to the opinion, that this foun-

I must now lay down my pen. You shall hear more from me soon, for every day is rich in adventures and experience.

January the 4th.

To-DAY is the Lord's day. It is doubly a holy day for God's "little flock" at Hâsbeiya, for Mr Thomson arrived yesterday, and preached this morning to the congregation. He, too, had great cause of joy, for, besides meeting his spiritual children, he also found his son William, about whom he had been very uneasy. During the fearful storm at Sidon, he had trembled with anxiety regarding us; "and now, behold!" said he, "the son whom I feared was lost, is found again."

As worship is always conducted in Arabic, I went to the afternoon service only. Nicola told me that fully sixty men were present in the morning, and about twenty women, he thought; the latter are separated from the men by a curtain. In the afternoon there were fewer. Nicola had made some friends among these Protestants. They came with him to visit me after the service. I shall tell you the more interesting parts of the discourse I held with them, while it is yet fresh in my memory.

Hâsbeiya has a population of 6000 souls, of whom about three-fourths belong to the Greek Church. Of the remainder, 1500 are Druses; about 500 Maronites; about 100 Jews of the class called Sephardim; and

tain was a spring of the Jordan. He did not, however, personally visit it.

as many are Mahometans belonging to the Court of the Emir, *Sad-Ed-Dîn-Shehebi*, with some few Anzairiës. Mr Bird, one of the American missionaries, was the first who attempted, twenty-five years ago, to diffuse the gospel here. He established a school, and obtained a native teacher; but his efforts met with no success, and the school dwindled away. In 1842 the brethren sent a colporteur from Beirût to Hâsbeiya, with tracts; and it was from this man that the people first learned to attach to the term Protestant the meaning it bears among them—a true Christian. The books he left behind him would perhaps have had a good effect, if the Greek priests—like all priests who dispute with the only High Priest, Jesus Christ, His right to supremacy over the souls of men—had not found means, in their hatred of the gospel, to get possession of the books and burn them.

It was about this time that the Emir imposed certain new taxes, which caused great dissatisfaction. These taxes fell particularly hard upon the poor, who had no protector; and the thought occurred to them: 'We may possibly find protection from the missionaries; they are merciful men.' In this hope, forty-five of them went to the brethren at Beirût, to enrol themselves, as Protestants, under their protection.

The missionaries did not, of course, interfere with regard to the tax; but they "expounded to them the way of God more perfectly;" shewing them, at the same time, how much true faith in the Son of God differs from such nominal Protestantism as has its origin in mere secular motives. The brethren then

sent them back to Hâsbeiya with Bibles and tracts, promising to give them spiritual help, if their future conduct should attest the sincerity of their wishes. Shortly after, the missionaries found an opportunity of sending two native teachers to Hâsbeiya, who had, in a few days, a hundred and fifty people in attendance on them, desirous of receiving instruction. This was too much for the priests. The Bishop threatened to excommunicate all who should adopt the Protestant heresies; but, seeing that this threat had no effect, he had recourse to that powerful weapon, by which in the East justice and right are so constantly assailed.

The head of the Greeks of Hâsbeiya is the Patriarch of Damascus, a certain Mathôdios, who, as is also the Emir of Hâsbeiya, is subject to the Pasha of Damascus. The Bishop of Hâsbeiya had no difficulty, through his superior in Damascus, in purchasing from the Pasha an order to the Emir, to the effect that the heretics should be brought back by force to the Greek Church. The Emir obeyed but too willingly. The new converts had to endure the bitterest persecutions. They were pelted with stones, and spat upon in the bazaars; they were beaten and insulted in their houses as well as in the public places; they were no longer safe any where, and were debarred all social intercourse. Many attempts were made even upon their lives; and so severe was the persecution to which they were exposed, that, at one time, all but three, who remained faithful, drew back; but around those three, forty others soon gathered. After consultation, they agreed that it was best to disperse; and, quitting Hâsbeiya, to take up their residence at Abeyh, or elsewhere

in Lebanon. In this attempt, however, they failed; the means of earning their bread were wanting; and, after a few months, they were compelled to return to Hâsbeiya. Then arose, in the silent night, from their closed dwellings, many a heartfelt and united prayer to the Lord of the Church; eagerly and trustfully His promises were sought out from His Holy Word; and, like the phœnix rising from the flames, the youthful Christian congregation lifted its head anew. Persecution had no longer any terrors for them. At the request of the Patriarch, the Emir ordered his janissaries to drive them with scourges to the church; but his wrath was unable to compel them to kiss or worship the images. A certain Chalil-Chouri, himself the son of a priest, but now converted to Christ, was sent by his family to Constantinople; here, by the help of the American brethren, he obtained a firman from the Sultan, granting freedom to the Protestants of Hâsbeiya. Some amelioration in their lot was the happy result, but only to a certain degree; for the artful Mathôdios managed, during five weary years, to bribe the Pasha of Damascus to assail them with all kinds of secret social persecutions.

Thus hath the Saviour planted here a vineyard for Himself, "which He doth keep, which He watereth every morning, which He keepeth night and day lest any hurt it." * He giveth His people, indeed, the bread of adversity and the water of affliction; but He maketh their eyes to see their teachers, and their ears to hear a word behind them, saying—'This is the way, walk ye

* Is. xxvii. 3.

in it,' when they would turn to the right hand or to the left.* Yes, he has, indeed, shewn this to His people at Hâsbeiya. The persecutors still vent their fury in excommunications. This very morning a priest penetrated to the sickbed of a poor Protestant, to try if possible and win him back to their Church before his death. Persecution has, however, no other effect than that of separating the wheat from the chaff; those who have joined the Protestants from motives of interest, are found too light in the winnowing; they have fled as chaff before the wind, and the good wheat has thus been purged.†

Hâsbeiya has been entrusted of late years to the brethren, Van Dyck and Thomson, as their station. Since the native missionary Wortabet has been given them as assistant, they have settled at Sidon, still keeping up a superintendence of Hâsbeiya by visiting it constantly. Religious service is held in the missionary house, in a large room the floor of which is spread with clean mats. In another apartment I found the zealous Wortabet occupied in administering help to the sick, who call upon him every morning. He has studied medicine, and is thereby not only enabled to help the suffering, but he finds often in the worn and weary frame a *soul* feeling still less at ease than the body, and a *heart* which, won by love, the more readily receives the Word which can bring "peace

* Is. xxx. 20, 21.

† A more detailed account of the Rise, Persecution, and Progress of the Christian Church at Hâsbeiya, may be found in *Wilson's Lands of the Bible*, Part II., pp. 185, 474, 476; and in the magazine of the North American missionaries—*The Missionary Herald.*

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service, to say the truth, does not make the journey more agreeable.

How often already have I longed that you were with me here, surrounded by this magnificent scenery, or in those lovely valleys; or yonder, amid those ruins of the old Hivite cities and idol-temples! How much you would have enjoyed all this! The only thing which I can offer you as a slight compensation, not as an equivalent, is my portfolio, with its maps and sketches.

How much is there still to explore here! I was riding one day on the side of the mountain above Hâsbeiya, beyond the hamlet of Ain Kûnia, where the Emir has his summer residence, from whence there is a most enchanting view. I soon came to Shweiya, a small village on a mountain plateau, where there was formerly a city, and, judging from the situation in the highway over Mount Hermon to Damascus, it must have been a considerable one. In some of the houses of Shweiya you see very large old stones, and, half an hour farther, the quarry from whence they were taken. There are also large, flat, round stones lying about like mill-stones, which were perhaps formerly used for pressing the olives. A passer by shewed us some large vaults with square entrances between the rocks, which, he said, contained tombs. They were, however, full of water from the mountain torrents, so that I could not examine them.

How deeply have I been struck to find so much still remaining from the times of the earliest inhabitants of Mount Hermon! Even the hard grey limestone crumbles down in the course of ages; and if the

natural rock, decomposed by rain and sun, undergoes so great changes as everywhere present themselves here, what may we not expect for cities and villages, on which the destroying hand of war has been so often laid? I have been wandering among the rocks above Shweiya, receiving many a lesson from Nature. Though a hard close-grained limestone is the chief formation of the mountain, masses of quartz occasionally present themselves, and also small quantities of iron, either in crystals or in ore. The rain and sun slowly dissolve the softer portions of the rocks, the mountain-streams wash them away, and the hard stone which remains, acquires in this manner the aspect of an irregular gigantic honeycomb, pierced with holes large and small. Occasionally, between these sponge-like rocks, are small patches of ground, only a few feet in circumference, but of extreme fertility. These are cultivated by the natives, and the plough and pick-axe are busy among the dwellings of the jackalls and birds of prey, who choose these rocks for their favourite dwellings.

Quite different in character is the scenery which presents itself, if from this spot you descend to Hâsbeiya along the small pine wood above the village. I was passing this way once, just before sunset. All was in shade around me, excepting where the sun's rays were playing through the branches of the pines, casting a bright fiery green light on the leaves or grass. The massive palace of the Emir rose straight before me, over the top of the lower woods. It is a building which might well serve as a fortress, and as such it makes no small appearance in the landscape.

To the left of this rose the other houses of Hâsbeiya, surrounded by olive-trees with their pale green foliage, while another part of the village was visible at the right side of the valley below.

From this eminence I could see far over the Hâsbeiya ravine to Mount Arbel, which was at that moment lighted up with a wonderful rose-coloured light. This mountain is separated from Lebanon by the Leontes river, and it forms the western slope of the *Wadi-et-Teim;* the high wooded crests of Lebanon and Mount Rihân rise in the distance; when I saw them, they were bathed in an exquisite purple hue.

I have set apart a day for exploring the village of Hibariëh. Here are found the beautiful old ruins of a temple, described by Burckhardt, page 35 of his Travels in Syria, &c. Only the bases of the columns he mentions now remain, and the illustrious traveller is mistaken in what he says about the gate of the temple, which is not turned to the west, as he asserts, but to the east. The southern wall, with its battlements, is yet entire, and is forty English feet in length, the breadth of the building being just about half of this. The middle wall, which separates the porch from the temple proper, is likewise almost entire, and has on each side of the rectangular gateway a shell-formed niche, and above it a rectangular one. The large, hard, yellow sandstones of which this temple is built, are of the same sort, Burckhardt says, as those of the temple of Baalbec. Time has, however, given the exterior a grey tint. It is only by fracture that you see the original colour.

the blue hills of Naphthali. The plain of the Hûleh lake, and of the Upper Jordan which flows into it, lay concealed behind Kefr-Hammam. The castle of Belfort crowned the summit of a bluish rocky ridge streaked with white, on the other side of the Leontes; from thence stretched Mount Rihân, with its steep purple crests joining Mount Lebanon, whose silvery, snow-clad cliffs, claim in the picture not the least share of our admiration. But why try to paint to you this landscape, when I lack the rich colours of the painter? I fear you will grow weary of panoramas, which, though they differ much in reality from each other, can only be described by the help of a very limited store of words. To read of the beauties of nature in Palestine, and to see them with your own eyes, are very different things. Therefore forgive me for falling so far short of the truth in my descriptions. Come yourself, if possible, and visit the Holy Land; the best description still leaves its beauties unexhausted.

In the miserable village of Kefr-Hammam, which, however, is prettily shaded by oaks and garoub-trees,* we again saw in the walls of the houses such large old stones as have been already referred to. In the present case they had been taken from a ruin on the south side of the village, just above a steep crag which slopes down to the Hûleh plain. The natives call it Kâlat (castle) Aisafa,—a word not Arabic in form, but no doubt representing an ancient name, which I hope the

* Called also St John's bread-tree, because some think it was upon this fruit that John the Baptist fed in the wilderness, and not upon locusts, as the word has been erroneously translated.

learned may be able to find out. Besides a considerable portion of a wall, there are several heaps of stones, grown grey with time, which have been hewn out of the rocks at hand. There are also some wells, but their sides have fallen in; and several subterraneous store-places, used formerly for grain. The stones in the wall yet remaining are not held together by cement; the architect has built, without the aid of that material, upon the solid rock. A surer foundation could scarcely have been thought of; yet it appears, from the bulge which the wall presents in the centre, that the earthquake shocks which these regions often undergo have been able to alter what the hand of man could not move. When I consider the position of this ruin, as commanding the whole upper Jordan valley, down to the waters of Merom, I am convinced it must have been a stronghold of great importance.

Our guide would have led us farther on, to some ruins which he said surpassed all these in extent, and which he called *Kâlat-Bostra*. According to his account, they must stand among the mountains, about an hour and a half north of Banias. It was, however, too late to visit them. The setting sun warned us to hasten home. The enchanting hues which the mountains exhibited on that evening, I shall never forget; I could have stood rivetted to the spot, gazing till sight had failed me, on the snowy crest of Mount Hermon. It was no such white as the snow fields of our own country present. The setting sun transformed it to a peach-blossom tint; opaque, and yet transparent—white, and yet combining a thousand shades. This

white of Hermon's brow! It is the blending of the seven primitive colours in the prism or in the clouds —colourless, and yet all hues are in it.

But I remember—I must be sparing of my colours. Therefore, of all else I have seen in the neighbourhood of Hâsbeiya, I shall speak only of the Nahr-Litani, or Leontes river, with which we are already somewhat acquainted. I have descended the rocky gulf (a thousand feet in depth) to reach its bed at two different points. The first time was by the bridge of Burghuz, two hours at least west of Hâsbeiya. The road leading thither from this spot passes the village of Kaukaba, which lies against the slope of Djebel-Arbel. Near this I saw the entrance to the asphalt mines, which are worked in summer, but remain untouched in winter, on account of the violent rains and the crumbling of the soil; they are at present covered over with boughs of trees.

Asphalt is more common in this district than is supposed. It is found in considerable quantities on the road from Hâsbeiya to Hibariëh; and I remember that a Frenchman at Beirût spoke of beds of this mineral which he had discovered in Lebanon, four or five hours from the town. A careful search in the volcanic districts of the mountains might lead to its discovery in other places also.

A little beyond Kaukaba, you come suddenly on this wild and fearful-looking torrent, which rages and foams with thunderous roar between its confining walls of rock. Some of these are quite perpendicular, pierced with a multitude of caves, large and small, the forma-

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on a rocky bank, some feet above the stream. The eye cannot follow the latter, for its windings are so short that it is soon hidden from view by the rocks on both sides. I hope to explore this singular mountain-river a little higher up; for I hear there is a natural bridge formed by rock, which is unique in its wild beauty and natural magnificence. The other place where I explored the Leontes was a couple of hours lower down. I passed through Jedeideh, and the hamlet of Dibbîn, situated north of it in a small valley, and reached part of the ravine beside the village of Blât, which looks as if suspended on the high crags above it. There is no path here; but wood-cutters sometimes descend the steeps on this side, and have left their footprints, by following which we reached the channel beneath, though not without much exertion.

If the aspect of the river by the Castle of Belfort be grand, and by Jisr-Burguz romantic, here it is wild and savage beyond all description. The cleft is very narrow, and the rocks rise perpendicularly to the height of sometimes 1000 or 1200 feet. I stood transfixed with awe at the sight of them. Down below, you hear nought but the continual hollow roar of the closely pent waters, vibrating and resounding with an overpowering din. The froth, as it dashes up, keeps the base of the rocks constantly damp, whence the vegetation in this place is luxuriant to a degree I have seldom met with in my travels. The snow-white foam is often concealed by the overhanging trees, whose branches meet and thickly intertwine. Large eagles were describing parabolic curves above

tion of which, in such a position, excites your wonder. Others are broken into huge colossal blocks; elsewhere the large stones have been scattered, and shattered into small fragments, among which has slowly sprung up loose stunted brushwood, on which your foot seeks in vain a firm hold, and where you must look down many hundred feet from the top of the rock to the water below. At some points there is a narrow footpath along the bed of the river. From Jisr-Burghuz I went southwards for about an hour, following the stream between rocks and bushes; so far I found a wood-cutter's dangerous path. But more to the south the cliffs are so steep, and the waters, pent up in consequence, rage along so furiously, that it is impossible to pass. At the point where I was obliged to turn back, I found a solitary mill, worked by a stream led off from the river. Who would suppose so many romantic spots were to be found among these tremendous precipices? Here grow not only oleanders, with their rose-coloured flowers, and sycamores, winding their roots capriciously among the cliffs, but, wherever there is room, spring up the pale willow and the ever-green laurel, the small thorny shrub-oak, and the slender fennel; whilst thousands of narcissuses fill the air with their perfume.

The bridge near Burghuz, with its two large and two smaller arches, is half Roman and half of later style. From hence the road runs in a westerly direction to Mount Rihân, and on to Sidon. At some points it is fearfully steep. The village of Burghuz is small, and lies on the right or east side of the river,

on a rocky bank, some feet above the stream. The eye cannot follow the latter, for its windings are so short that it is soon hidden from view by the rocks on both sides. I hope to explore this singular mountain-river a little higher up; for I hear there is a natural bridge formed by rock, which is unique in its wild beauty and natural magnificence. The other place where I explored the Leontes was a couple of hours lower down. I passed through Jedeideh, and the hamlet of Dibbîn, situated north of it in a small valley, and reached part of the ravine beside the village of Blât, which looks as if suspended on the high crags above it. There is no path here; but wood-cutters sometimes descend the steeps on this side, and have left their footprints, by following which we reached the channel beneath, though not without much exertion.

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[illegible] and from the wrath of the [illegible] the great day of his wrath is come; and [illegible]*

[illegible] for about half an hour,

* Rev. vi. 15. 17.

pushing on through the entangled branches and over the broken rocks. But it was hard work to fight one's way through in this manner; occasionally, indeed, it was venturing life, for the loose broken pieces of lime-stone slipped from under my feet continually; at last I was obliged to give up the attempt. I was sorry; for I knew from the natives that we were now but half an hour from a place called in Arabic *Chat-weh*, where the steep rocks on either side approach so closely, that you can stand with a foot on either edge of the deep contracted gulf. You may conceive how madly and hoarsely the water storms and rages many hundred feet below. Having thus wrestled its way through for some time, it falls with a thundering roar into a deep abyss, breaking again in this narrow cleft into numerous cataracts as it dashes over the huge rocks. This spot must be situated about two hours above the Castle of Shukîf.

Time, which had hurried on, recalled us from this place of terrors. I know not how it happened, but we missed the footpath as we were climbing the mountain, and found ourselves unexpectedly on a shelving rock, where our feet could not find the smallest resting-place, and where our only hold was the edge of some stone or some prickly rock-plant, which we could scarce grasp with the tips of our fingers. For one instant I thought I could neither move forwards nor backwards; but I succeeded at last, by lying at full length, and helping myself on with hands, feet, and knees, in scrambling a little higher. Every now and then I slipped down again a few feet; but I got past this perilous spot at length.

Thus, every day brings some new and interesting exploration. The weather, too, is particularly favourable for such kind of work, the atmosphere being cool and pleasant. This mountain climate is so agreeable and so healthy, that I could wish to emigrate here with family and friends. But my labours will soon call me elsewhere. Dr Kalley has already left for Ibl, where he has an opportunity of preaching the gospel; he will wait for me there. Before my departure, I hope to visit Kâlat-Bostra. I have made every necessary arrangement for this. To-morrow, early, I shall ride out with William; we shall spend the day making sketches in the valley of the Jordan. Nicola will join us in the evening, at Rasheiya-el-Fokhar, bringing with him my servant, some provisions and bedding, and having first locked up the house properly. William's father has also appointed to meet us there, as there are several of the natives who have requested him to come and preach the Gospel to them; after having spent the night in the above-mentioned village, we shall proceed on together the following morning to Kâlat-Bostra.

January the 12*th.*

How often have we watched the sun sinking in the red, gold, cloudless west, and thought we could safely foretell a glorious morrow; when just at the midnight hour dark clouds have overspread the heavens, and the morning rays have broken sorrowful and dim through the thick gloomy mists around us! Thus it happened in my expedition to Kâlat-Bostra. The weather had worn a threatening aspect on the preceding day,

but the clouds cleared off, and we enjoyed the fine hours doubly from having expected storms. I had been sketching the waters of Merom, as they lay with their silvery crystal sheet encircled by the blue hills of Kedes, above which the crest of the Safed mountains was just visible. The air was so clear, that I could distinguish with perfect ease the Jordan between lake Hûleh and the sea of Galilee; part of the latter I could also see, with the mountains around it. The olive wood on the foreground lay like a pale-green carpet, which seemed to undergo the strangest change of colour towards even, when these trees spread the silvery under surface of their leaves upwards. The beauty of the scenery was so enchanting, I should willingly have spent the night in these mountains, had not Elias Jacoub, at whose house Mr Thomson was waiting for us, come in search of us, and brought us to his dwelling. Here we sat on clean mats, reclining against cushions, placed divan-like against the walls. Mr Thomson was smoking his nargileh. Nicola had already unpacked our goods, and we then began refreshing ourselves with warm tea and cold provisions we had brought. About twenty of the villagers sat crouched around us, and as many women stood waiting in a corner of the room, until we should have finished our meal, and should begin the evening service. It is true that our horses and mules were in one corner of the room, and also true, that were you to ask whether we were sharing their stables, or they our sleeping apartment, I could give you no satisfactory answer. Yet these hours of relaxation, spent amid the unpolished but friendly natives, after wandering a whole

This morning early, our true-hearted brother Thomson came to see me. He was ready for his journey—his large Syrian cloak thrown over his shoulders. "To-day is the fourth day, my friend," said he, "since everything has been taken from you, and your affairs, such as they now are, do not promise well. You cannot remain here; besides, it would not advance matters one step. You have done all you could do to get back what was taken from you. But neither your visits to the Emir, nor the official correspondence you have carried on with him about the affair, have had any effect. I myself have great suspicions about Hanah; but he will not easily let himself be caught. 'Twas only last night I heard he had been brought again before the Divan; on which occasion one of the oldest Emirs, to ensnare him, promised him a written remission of all punishment, and a permission to keep the stolen money, provided only he would restore a bunch of small keys belonging to the missing articles. But however cunning the Divan may be, Hanah outwits them all. So you have nothing more to hope for at Hâsbeiya. You are, it is true, at present without the means of continuing your important journey, but do not on that account lose courage. Write to your friends in Europe; tell them how matters stand; and wait for their answer, at least, before you decide to return to the Netherlands. Perhaps the Lord may send you help from a quarter from which you do not expect it: He has unlimited means in his power. Meanwhile, allow me to request you will consider my house as your home. You have already become, in some degree, a member of our family circle. Our spare room is fami-

reaching home, or any other place. The kind brethren Thomson and Wortabet were not less alarmed and grieved when they entered the room. Sorrow was too great to be expressed by words. We sat for some moments opposite each other, speechless, like Job and his friends in days of old. . . . . .

How adorable are the ways of God with man! Looking back some months, I perceive nothing but great prosperity, and encouragement from many sides with regard to the labour I have undertaken. When for the first time I put my hand to the work at Beirût, difficulties rose up before me like so many mountains. Yet even while my courage seemed failing, it rose again with renewed elasticity, on my casting one look towards Him who had brought me thus far. Without seeking it, I found at Sidon the information and instruction I required previous to my travels. After weathering so many winter storms, I might well set up a new Ebenezer here. Days of successful labour followed, and those obstacles which had so much alarmed, seemed to vanish like smoke. In my waking dreams I saw already the rich harvest of sketches, maps, and discoveries, I was to return home laden with. And in my prosperity I said, "I shall never be moved;" but "Thou didst hide Thy face, and I was troubled." *

Suddenly the Lord hath broken off all, and hath turned, it would seem, into an adversary. He hath said, Not so! He hath no pleasure in the prosperity of my work, though men may think it most serviceable to

* Ps. xxx. 7, 8.

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He is a man of perhaps sixty years of age, a tall, spare figure, with a large hooked nose, a long beard, and a pair of dull eyes, which speak of both cowardice and treachery. He appeared to listen to the affair with the coolest indifference—an indifference, I thought, insulting to the dignity of a European traveller, under the protection of a special firman from his lord and master, the Sultan of Turkey. Hearing from Mr Wortabet that Mr Charles Wood, her Britannic Majesty's Consul at Damascus, was the only person he stood in awe of (as he was well aware of his influence over the Pasha of Damascus, his superior), I told him I should place myself under the protection of this Consul. Then he seemed to rouse himself a little. He begged I would allow him due time to look into the matter, in which case, he said, he should certainly be able to restore me my lost property. Ibrahim, my former servant, and Hanah, the man who had worked a day in my house previous to the event, were both imprisoned, as being suspected of the theft. I must own that I feel almost morally certain, from a number of trifling circumstances which it would be too tedious to relate here, that Hanah is the guilty one; still, I know not how to make this agree with a rumour which pervades the village, of one of the Emirs having had a hand in the affair. Hanah denies, of course, all knowledge of the matter, with most hardened looks. He tries his best to make us suspect Nicola, but the expression of his own countenance, during the last sitting, seemed to speak his guilt plainly enough. What makes my supposition more probable, is the bad name he has in the village. He has been twice punished for theft, and is

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on a certain night, with a heap of earth, which he deposits there; thus the thief brings the booty, and conceals it in the mound so formed; the mound is searched on the following morning; if the artifice succeeds, the stolen goods are restored to their owner, and the criminal escapes discovery and just punishment. But very often it is without effect, as was the case now. Cunning thieves do not give up their prey so lightly. The perverse and powerless judicial authority of the Turkish empire seems to have but one means of preventing the increase of robbery,—it is this:—The Pashas or chiefs of the districts, where such has taken place, are obliged to restore a sum equivalent to the articles stolen. You will understand that these chiefs do not pay the sum from their own pockets; they usually have a tax proclaimed; and the burden, which presses generally on the whole population, has a salutary effect in assuring general security. It is true that the unconscientious despots who have such a fine imposed on them, often take advantage of the opportunity to extort from their subjects a much larger sum than is required, in order to enrich themselves with the surplus. And these things are done openly.

Shall you wonder, my friend, when I tell you that I often experience the greatest joy when I see how the kingdom of the oppressor is gradually approaching its downfall? Who will not rejoice when the Lord arises to avenge the tears and the blood of his unhappy people in Palestina. Palestina! how dread is the curse which hath fallen on thee! Heaven shall rejoice, and earth shall be glad, when the Lord shall turn away thy captivity!

This morning early, our true-hearted brother Thomson came to see me. He was ready for his journey—his large Syrian cloak thrown over his shoulders. "To-day is the fourth day, my friend," said he, "since everything has been taken from you, and your affairs, such as they now are, do not promise well. You cannot remain here; besides, it would not advance matters one step. You have done all you could do to get back what was taken from you. But neither your visits to the Emir, nor the official correspondence you have carried on with him about the affair, have had any effect. I myself have great suspicions about Hanah; but he will not easily let himself be caught. 'Twas only last night I heard he had been brought again before the Divan; on which occasion one of the oldest Emirs, to ensnare him, promised him a written remission of all punishment, and a permission to keep the stolen money, provided only he would restore a bunch of small keys belonging to the missing articles. But however cunning the Divan may be, Hanah outwits them all. So you have nothing more to hope for at Hâsbeiya. You are, it is true, at present without the means of continuing your important journey, but do not on that account lose courage. Write to your friends in Europe; tell them how matters stand; and wait for their answer, at least, before you decide to return to the Netherlands. Perhaps the Lord may send you help from a quarter from which you do not expect it: He has unlimited means in his power. Meanwhile, allow me to request you will consider my house as your home. You have already become, in some degree, a member of our family circle. Our spare room is fami-

liar to you; and every one of us, you know, will do their best to lighten your trials by their affection. My labours oblige me to go now to Ibl, two hours from this. If you will join me there this evening, we can travel back to Sidon together. As the weather promises a few fine days, I intend riding from Ibl over the mountains of Naphtali to Bint-jebeil,—that is, the southernmost of the two chief places in the district of Belad-Besharah, and thence, taking the road to Tyre, to return home. In this manner you may still prosecute your explorations, and, I trust, not without fruit and pleasure, though not exactly according to the plan you had made out."

I pressed the hand of this kind friend with silent gratitude. And if you can place yourself in my situation, you will feel that there was peace within me, while I could say with David: "Truly my soul waiteth upon God; from Him cometh my salvation."* I well know that the "peace of God, which passeth all understanding," is not so much the effect of His providential ways with us, but comes rather by our acknowledging and accepting in faith the forgiving love of God in Christ. But as in each dark visitation of Providence the weak heart is tempted to doubt, so the soul oppressed with grief finds in every deliverance in this life a pledge of the love of Jesus which bringeth eternal blessedness, while it exclaims with Manoah: "If the Lord were pleased to kill us, he would not have shewed us all these things, nor would, as at this time, have told us such things as these." †

While I am writing these lines, Nicola is busy

* Psalms, lxii. 1. † Judges, xiii. 23.

arranging all my scattered goods. He will have to quit me, as well as my servant, for I have not the means of keeping him. I am much vexed at losing Nicola. He has shown himself both faithful and attached. The Lord will, I hope, cause this present suffering to prove a blessing to him. Just on the day the robbery took place, Dr Kalley had sent a messenger, who brought word that he had been suddenly recalled to Shemlân, as Mr Scott was suffering from an affection of the eyes which threatened to bring on blindness. Thus our journey together has been prevented on that side. Nicola will carry this letter to Beirût. Will you inform . . . . of the contents of this epistle, but in such a manner as will not give me the appearance of asking their assistance; for I will rather leave to the Lord to help me in the manner it pleases Him best. The enclosed letter to . . . . in England, and to . . . . in Scotland, will guide you in some measure. Assure my friends that I am indeed severely tried by this misfortune, but not without hope; and believe me

Ever yours, &c.

BACK TO SIDON, BY HUNÎN, BINT-JEBEIL, AND TYRUS.

SIDON, *February* 11.

AGAIN, for the first time, I venture to take up my pen, and I do so now, partly because I would not willingly keep you in painful suspense about my fate, by writing to you while all was yet so undecided, and partly because I feared that my letters might, against my will, have rather a melancholy tone, from the sadness which has lately oppressed me. What! you will exclaim, doubting yet, after so many proofs of love received from the Lord, even during chastisement? Yes, my friend, with shame I must own it. I still sometimes sigh doubtfully, notwithstanding what has been granted me —a safe home in the house of brother Thomson. Alas! such is the heart: so weak and so wanting in faith. After a most interesting journey through Belad-Besharah, of which I shall presently give you the particulars, we came back here, Mr Thomson, William, and I, on the 19th of January, just a week from the day we left Hâsbeiya. Mr Thomson had to go the next day to Beirût with his family, who were to spend some time there; he had also to assist at some conferences, with his fellow missionaries Eli Smith, &c. After he had been away a few days, and I had been left more to myself, I became ill. Not seriously so, as it was mostly caused by over-exertion on our last tour; but those troublesome nerves, having received a

severe shock from the events which then took place, and from the anxiety which followed upon them, began to act their part, and from that moment all wore for me a colour as dark and as gloomy as if no ray of light were ever again to gladden my heart! I well remember your state of mind after you had lost . . . . whom you so deeply loved. You thought God had forsaken you, that all the grace you had up to that time experienced was only delusive, and that God had allowed you to love . . . . , and to be loved in return, only that He might afterwards make you feel the more heavily His chastening hand. Of such a kind were now my unworthy thoughts touching the Lord. I likened myself to the tortoise, lifted high in the air by the eagle, that she might thence the more easily dash it to pieces on the rocks beneath. But, oh! with how much truth I may say with Job: "I have heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth Thee. Wherefore, I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes."* The Lord compareth himself indeed to an eagle, but, oh! not to break, or tear asunder. On the contrary, to express by that image the tenderest, and withal the most powerful care for his own. "As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings, so the Lord alone did lead him, and there was no strange God with him."†

Wherefore, oh, wherefore, are we thus slow of faith? That one word, "God so loved the world," &c. (John iii.) is sufficient to overcome all the misgivings of our wicked heart. Yet how easily doth the enemy get

* Job xlii. 5, 6. † Deut. xxxii. 11, 12.

the better of us. Our heart! a sad one is it not? However, you are yourself fighting this battle, so you will bear the more patiently with me.

In this way I passed a few gloomy days of anxious expectation at Sidon. All the kindness of the warm-hearted Van Dycks failed to relieve me from the sadness which oppressed me. The winter storms had burst out anew, and night and day the surf broke with a dull heavy sound on the weary strand; and when, as they occasionally did, the clouds broke in the north-east, the high peaks of Lebanon showed themselves covered with a fresh layer of snow.

I began seriously to think of returning to Europe.

At length the post, which had so often disappointed me, brought me several letters—yours of the 3d January among others, for which you have my sincerest thanks, and the warmest reciprocal wishes for your true happiness.

There were letters also full of expressions of sympathy for my misfortune from the American brethren at Beirût. Then one from Nicola, who offers me, from an American gentleman (whose name he does not mention), as much money as I shall require for my journey, provided that he afterwards have a certain share in the results of the survey, and that these results be printed in America; a proposal which left on me a painful impression from its want of generosity, and its calculating nature. Lastly, there was a letter from Dr Kalley, the following lines of which I enclose you:—

SHEMLÂN, *Monday.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,—We were all grieved, and do sincerely sympathise with you in your trial. You are not to be discouraged by the loss you have sustained, and we hope you do not intend to give up your plans. Your money may be recovered, if the Lord will; and if not, your friends will be able to assist you, and will, I believe, be glad to do so, when we know exactly how.

Mr Scott's eye is almost quite well; his daughter, too, is well; so that probably I would have left ere this time, had I not caught a cold which is not yet quite gone. . . . . If you are in Sidon, please to write me fully about your prospects and plans.

Mr Scott cordially joins me in desiring that your progress should not be interrupted, and wishing you not to be discouraged. He who created and governs the universe is the friend who came to seek and to save us, the lost; and if we do confide in Him, He will make all things contribute to your good. The very things which now appear most adverse, we may by-and-bye see to be most propitious. We have heard of Nicola's being at Beirût, but have not yet heard anything of your movements. Do not think of giving up your expedition. The Lord will provide. Hoping to hear from you by return of bearer, and with affectionate regards to Mr Thomson and Dr Van Dyck,

Believe me very sincerely yours,

ROBT. R. KALLEY.

The Scripture saith truly: Heaviness in the heart of

man maketh it stoop, but a good word maketh it glad.* From this moment I began to recover; and as my health continued to improve, the inward light seemed also to arise.

On the 2d of this month I was so much better, that I was able to set out for Shemlân. I felt a strong desire to express in person my gratitude to those kind-hearted friends the Lord had given me there. Again my health seemed to fail me; but this indisposition passed off likewise, and on the 6th I went with Dr Kalley to Beirût, to make the necessary arrangements for the continuance of our journey. The good doctor had to provide himself with some few articles, and I went to my agent, Mr J. Black, to get from him the money I had left with him, and which I had intended for my journey home. Thus provided, I shall again begin my survey and explorations. Before I have exhausted these means, an answer may arrive from Europe; and if I fail in getting from thence the resources requisite for my operations, I shall then make use of the assistance which has been offered to me with so much Christian love by the friends at Shemlân. Both these noble-minded persons, Dr Kalley and Mr Scott, have forbidden mention of the matter; but I hope they will forgive this want of good faith on my part.

Meanwhile, I feel myself under obligation, considering these circumstances, to simplify greatly my mode of travelling. By leaving part of my clothes and goods in Mr Thomson's house, I shall require one mule less. At Shemlân I obtained a new servant,

* Prov. xii. 25.

called Ferez; and a youth named Philip, formerly a disciple of the American brethren, was recommended to me as an interpreter. He is quite a child, although fifteen years of age, so that I rather fear I have in this matter trusted too much to the recommendation of my friends. Hence it may be the question on my travels, whether the interpreter should manage for the traveller or the traveller for the interpreter. But I have ventured, having learned to be content with the simple and the small, and wish only to feel grateful for all the friendly assistance given me. We were obliged to stop a couple of days at Beirût. I was again charmed with the beautiful aspect of this town, at the foot of Lebanon; but having now been accustomed for some time to the fine and bracing air of the mountains, I found its atmosphere very oppressive.

Yesterday morning I left our Shemlân friends, and, followed by Ferez and Philip, I arrived here in the evening, having passed through Abeyh and the valley of Bewerti—separated from Abeyh by a picturesque wood of firs—and the monastery and village of el-Mû'allakah, close to the Nahr-ed-Damûr. Dr Kalley was still detained: he will join me at Tyre. The weather is beautiful, and, God willing, to-morrow I shall recommence my explorations. The experience I have had will not permit me to proceed without fear and anxiety, but it will give me also new cause for faith and confidence.

Henry, Mr Thomson's youngest son, a smart little fellow, has just come running in to say dinner is ready, so I must put off for a while the account of our expedition in Belad-Besharah. . . . . We reached

Ibl towards evening: it lies about two hours and a quarter beyond Hâsbeiya. When you come from the latter, passing the khan on the Jordan, the road from the valley ascends southward up the mountain. At the highest point my attention was attracted by two large caves, and several excavations in the rock, on the right side. Some of the passers-by told us the place was called Ain-el-Hermes—adding, that a city had formerly stood there.

In the house of a faithful disciple, who has been travelling about for some time as assistant missionary of the American brethren, there was a small congregation assembled—about thirty-eight in all, men and women; the latter, as usual, concealed behind a curtain in a corner of the apartment.

As I did not understand the Arabic address, I sat down on one of my trunks in another corner of the room, and busied myself, with Nicola, in making ready the documents on what had passed at Hâsbeiya, as well as their translations into the native tongue. These had all to be sent to Mr Wood. Nicola left the following morning for Beirût, going by Sidon; but we remained here quietly part of the day. This gave me an opportunity of making a minute survey of the place.

The village lies on a high, conical-shaped mountain top, on the west side of the Upper Jordan. Seen from this eminence, the river, flowing between wild luxuriant woods and olive-gardens, offers one of the loveliest, and at the same time one of the boldest views you meet with on its banks. The ridge of the Hermon, which slants to the south-east, and behind it the blue high table-land on the other side of the Jordan, which

they call Hhauran, add greatly to the beauty of the scene. About twenty minutes south of the village, I found a heap of very ancient stones, belonging to some ruin. This spot is called el-Kebeibeh. The original name of the city which formerly stood here seems lost.

In Ibl itself there are a number of fragments of columns, and old stones; but they are not originally found here. The Jews of Hâsbeiya fetch them from a mound of ruins to the south-west called Ijon, and use them as tombstones. There were some doubts as to whether Ibl was not the Abel mentioned in 2d Samuel, xx. 14; but the ruins of the latter city are to be found lower down, some hours to the south, bearing nearly the same name,—that of Abil; this agrees better with the signification of the word "the grass-plain," a name which cannot properly be given to the heights of Ibl. Towards evening we left for Jedeideh, and proceeded afterwards along the western mountain-slope of Merj-Ajûn by Klea towards Deir-Mimas, a village situated about an hour south from thence. This place also has some traces of antiquity; but here, as in many other places, the original names have been changed into Frank or Arabic appellations; and from want of sufficient details in either sacred or profane books, it is impossible to identify the spots. The young shech of Deir-Mimas was an acquaintance of Mr Thomson's; we found thus for ourselves, our horses and baggage, a hospitable shelter for the night, and I must say I have slept in worse dwellings in this land.

This evening the shech was busy receiving his taxes. The people are obliged here, as in our own country,

to bring the money themselves; but it is a much noisier business than in our tax-offices, where the people bring their dues silently and quietly enough in general. Each person tried to scream louder than his neighbour, and the shech himself outdid them all. Mr Thomson sat looking on attentively, inhaling the while the fumes of his *nargileh;* our frugal meal was on the fire, boiled rice and a chicken. The old mother of the shech seemed much taken up with William, and showed this by invoking upon him the strongest Oriental blessings, the principal of which was, that he might speedily find a good wife. This was not so bad of the old woman. Having laid aside my pen and closed my note-book, I sat silently meditating on my strange wanderings, with all their joys and sufferings.

With a clear sky above, and a sharp cold north-east wind, we set out early on the following morning, accompanied by the shech and another native, a hakîm or physician, who was to accompany us to Kefr-Burreim where his brother lived. We rode the whole forenoon over the highest ridges of the mountain chain which bounds the Hûleh plain on the west. The height varies here from two to three thousand feet. The sharp mountain air seemed to pierce us through. On our left rose Hermon in all its glory, with the proud Banias-Castle (Cesarea Philippi) at its feet; the horizontal rays of the sun showing distinctly the outlines of its walls.

Behind us lay the majestic range of Lebanon, with its lofty snowy summits, the cones of Tomat-Niha, while far away to the north rose the silvery crests of Senîn and Makmel, behind which grow the cedars.

The Hûleh plain lay in the depths beneath us, surrounded by the mountains on which we rode, and those of Hermon. Near us in the valley were light-green fields, where the corn blades had just sprung up; while in other places we saw dark-brown patches where the plough had been at work; further off was an extensive marsh, and by its reddish-brown tint it was easy to recognise, even from afar, its impenetrable reed jungles. On yonder side of the marsh sleep the blue waters of Merom, into which runs the Jordan, and also the el-Melaha, a brook flowing from the mountains in the west. You cannot well follow the Jordan, as it makes its way through the marsh; for it loses itself in a succession of broad ponds and small side-streams, whose silvery threads twine through the reeds. It is this indistinctness which has given rise to so many faulty drawings of the Upper Jordan, in the maps which we as yet possess. You cannot approach the river on account of this impenetrable morass. The idea of three rivers flowing into the Hûleh lake, as marked on most of our maps, is grounded on the deceiving appearance of the Hûleh plain, which we had this morning under our eyes. But Mr Thomson has assured me that the Nahr-Hasbani, or Upper Jordan, according to the natives, flows as a single stream through the Hûleh; having first, at about half an hour south of Tell-el-Kadi (the ruins of ancient Dan) received the waters of the Banias and Dan, two streams which flow into it nearly at the same place.

We rode thus through the valley of Kefr-Kileh, under the shade of some fine olive trees. After we had passed the ruins of Hûrah and the village of Kefr-Kileh, I saw

the tell of Abel-Beth-Maächa* with its old ruins, lying at the foot of our mountain. Tell-el-Kadi might be distinguished by its group of oak-trees, and Banias lay in the same direction, and nearly in a line with both of these places. About two hours south of Deir-Mimas we reached the village of Hûnîn, with its dilapidated castle. The ruins appear to be the remains of a Saracen stronghold, which had been built on the ruins of another and still older castle, about whose existence nothing is known. This castle is built on a remarkable rock, having horizontal, curved, and slanting strata. The Phœnician aspect of the large bevelled stones built upon the solid rock, leaves no doubt as to its origin. There is a half ruined mosque with a small tower at the south-eastern corner of the edifice, outside the walls of the citadel. This mosque is ornamented with carved work, and two marble stones have on them Arabic inscriptions, carved in *haut-relief*. The citadel is a parallelogram, and is 213 English feet long from west to east, and 290 from north to south. Around this wall is a fosse or ditch cut out of the solid rock, from 43 to 48 feet wide. The village, an insignificant hamlet, lies on the south side of the fortress; and from the round towers in its exterior walls, it has a picturesque appearance. What ancient place Hûnîn represents is still uncertain.

After Hûnîn the scenery entirely changed. We remained for half an hour by the ruins of el-Menara, which lie on the top of a high hill. We then turned westward, and came to an old village called Mais, built on two heights opposite each other; the road

* 2 Sam. xx. 14, etc.

runs between these. Shortly after, we arrived at a deep valley, overgrown with a thick wood of oaks and other trees. The wood continued for a considerable way, now over heights, and again through valleys, but everywhere characterised by a luxuriance of verdure by which you can recognise at once the fertility of Naphtali's inheritance, and the demolition of her cities. For it was only now and then we saw a village from afar, whereas, were the population large, this wood would have been partly cleared. It had struck me formerly, between Sidon and the castle of Belfort, that the land was almost destitute of trees. The bare grey hills had impressed me with a sense of desolation, in spite of the many villages in that part of the land. In the district in which I now travelled it was exactly the contrary—a scanty population, but a land rich in beauty and fertility, which was the more welcome, as it convinced me how deep a blessing lay concealed in the ground which was yet under God's curse. Two hours further on, our path led us by a well surrounded by ancient hewn stones, a place which our guides called Nokha. A good hour further on, we passed the village of Ain-Ata (the Beth-Anath of Scripture*), and forty minutes beyond this, we reached Bint-jebeil, our destination for that day.

This village is rather a considerable one. It lies in a basin, surrounded by hills, whose slopes are cultivated. The objects which strike the eye most on approaching, are, first, the serai, or governor's house, two stories high, and a *weli* with a white dome on the north side of the village. The sun was beginning

* Josh. xix. 38.

to set when we arrived, four hours after we had left Hûnîn; and the shepherds were returning home from the mountain slopes with their flocks and herds, and were watering them at one of the two tanks from which Bint-jebeil is chiefly supplied. This is the hour at which the inhabitants of Palestine begin a new period of the day,—the Moslem in particular, who now commences his ablutions, and with his face turned towards Mecca, offers up his prayers to God and the Prophet. His occupations for the day, be they few or many, are over, and you may see him with his large turban and long pipe before his door, or on his flat roof; for people now come out to breathe the cool evening air. There was no small number of wondering Matawilehs sitting thus, watching our entry into the village. We stopped at the house of Tamer-Beg, the governor. Mr Thomson sent in a letter of introduction from a friend to the Beg, whose son came out shortly after to invite us in. The Arabic word *tfaddel*, used on such and many other occasions, is of wide signification. It now meant, "Be welcome, sirs; enter and become our guests." Several servants instantly appeared to lead our horses to the stable; and the next minute we found ourselves, without ceremony or toilet-making, in the presence and at the side of the Beg.

Tamer-Beg is one of those governors whose dignity is hereditary in the family, yet without their being for all that less dependent on the Sultan. He told us in the course of conversation, that his ancestors had conquered this part of the land under Sultan Saladin, and that since then the government of it had remained uninterruptedly in his family.

When we entered the room, the Beg, and the persons of rank around him, rose from the divan—a mark of great courtesy to us, which I could estimate the better when I saw the crouching respects paid to the Beg, his son, and his brother, by some who afterwards came in. They approached the divan, and, kneeling down, kissed the hands of these princes, while they uttered certain blessings from the Koran. Not only the kind civility of Tamer-Beg, but the cleanliness of the apartment, and of the entire serai, appeared doubly pleasant after the court of the Emir of Hâsbeiya. There was here a certain polite tone, which you would there have sought in vain. Immediately on our arrival, sherbet, and afterwards pipes and coffee, were offered us. At the houses of people of rank, where many visitors are received, the latter articles are always in readiness from early in the morning till late in the evening, for any person who may chance to look in. Mr Thomson was soon engaged in a lively conversation with his noble host upon the history of the country since its conquest by the Saracens. Tamer-Beg seemed pleased with it; for not only did his countenance brighten up, but, for greater certainty and clearness on the subject, he made them bring him a large book, called *el-Wakadi*, from which he explained several things to Mr Thomson, about which he had hitherto been uncertain. I was much vexed on this occasion at not knowing Arabic. I had now to wait patiently till Mr Thomson should tell me the particulars of the conversation. Meantime I sat admiring four immense falcons, chained on perches in the four corners of the apartment, and which from time to time flapped their large grey

wings. The reception lasted one hour. The Beg then invited us to follow him into a small upper chamber, where we were alone with him; an opportunity which Mr Thomson took advantage of, to obtain information relative to the situation of the villages and ruins belonging to this district.

Our dinner was then brought in; rice, roast chickens, soup, and pastry—really quite a feast in this land. It was served up on coarse china dishes, placed upon a large tin tray, the latter being on a small pedestal. Around this tray we seated ourselves in the Turkish fashion. Presently the *tfaddel* sounded anew in our ears. It now meant—Be seated, sirs, and help yourselves. The strict religious laws of the Matawilehs forbade our host to pollute himself by eating with us. He left us, therefore, and, tired as we were, we did not feel offended at the freedom his departure gave us. It seems to be the rule of hospitality here, to allow travellers to make use of their own tea. We gladly availed ourselves of the privilege, as we sat, our journals on our knees, writing notes. Mr Thomson told me all he had heard from Tamer-Beg; and we were glad to recognise, among the villages and ruins he had named, several places mentioned in Joshua xix. belonging to the tribes of Naphtali and Asher.

I can perfectly imagine, my friend, the look you will give at the mention of Israel's cities, lost indeed and ruined, but now, for the greater part, explored and found again. And yet I must put your patience to the test until I be home again, with all my notes and papers, and able to explain all regularly to you; it would be impossible for me, while travelling, to insert

all this in a letter; besides, there are many obscure points in the geography of the Bible, which require deep examination for their full elucidation. So, once for all, you know what you may expect: whilst travelling, as much as I am able to communicate to you by letter; but hereafter, after a full and minute examination, you shall have a general geographical description of the land, to which will be added my survey.

We were ready for our departure early on the following morning. I was occupied in making a sketch of Bint-jebeil in a cutting north-east wind. My fellow travellers meanwhile rode on, and left me behind with Tamer-Beg, which was rather embarrassing, as he was desirous to see the drawing; and having seen it, he wished to keep it as a remembrance of our visit. While he was explaining this, with words which were unintelligible to me, but with very unmistakeable gestures, I was at a loss how to make him understand, without seeming uncivil, that I could not now part with the sketch, but that I would gladly try to send him a copy of it. I know not whether he understood the excuses I made, but I was certainly glad at last to escape from the courteous Tamer-Beg without losing my sketch; and I shall be still more glad if I can make good my promise, although it may not have been understood by the person to whom it was made.

I came up with my companions at Yarûn, a good hour south-east of Bint-jebeil. I found them engaged in measuring the ruins of a Christian church at a short distance from the village. The foundations, which still remained, had the shape of those of all Christian churches in the East—a long four-sided building, with a porch

and a choir. The latter has the form of a large semicircular niche, with a smaller one on each side, in every case facing the east. On the southern side there has been formerly an adjoining building, the length of the whole church, with a row of six columns in front. The porch has three entrances. There are the ten pedestals of a double row of columns in the body of the church. The length of the latter, from the choir to the front entrance, is 88½ (English) feet, its breadth 53 feet. The adjoining building is 75½ feet in length, and 20 in breadth. Around these pedestals lie a number of large stones, capitals, fragments of pillars, and sarcophagi, which must have belonged to earlier times than the church itself. Here there is also a deep well, or rather water tank. Yarûn is the Jiron mentioned in Joshua xix. 38.

An hour from this place we came to the village of Kefr-Burreim.*

On the north side of the houses there are the remains of an ancient square gateway, with ornaments and an inscription. We sent for a ladder, that we might climb up to it, and make an exact drawing of it. The chiselled letters have, however, been so much defaced by time, and the stones are so worn and broken, that the old Hebrew, for such I take it to be, is very difficult to decipher. The gateway faces the south. I was yet more struck by the ruins of a temple in the middle of the village, a sketch of which I promise to bring you.

The whole front of the building yet exists. An old man, who saw me sketching, told me there was formerly

* See Narrative of the Mission of Inquiry to the Jews from the Church of Scotland in 1839. Edinburgh.

a story above the portion now standing, having a row of pillars, but that it had been thrown down by an earthquake. The ornaments bordering the doors and windows are in the Jewish style, as well as those of the entrance referred to. The inhabitants of Kefr-Burreim call this building a synagogue. Fragments of columns and old stones lie scattered about the village, which appears thus to have been an old and not inconsiderable place. It would be of importance to know what ancient site it occupies.* The Scotch missionaries in their Journal call it Birham; but this they do, I should fancy, because they have not listened attentively to the pronunciation of the word by the natives. We took up our abode at the house of the brother of the native doctor who had come with us from Ibl; as usual, men and horses in one apartment, —space enough; but, alas, a house full of smoke. The greater part of the inhabitants are Maronites, with some few Jews. The village lies on the summit of a hill, which slopes down towards the south, and is surrounded by various others, shutting out the view around. The Jebel-Jermak, the highest ridge in Galilee, lifts its woody crests above the other hills. The valleys between these hills are overgrown with luxuriant shrubs, a kind of thorny oak in particular. How much I enjoyed my walk in this natural garden! No sound is there to disturb the music of the birds. The partridge forgets her shyness, and the timid dove seems

* In Carmoly, Itinéraires de la Terre Sainte des 13– 17me siécles, this town is spoken of as that of Kefar-Bar'am, famous in its time for its synagogues, and for the tombs of several rabbis, whose names are given. The Jews also maintain that the Prophet Abdias, and Queen Esther, are buried here. See pages 132, 136, 380, 455, and the notes.

fearless of your presence; and though no mountain stream was meandering over the dry rocky bed, as there had been no rain for some days, yet the pebbles had an interest for the observing eye; for, when broken, you find inside them the beautiful kidney-shaped chalcedony. These pebbles were so numerous that you might, if so inclined, carry hence several camel loads.

We had in the evening a great number of visitors, in consequence of which our collection of notes concerning villages and ruins was greatly augmented. What a capital preparatory school for my future expeditions, when I shall find myself alone with Philip among the natives!

I am used now to the kind of questions Mr Thomson puts, as well as to the manner in which he makes the answers verify one another, and so finds out what he wishes to know. I am convinced that a stranger, without some such practice, can acquire but little information, and runs a great risk of being misinformed.

Near Kefr-Burreim are two important villages, el-Jish—ancient Gischala—to the south-east, and Sassa to the south-west. We did not, however, visit them, but, time being short, hurried on to Tyre. We had the satisfaction of discovering on our way thither the old Hazor mentioned in Josh. xi, 1, 10, 11, and xix. 36. Its exact site seems to have been lost for the last three hundred years, and not to have been sought for again in the right place. Perhaps an inaccurate expression of Josephus's may have been the cause of this. He describes Hazor as situated above lake Merom. The ruins of Haziri, north-east of Banias, increase the

confusion. These have been visited by Mr Thomson and other travellers, some of whom have held them to be the ancient Hazor.

From Kefr-Burreim our path lay, for an hour at least, through a woody valley, and afterwards through a plain enclosed by mountains. This plain is about twenty-five minutes in diameter; at its west end is the village of Remèsh, close to the entrance of three other valleys which are concealed by a hill, on which we found some ruins called by the natives Hhûrah or Hhorah, perhaps the Horem of Josh. xix. 38. If a guide from Remèsh had not pointed them out, it would have been impossible for us to have discovered the ruins, although we passed close upon them, for the thicket completely conceals all traces of the spot having been formerly inhabited. But as soon as we began to explore this wilderness, we found a number of ancient wells, hewn stones, fragments of columns, and pieces of pottery, scattered all over the hill. I could see from this instance how impossible it is to discover ruins in this land without assistance from the natives; and at the same time how very probable it is that, by exploring the country with their assistance, most of Israel's lost cities may again be found. A little less than half an hour beyond Hhûrah we came to a mountain slope, where a few peasants were ploughing between the remains of some old buildings. This was Hazor, still called Hazûr and Haziri, one of the most extensive collections of ruins I have yet met with. Among the many ruined walls, you see a vault called by the natives "kabûr" (crypt), the entrance of which is choked up by rubbish; but we heard that the vaults are of great extent. Natural woods and olive plan-

tations conceal Hazor from the traveller's eye, which is more attracted by a village on the opposite side of the road, upon a high hill. Mention is made in some very ancient travels of Hazor as being situated here. A quarter of an hour beyond Hazor we entered a new *wadi*, but of a much wilder and more rocky nature than the valleys between Kefr-Burreim and Remèsh. The dry bed of a mountain stream in many places indicates the road. We travelled on for a considerable time without meeting a human being. Such entire solitude is any thing but cheering; but, besides this, we had one particular reason for wishing to meet some person, namely, Mr Thomson had charged his servant to take the road from Remèsh to Tyre, hoping that we should all reach the town before evening. But it appears that Ferez with the mules, which were laden with our provisions and goods, had ridden past us while we were wandering among the brushwood of Hhûrah;—a matter of which we became convinced after waiting a considerable time. We lost, meanwhile, so much time, that there was no possibility of our reaching Tyre that evening; for which reason we quitted the shortest road for that place, and took the one which passes Kana, so as to have at least some place of shelter for the night. At length we came upon a woodcutter's family engaged in burning charcoal, and learnt from them that our mules had passed long before, and had taken the road to Tyre. This was a great disappointment. We had not tasted any thing since early that morning, and were much fatigued after riding for so many hours. We began to feel giddy and faint from hunger, and there were no means of getting the slightest refreshment.

Then followed several hours of utter exhaustion, which even affected the mind, and made it an effort to drag on our weary bodies. But there was no help for it. We had to pass through that long wadi, and then to cross over another, and last of all to ascend a fearfully steep hill several hundred feet high, after which we found ourselves on a stony plateau, on which lies the village of Jathir; from thence we once more saw the blue Mediterranean, and Tyre lying beneath us. I was sorry I could not persuade Mr Thomson to remain at Jathir; but he would not trust the Matawilehs, who are in very bad repute. We should otherwise have here found an extensive field for the exploration of ancient localities; for not only does Jathir bear the marks of very ancient origin, but there are perhaps few places in the land so rich in antiquities as its neighbourhood. So we left unexplored the grotto of Bedendi, a little south of Jathir—the ruins of Deir Herma, a quarter of an hour to the west, and Ramleh, five minutes further west. A draught of water from the pond of Jathir cooled our parched lips, and we then rode on towards Kana, through a narrow valley with steep rocks and a vast quantity of brushwood, called wadi-Ntara. So great was our haste, that we had to content ourselves with a hurried glance at a natural grotto which lay on our road, about half an hour beyond Jathir, in which were some stalactites of a curious form. An hour's perilous descent brought us at length to the end of the wadi, and over a mountain ridge to the north side of Kana, which occupies two eminences divided by a valley Mr Thomson knew one

of the chief men of the place, before whose house door we took the liberty of dismounting.

We now were in quite a different region, the lovely wild romantic valleys of Naphtali lying behind us; while we stood upon the hills of Asher, covered with corn fields; no longer with dreaded, but to us hospitable, Matawilehs around us, but fellow-believers in the name of our Saviour, to whose charity necessity was obliging us to appeal. As it was near sunset, several men were standing before their doors, smartly attired in the Syrian costume. Our arrival seemed to please them but little; two young men, in particular, sons of our host I believe, received us in a disdainful and haughty manner, which betrayed no very favourable feelings towards us. We took as little notice as possible of the conceited fellows; indeed, we could not well appear offended at the unfriendly reception, as we saw they were getting ready the upper chamber to receive us. After we had stood for a quarter of an hour, bridle in hand, the pass-word *tfaddel* sounded from the host's lips. We then tied up our horses in an inner court; and, thankful that they were willing to sell bad food for our good money, we went up to the reception-room by a staircase outside the house, such as are found in most Eastern dwellings. After such long preparations, I had expected every thing in grand style; but it seems that the most you can hope for from these native gentlemen is a mat, upon which are spread a couple of small carpets (sejedis), and cushions for seats. The host brought forth a large earthen fire-pan, in which were some glowing coals, to warm us; coffee and pipes soon followed; and after an hour's anxious fear lest I should faint from hunger and

fatigue, they brought in the dinner, which consisted of flat Arab cakes, olives, and a couple of fried eggs, with water at discretion. Every thing clearly indicated that their hospitality did not come from the heart; on the other hand our bodily wants were very great; and as they were but half satisfied, we were not overpowered with gratitude for the good which fell to our share. If we could but always remember that a scanty and grudging gift is as good as none to the needy, we would give more freely and generously. When the meal was over, some visitors joined the company, and the two conceited young men began a lively conversation with Mr Thomson. And now we discovered what had been the rock of offence betwixt us. These gentlemen had at once supposed us to be English, and therefore, as they assumed, Protestants—while they were members of the Greek church. This was the root of bitterness. After they had questioned Mr Thomson, and had heard he was a missionary, they grew warm. Here was, thought they, a fine opportunity of convincing a Protestant of his errors. Mr Thomson very prudently turned a deaf ear to all their attacks, and as they still went on with all manner of questions,—for instance, Why the Protestants worshipped no images?—Why they would not believe in purgatory?—and so on,—he silenced them by asking simply which we should believe—the Word of God, which forbids all such practices, or the word of man, which enjoins them?

We learned here the names of two ruins which we had seen between Jathir and Kana. The one is called A'iyëh, and lies south of the village of Sedakin, on the

high road by which we had passed. The other is Bûsejûd, a little way north of A'iyëh. In both these ruins you find large stones, door posts, and other ancient remains of the cities formerly built on these heights.

A guide whom we took on the following morning for Tyre, brought us to a mass of rocks, a quarter of an hour's distance from the village. There were various figures and images carved on them, which Mr Thomson thought the work of the Phœnicians. I must own I am ignorant on this point; but what vexes me more, is not having been able to sketch them with a few pencil strokes. We can only therefore recommend them to the examination of later travellers.

Half an hour beyond Kana, we passed the ruins of el-Chusneh, from whence you have an extensive view over the surrounding hills—the nearer summits not intercepting it as at Kana. You can see Tyre, a large part of Lebanon, and Jebel-Rihân; Hermon in the far north-east, and to the south-west the castle of Shemma, and the tomb of King Hiram; besides a great number of villages and ruins. Hanawiëh was the first village we passed after el-Chusneh. Here also are on the right and left of the road ancient wells, stone quarries, broken columns, and fragments of buildings, shewing how thickly peopled this part of Phœnicia must have been.

King Hiram's monument lies on the road about an hour and a half from Kana, and at an equal distance, at least, from Tyre. Here I allowed myself time for a sketch, while Mr Thomson was busy with the measuring line.

The monument consists of an oblong four-sided

pedestal, formed by two layers of large stones. It is 14 feet in length, 8¾ in breadth, and 6 feet high; on this rests a third layer, 15 feet long, 10 broad, and 3¼ high, above which is a truncated pyramid, hewn out of a single block, which is 12 feet long, 8 broad, and 6 high; and this is surrounded by an oblong stone of the same dimensions, but of only 5 feet high; the entire tomb being thus about 21 feet in height. There is nothing to prevent passengers from approaching the monument; no peculiar sanctity is ascribed to it as is done to the numerous *welis* of the Moslems. I think, therefore, that Robinson was too sceptical when he made out this to be a Moslem *weli*, rather than admit the tradition which calls it the monument of Solomon's friend and ally. In general I attach little credit to legends; but where tradition does not plainly contradict itself, so as to lose all probability, I hold it to be a leading clue, which we must not let go until we find some surer guidance. Now here the popular belief appears to me probably true. No heathen king was ever in such close relationship with Israel as King Hiram of Tyre. Nowhere else in the land, except at Jerusalem, do you find so large a monument, nor one so appropriate to such a king. We are told that Hiram loved David and Solomon;* and it is recorded in Scripture—"Hiram said, Blessed be the Lord this day, which hath given unto David a wise son over this great people;" "and Hiram made a league with Solomon." We see yet more, namely, that Hiram loved the God of David and of Solomon; and I see, in the remembrance of Tyre's great king thus visibly preserved in this monument, a confirming

* 2 Sam. v. 11; 1 Kings, v. 1, 7, 8.

of the Lord's word—"them that honour me I will honour." *

From this place we turned south-west to the village of Ras-el-'Ain—"the head of the waters"—called so on account of the celebrated ponds of this place, which have already been described by many travellers. The village lies near, though not exactly on, the shore, about an hour and a half's walk from Tyre. The description in Solomon's Song, chap. iv. 15—"A fountain of gardens, a well of living waters, and streams from Lebanon," has been thought applicable to this place; and the large water-tanks are ascribed to Solomon's engineers. Tradition adds, that Israel's king had these laid out as a mark of gratitude for the services Hiram had done him.

Maundrell, one of the most exact and minute writers on these ponds, rejects this idea on the ground of the course of the aqueduct, which carries the water of Ras-el-'Ain to Tyre straight across the sand pier constructed by Alexander the Great to join the island of Tyre to the mainland (thus long after Solomon's time), as he saw no chance of taking the city by any other means.

But while I must refer you to Robinson, Wilson, Maundrell, Volney, Pococke, &c., for more minute details regarding Ras-el-'Ain, I shall add here, for your further information, that the aqueduct of which Maundrell speaks does not run towards Tyre through the sand-downs over which the sea formerly flowed, but proceeds in a northerly direction, right across the plain of Tyre as far as a place called el-Ma'shûk—an hour

* 1 Sam. ii. 30.

east of Tyre; from thence the water is conveyed to Tyre by another aqueduct, of quite a different style of architecture from the first, and plainly a Roman work. Both aqueducts are now in a state of complete decay, particularly the Roman one from el-Ma'shûk to the city, of which you can only see a few massive arches here and there peeping out from beneath the sand and rubbish.

As regards the words just quoted from the Song of Solomon, some have objected, and with reason, that Ras-el'-Ain, although lying at the foot of the hills, can with difficulty be said to receive its waters from the Lebanon, it being at too great a distance from this place. Solomon may have been notwithstanding the architect of these spring-tanks. Be this as it may, you may see here now, between humble cottages, fig-trees, and corn-fields, the same ponds, four in number, which William Bishop of Tyre described many centuries ago, consisting of one large octagonal tank, two smaller square ones, and another still smaller one. The architect has enclosed the springs with a wall some fifteen or twenty feet in height, and from four to eight feet in breadth; the waters within reach up to the very top. The large octagonal tank is isolated, but seems formerly to have been connected with the others. Its waters are led off eastward through the aqueduct; the water from the other tanks flows westward. The vaults yet remaining of these water-conduits present a very picturesque aspect; but they no longer answer their original purpose. Overgrown with creeping plants, they now stand as monuments telling of better days. Their sides are covered with stalactites, formed

by the lime which the water in the course of centuries has deposited. A corn-mill on the west side of the tank is driven by these streams. The remainder of the water runs into the sea; and with the exception of a few acres of corn-fields, meadows, and mulberry orchards, through which it flows in the immediate neighbourhood of the village, it is lost for Tyre and its beautiful plain. About a quarter of an hour north of Ras-el-'Ain we ascended a *tell* called by the natives Tell-Ha'besh, where you still find a few large old square foundation stones, showing the former site of some ancient city. It was probably this *tell* Strabo had in view when he mentioned this same spot as the site of the first Tyre, which lay on the mainland. From the situation, however, of el-Ma'shûk, which we mentioned already, it appears that we should rather seek there for the ruins of the city, although not the slightest traces of it are to be found. Thus the word has been literally fulfilled which saith: "Thou shalt be no more; though thou be sought for, yet shalt thou never be found again, saith the Lord God." *

Between Ras-el-'Ain and Tyre the road lies along the shore, making a curve, which leads north-west to the peninsula of the town. We however followed the inland road across the plain. The fields had a tint of bright young green; no barren grey rocks or bare dry ground this day. On the contrary, the murmuring waters of a small brook beside our path, whose banks were thickly studded with flowers, and among them the "forget-me-not," recalled forcibly to our minds our well-beloved fatherland. Even the numerous frogs we heard on every side had something of a home sound

* Ezekiel, xxvi. 21.

about them. Watercress and hemlock were growing here in abundance. We left on our right el-Ma'shûk, a rocky hillock, with a few houses and a mosque, the two white domes of which are visible from afar. Some graceful date-trees rose above them. Here all traces of culture cease, and you have instead the sand-downs all around you. This, then, was formerly the shore of the Palæ Tyre, which has thus utterly disappeared from the face of the earth. Dapper relates, that Nebuchadnezzar was thirteen years besieging Tyre,—according to him insular Tyre; and he adds, that not succeeding in taking the city, he filled up the area of the sea which lay between the island and the shore. But to make this agree with the terrible sack Tyre underwent from Alexander, who is known with certainty to have built the bridge from the mainland to the island, Dapper says the mound constructed by Nebuchadnezzar had previously been cleared away; a work which appears to me not less gigantic than the laying down of it, and about which history is entirely silent. This zealous compiler often makes similar strange confusions of events. The *resumé* of the historical writings about Tyre—and there are many—comes to this: The city was founded 250 years before the building of Solomon's temple by a colony from Sidon, whence, perhaps, comes the expression, "thou daughter of Sidon."* According to Josephus, Tyre in the time of Solomon existed already as a city built upon an island; while even then the part built on the mainland was known as the "ancient" (Palæ) Tyre. It is spoken of in Joshua, xix. 29, as the "strong city of Tyre;" and in 2 Samuel, xxiv. 7, as the "stronghold

* Judges, xxiii. 12.

of Tyre." The prophecies of Isaiah and Ezekiel likewise speak of Tyre as a city wonderful in might, in riches, and in strength; so that, putting all together—the descriptions given of Tyre in the Holy Scriptures and in profane historians—there is conveyed to us the idea of a kingly city, to which but few equal could be found on the face of the earth. These descriptions do not appear, however, applicable to the old city on the mainland, but to the new Tyre built on the rocky island close by. From David's time and upwards, Tyre has occupied an important place in the history of Israel. The Scriptures first make mention of the friendship of David and Hiram, then king of Tyre, afterwards of the bond between Solomon and Hiram, and the great share which was taken by the workmen and sailors of Tyre in all the preparations made for the building of the temple of Jerusalem.* But this union with an idolatrous nation became fatal to God's people. Because the children of Israel had not obeyed the word of the Lord, which had commanded them to drive out the inhabitants of the land, they became unto them pricks in their eyes and thorns in their sides.† Jezebel, daughter of Ethbaal (king of the Sidonians, who seems to have held his court at Tyre), was married to Ahab, king of Israel. She made him, and with him Israel, sink so deeply into sin, that it was written "that he did more to provoke the Lord God of Israel to anger, than all the kings of Israel that were before him."‡ And "there was none like unto Ahab, which did sell himself to

* 2 Samuel, v. 11; 1 Kings, v. 1, 10-12; ix. 12, 27; x. 22.
† Numbers xxxiii. 52–55. ‡ 1 Kings, xvi. 31–33.

work wickedness in the sight of the Lord, whom Jezebel his wife stirred up."* Israel fell through the idolatrous practices by which this queen made them to turn from the Lord; and Judah had not less cause for mourning in the evils which Athaliah, Jezebel's daughter, brought upon that kingdom, when Jehoram king of Judah had married her.†

But the hour was fast approaching in which the haughty spirit of Tyre was to be brought low. The word of the Lord—the burden of Tyre—had been sounded by His prophets. Shalmanezer, the scourge of the East, approached now with a mighty army, and in the days of Hezekiah, king of Judah, the old city of Tyre fell into his hands; but the stronghold on the island had to be besieged first for the space of five years—a sufficient proof this of the strength of the city. This was but the beginning of the fulfilment of God's word. About a hundred and fifty years later Tyre was again besieged—this time by Nebuchadnezzar, and the siege lasted thirteen long years. He was the instrument the Lord had raised up, to bring upon the city all that his prophets had foretold concerning it.‡ Time, which is ever healing or destroying, at length also healed the wounds of the island city. Two hundred and fifty years had passed away, and again another princely Tyre, with suburbs and strong towers, stood on the mainland. It was now

* 1 Kings, xxi. 25.

† 2 Kings, viii. 18; 2 Chron. xxii. xxiii. On reading Ezekiel, from verse 7 to 12 of the 26th chapter, it seems to me that Professor Robinson could not have studied it very attentively when he says: "We are not told that Tyre was at length taken."

‡ Is. xxiii.; Ezek. xxvi.

that Alexander of Macedonia formed the daring plan of conquering it. Approaching the island with his mighty hosts, he crossed over to it by the vast mound he had erected as a bridge; and after a siege of seven months all that remained unfulfilled of the prophecies concerning Tyre was accomplished to the very letter, —330 B.C. If there is some little uncertainty in our days as to which of the prophecies relate to the first siege of Tyre, and which to the second, this at least is certain, that no traveller can visit this city without being completely convinced that not one single word which the Lord hath said concerning Tyre has fallen to the ground. Even the infidel Volney was struck to the heart by this fulfilment. And though he, seeing the truth of God's Word, would not believe that God is just, and cannot leave sin unpunished, but yet loved man—so loved him, that he reconciled him to Himself through Christ—he was still obliged to acknowledge that the Lord is omniscient and omnipresent, and that it is a fearful thing to fall into His hands.

After this, Tyre flourished at various times as a commercial city, first under the dynasty of the Seleucides, and then under the Roman Empire; but it never regained its former splendour. The Romans raised it to the rank of capital of Phœnicia. In the time of the first Christians, Tyre was ranked as the seat of an archbishop, under whom were the bishops of Khaifa, 'Akka, Sarepta, Sidon, Banias, Beirût, Biblis, Botrys, Tripolis, Orthosia, Archis, Aradas, Tortosa, and Maralkea.

One of the later bishops of Tyre, commonly called William of Tyre, who lived during the conquest of Palestine by the first Crusaders, has contributed largely

to making us acquainted with the state and history not only of Tyre, but of the whole country, in his days. We could wish his book were more generally known.

From 636 to 1125 Tyre was under the dominion of the Saracens. This stronghold fell afterwards into the hands of the Crusaders. Benjamin, the celebrated Hebrew traveller from Tudela, who visited the city in 1160, has left us some accounts of its commerce and prosperity during this period. He describes it as a city of great beauty, with ramparts and a well fortified harbour, and having the best glass and earthenware manufactures in the East. Edrisi, also, the great geographer, agrees with these accounts.

Saladin, the conqueror of Palestine, failed in his attack upon Tyre, and received there a complete check in 1189. But when in 1291 'Akka was taken by storm by Sultan el-Ashraf, the city fell into the hands of the Egyptian king, and that without a struggle; for the inhabitants, sooner than expose themselves to the fury of his bloodthirsty troops, left Tyre by night, and escaped in their ships. Since that day Tyre has never again risen from its ruins. The haughty Fachr-ed-Din tried indeed to restore it to its former glory and greatness, but all his attempts proved fruitless. All travellers who have visited Tyre during the last five centuries have declared unanimously, that nothing remains of the former city save a miserable village in the midst of the ruins. After all I have said about the Turkish government, I need not tell you that there is small hope of better days for the city as long as it continues under its rule. Tyre is now a small town surrounded by walls, above which rises a paltry minaret.

Most of the houses are new, and have therefore a pleasing appearance, at least at a distance. It is said there are about 3000 souls within its walls.*

The ruins of the old Phœnician capital are scattered over a space of half an hour's distance from the present port. No strong towers or fortifications ward off the traveller. A flat rock, which is said to have lost much of its former extent on the sea-side by the action of the waves, and which is united to the mainland by low sand-downs and rubbish, and on this rock a humble Matawileh town,—is all that now remains of the former glory of Tyre.

My mind was filled with these recollections as we approached the city. At the gate we stepped over two pillars that lay sunk in the sand, and which, as is often the case in this country, served as the thresholds of doorways. We rode through a quarter full of shops, called the bazaar, then over a small open plain, and at last dismounted at the house of Yakûb 'Akad, the consular agent for the United States. From what Robinson says of this person, who is a Greek-Catholic Syrian, we foresaw what sort of reception he would give us. Ever since Robinson's time, 1838, there has been little change either in Yakûb's house, or in his manner of receiving his visitors; and I could enter into Robinson's description of his reception better than under ordinary circumstances, for the fatigues of the day before, together with the want of the most indispensable necessaries, had made me, as it made him, ill, although not, I may thankfully add, to the same degree. At least I

* Wilson has heard the population given at 5000—of which the one-half are Christians, the other half Matawileh Moslems.

found myself in a condition in the afternoon to row round the city and harbour in a boat, so as to obtain a clear idea of what its former position must have been. The weather was charming. Not a breath of wind disturbed the water; the old massive fragments of the harbour-wall that still remain to witness to the truth of God's word, were reflected on the smooth surface, without the slightest swell to disturb the image, beyond the rings of dimples caused by the motion of our boat. We rowed over a bed of innumerable pillars and building-stones; and as they lay at an inconsiderable depth, and the water was perfectly clear, we could distinguish them with the utmost plainness. Starting from the north side of the city, we went quite round to the flat shelf of rock on the south side, where, in certain circular holes that are found there, some have fancied they saw the remains of the pools in which the famous purple dye was prepared from the small Murex-shell, still to be met with on this coast betwixt Sidon and 'Akka, particularly in the months of April and May, yet without any known use or advantage being derived from it. The pillars that have been thrown into the water lie mostly on the north and south, and in smallest number on the west side of the city. The harbour has been so much mudded up and choked, that only small native boats can enter. Trading vessels lie out in the roads, where they are quite exposed to the north-west and west winds. The fort at the harbour, built in the Turkish fashion, is a ruin which, as with every thing else under this wretched government, nobody thinks of repairing. A long row of old granite pillars serves as pavement to the head of the harbour.

Although the sea has swallowed up a large part of the magnificence of Tyre, we still find remains of its sumptuous temples and towers lying buried under ground, especially on the south side of the city, now the burial-ground of the Mohammedan population. The many excellent building stones found there have led some to make excavations, the result of which has been the disinterment of a rich treasure of fragments of columns and of statues, and other relics, which, better than any representation, recall the magnificence of the ancient royal city. For many feet under the present surface, the ground is a complete mass of building stones, pillar shafts, and marble, porphyry, and granite rubbish. Nay, there lie scattered about in profusion columns of the rare and costly verdo-antique. Why, thought I, do not the antiquarian societies send agents hither, with funds for making excavations on a large scale? What remarkable relics of the past must still lie buried here!

On the south-east side of the city there stands in ruins what seems to have been an old castle, the walls of which, several feet in thickness, still subsist, together with a conduit and an outer wall. Near this picturesque spot there has been laid out, I know not why, a garden of fig and mulberry trees, overshadowed by some beautiful tamarisks, that seem to invite the traveller to refreshment and repose. Here Yakûb 'Akad, who accompanied us, pointed out a place in the neighbourhood, where the remains of the old city wall had been lately discovered beneath the sand. This led us to look about for some labourers, with whose help the sand which had fallen in again was so far removed that

we could creep down through the opening thus effected. Meanwhile, a wax candle had been got, and by its light we saw we were in a vaulted chamber that had run along the wall as an outer casemate. It was furnished with loopholes, and led us on for forty-six paces, at which point we found it quite choked with rubbish. With a little effort of attention above ground, it is not difficult to recognise here and there portions of the old wall, which rise like small mounds above the sand, and thus to recover the whole track of the ancient circumference of the city, at least on the east side. Could excavations be vigorously set about, the site of the ancient desolate Tyre might be gone over with the measuring line. How marvellous are God's doings! For ages has that rubbish lain in a solid mass, twice or three times the height of a man. The crust now forming the ground people walk upon is the mere upper surface of this heap of ruins. The diggings commenced at various points by speculators from Sidon and Beirût, for the purpose of procuring building stones for those cities, now serve to throw a new light on the judgments of God on Tyre, and add their testimony to the Lord's having performed all that he had spoken.

Fain would I have staid to see more of Tyre, but brother Thomson had to return home. After preaching the gospel on the following day, which was Sunday, to sixteen men in Yakûb 'Akad's house, we started early on Monday morning for Sidon.

Our friends convoyed us for some distance outside the gate, then kissed the missionary's hand, and again and again called out to us, *Ma salamé*. Occasionally we would pause in silence at an ancient monument of the

past, belonging to some old building, or to the water-course which runs northwards in connection with a quadrangular cistern or pond hewn out of the solid rock, at about half an hour's distance from the town. The natives call this cistern el-Babouk. The rocky heights that run off from the interior into the plain still bear some traces of ancient times at their extreme points, where may be seen door-posts, sarcophagi, large dressed stones, and similar relics of the Phœnician era. The names, however, of those places have been lost.

While the lark clapped its wings joyously in the heavens, and the shy gazelles bounded in their flight along the desolate plains, I could not repress my wonder that so extensive and fertile a district should be so entirely given up to weeds and thistles. I asked Mr Thomson what could be the reason that the noble Tyrian plain should be so utterly deserted and untilled, and received the following reply:—"This country is government property; if any one rents it—for buy he cannot—then comes the tax-gatherer, to decide how much he can produce, and the tenant is charged with a fifth of the estimated crop. Unless the tenant bribe this functionary, he is sure in ordinary circumstances to be rated at much above what the land can afford to pay. The consequence is, that people avoid as much as possible renting land from the government; or, if any one venture to sow and reap, he instantly hurries off with his crop before the tax-gatherers can interfere to prevent him."

"But," said I, "how comes the government to own so much land?"

"In various ways. Often through the confiscation of the landed property of those who, for some cause or other, have been found obnoxious to the penalties of the law. On the occurrence, too, of small local insurrections, which are not uncommon. Thus for example the noble valley of Ajûn had belonged for about sixty years past to the Emir of Hâsbeiya. But the Pasha of 'Akka having revolted from his lawful sovereign the Sultan, he made himself master of several parts of the country, and among others of the district of Hâsbeiya. The Merj-Ajûn next fell into his hands. The Sultan sent troops against the rebel Pasha; the Emir of Hâsbeiya was restored to his independence; but as all the land that the Pasha had appropriated was confiscated, the Merj-Ajûn became the property of the crown. Ibrahim Pasha, the Egyptian general, afterwards conquered Syria, and the Merj-Ajûn became a possession of his. Syria passed again out of his hands into those of the Sultan; yet the soil of that fertile tract only exchanged one iniquitous master for another. And so, when the population has no other resource but that of renting from this oppressive government the ground which they must cultivate, in order to procure a livelihood, they are compelled to abandon such districts. I have seen," said Mr Thomson, "whole villages depopulated in this manner."

My breast glowed with indignation at the thought of the iniquity and oppression with which this poor people are trodden down. How comes it that slavery in the far West should fill the hearts of the nations with sympathy, while they forget this other slavery in the East —a slavery beneath which, in another form, whole mil-

lions are sighing? How is it that England should submit to so many immense sacrifices in loosing the bands of heathen slaves in America, and yet protects the Sultan of Turkey, and makes every effort to maintain the independence of the Turkish empire, without paying the least regard to the blood and tears of its Christian subjects? Not a book do we find written upon Palestine that does not lament over the violence of its oppressors! The country had one short breathing-time lately, and that was when Mehemet-Ali wrested it from the Sultan's grasp. Yet it was England, raised as she has been to be the first among the nations, and called by God to vindicate the cause of the oppressed, that in 1840–41 subdued Syria and Palestine for the Sultan! I have perused many a writing, in which from England herself there has been exhibited to England her great vocation in the East; I have often lamented to perceive in these writings the impure principles of a cowardly selfishness; but in them, too, I have found noble elements, well-grounded suggestions, that richly deserve to be taken to heart; I see the truth of what is demonstrated there, more and more confirmed by experience; I lament that, collateral with the Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, which has commenced its labours at Jerusalem on so large a scale, no other association has risen up for the purpose of expelling the oppressor from the land of the Jews, and restoring it to them; I am amazed at the indifferent attitude of the nations, and ask myself if the terror inspired by the Turks of the sixteenth century still overawes them, and if they are still unaware to what a fallen and nerveless state the Ottoman empire has

come,—a state wasted and withered within, like the ruins of its cities, and from without patched up and bedizened in a modern dress, that nowise becomes it, but is rather ridiculous and contemptible;—and I bow with reverential awe before the Divine government that has hitherto permitted its existence, in order that the curse pronounced on the sins of Israel* might be fulfilled, while I lift my eyes to heaven with joyful hope, believing and expecting that as surely as that curse has been accomplished, so also shall the promises not fail;† "for the Lord will again rejoice over thee for good, as he rejoiced over thy fathers, if thou turn unto the Lord thy God with all thy heart and all thy soul." "And the Lord thy God will put all these curses upon thine enemies, and on them that hate thee, which persecuted thee."

Say, my friend, did you ever know anything more glorious than the fulfilment of God's great compassion? Yes, methinks I can feel in some measure what that "life from the dead" for the whole heathen world shall be, the consequence of the reconciliation of Israel, when the Deliverer shall come out of Zion, and turn away ungodliness from Jacob.‡ Oh! could I but make you feel the rapture with which this prospect fills me, you would be ready to exclaim with me,—

> "Though ye have lain among the pots,
> Live doves ye shall appear,
> Whose wings with silver, and with gold
> Whose feathers covered are."§

Yea, "for the gifts and calling of God are without repentance."‖

* Deut. xxix.–xxxi. † Deut. xxx. 1–10. ‡ Rom. xi. 15, 26.
§ Ps. lxviii. 13. ‖ Rom. xi. 29.

In an hour and a half from Tyre, the road crossed the Leontes at the distance of a short half hour from the shore. This river, which at the castle of Shukîf bears the name of the Litani, is here called Kasmiëh. Its rapid waters wind with many a turn through the plain, after having left the vale of Cœlo-Syria, and been confined, for a course of several hours, within the rocky gullet which we have already described. From its source at Baal-bec to the sea, the Leontes has a fall of nearly 4000 feet. A strong stone bridge, with a single arch, gives access to the opposite side. The bridge is new, and from what I have seen in the accounts of previous travellers, has often been repaired. The passage of the Leontes has been fatal to many when attempted by swimming. On the south side of the river there stand a famous khân, called el-Jedîd, and also the ruins of an old fortress, now called Burj-el-Jehûdi—that is, the tower of the Jews. The road now leads towards the sea-shore, at a short quarter of an hour's distance from which it runs parallel with the coast. The hills commence at a full half hour's distance from the sea; and, running along their lower edge, there is a footpath, which travellers seem never to have followed, but which that observant missionary, Mr Thomson, thought might lead to the discovery of the remains of ancient cities. We struck into it, and found, in fact, that the hills every moment exhibited something remarkable. First, there was a number of old large square building stones and sepulchral caves. A shepherd who appeared in the neighbourhood called the place Kefr-Bàdeh; afterwards, on one side of the Nahr-Blaswad, a small winter torrent, we saw the site

of another town called Djel-Arob, together with extensive stone quarries which, owing to the step-like cutting of the stone, have preserved a singular regularity of form. A little farther on, and about three and a half hours' distance from Tyre, lay the ruins of Mokatra at the foot of a high hill, where a hamlet stands with a weli, easily distinguished by its cupola of white plaster. Brother Thomson asked a husbandman whom we found ploughing, what saint it was who had been buried there.

"What have you to do with that? I know not," was the answer.

"A traveller likes always to know the names of the places he comes to. If any holy man lies buried there, then it adds both to his honour and to that of those who built his monument, that his name should be known."

"It is Nabi Zer who lies buried there; but neither you nor I ever knew the man that built his tomb."

"No? How long, then, is it since that was done? Who was Nabi Zer?"

"Troublesome fellow, how inquisitive you are! Nabi Zer was the nephew of Joshua, the son of Nun," was the rude reply of the peevish Matawileh.

Here the rocks were higher and more perpendicular, and they made a nearer approach to the coast, forming a sort of small bay, on which are found the ruins of Adlûn, quite as shapeless, however, as the rubbish that lies scattered wide around. The learned identify it with the ancient Ornithonopolis. Without pronouncing any opinion on this conjecture, still it struck me that here must have been the harbour where

the stones from the neighbouring quarries were put on board ship. Here we tethered our steeds for half an hour to the large fragments of rock, and took a slight refreshment—no strong drink, however, but a bit of bread and dried figs, a simple but nutritious luncheon while travelling in Palestine. To shelter ourselves from the sun, which even in winter is very oppressive here, we sat in one of the tombs, whose square openings look at a distance like the windows of a house in the rock. Most of these are still as entire and well finished as if there never had been corpses placed in them, and as if the mallet and chisel had done their work but yesterday. Having climbed to the top of a small eminence, I saw in the distance, as near as I could guess at the length of half an hour to the south of Adlûn, and a little way from the shore, a circle of oblong stones standing upright. Having inquired of one of the inhabitants what those stones were, his answer was, "that they had once been men that mocked at Nabi Zer as he was passing that way, and were punished by being turned into stone, as," he added, "may still be seen by looking at them." They must, therefore, be not oblong stones, but statues. We passed another heap of ruins, those of 'Alma, leaving which we came to the well-known hill of Sarepta; the castles of Sidon now appeared; and, after a ride of eight hours, I once more entered its gates.

While about to close this, I received a letter from Mr Wood, the British Consul at Damascus. He informs me that he had taken all possible measures to urge the Emir of Hâsbeiya to track out the thief; but, he adds, "From his answer to you, I perceive that he is endeavour-

ing to get himself out of the scrape, from his remarking that you had not only given him no intimation of your coming, but also had left no one to take charge of your house, when you went off to Râsheiya-el-fokhar; whereby he would probably still further hint, that he would have sent you somebody for the protection of your house, had you intimated to him beforehand that you were going to leave home. Such reasonings are, I am sorry to say, of great weight with the Turkish authorities. Nevertheless, I beg you will be assured that I will leave nothing untried in order to your having the stolen property restored, and to the thieves receiving the punishment they so well deserve. It is with this view that I have had the suspected parties brought over to the prison here," &c.

Such is the present state of matters.

I trust ere long to have more to tell you. Meanwhile, my very worthy friend, farewell! Ever yours.

FROM TYRE TO TIBNÎN, 'AKKA AND KHAIFA.

RESEARCHES IN WESTERN GALILEE.

TYRE, *Sunday, 15th February.*

You will see, my friend, from the date, that the weather has favoured the prosecution of my journey. It is still winter, but spring begins to betoken its approach. Here, at least on the plain, the fields are arrayed in the full pomp of their Lent clothing. As I travelled thitherwards three days ago, along the highway from Sidon, I for the first time felt the force of that expression of Scripture—"The fields and the hills leap for joy." True, they themselves are motionless, but they give mankind so gladsome a greeting with the clothing of flowers in which they are in a few days decked, that one naturally feels inclined to leap with joy. Even the very stony places have then a cheerful look; for ranunculuses and other flowers rise from all the clefts, some white, some yellow or red, and grateful both in look and smell. Many of these flowers are unknown to me, but others return my smile as old friends whom I once knew in my own country. Nowhere have I met with the wild anemone in such beauty and variety, varying from dark purple to rose and white, and from white through yellow to fiery red; there is not a colour you could not find in that kind of flowers. A species of rose-coloured verbena also presents itself in great abundance. Then the weather is so delightful! No cold to make you feel chilly, and no scorch-

ing heat; but a warm temperature, pleasantly cooled by a soft south-west breeze from the sea.

Having once before made the acquaintance of the American consular agent, I again took up my quarters in his house, although his colleague for England, Mr Atallah, came to express his great regret at this, in as much as Mr Finn, her Britannic Majesty's consul at Jerusalem, had recommended me to him. I am occasionally led to suspect that Arab expressions of politeness, in their way, need not yield the palm to those of the French. As respects Yakûb 'Akad, his reception was this time not so pleasant. Wherefore, thought I, is it now so much less courteous than it was a month ago when Mr Thomson accompanied me? Here, too, men's manners are much influenced by circumstances.

I have taken many measurements and drawings here, and wandered much among the old ruins both within and without the city. Had I a vessel at my disposal, and leave to remove whatever I might feel inclined to take, I should have sent you a whole ship's cargo of marble fragments from old Tyre, beginning with two gigantic columns of red granite that have not yet lost their ancient polish. They are lying among the ruins of the old Christian church in the south-east corner of the city. According to the descriptions we have of it, that church must have been a masterpiece of beauty; there are now left standing only some fragments of the wall of the choir, while the inner space is quite filled up with small mean huts.

Yesterday evening, as I was busy measuring angles on the lofty roof of Mr Atallah's house, I saw through

the telescope of my instrument Dr Kalley approaching. I recognised him at a great distance by his umbrella, a protection from the sun in constant use here. After finishing my work, I went to meet him, and found him in the bazaar. I need not say how delighted I was to see this worthy man, especially when he communicated to me that the Rev. Mr Crawford and his family, consisting of nine persons, were on their way, and expected to pass the Sunday in Tyre. Mr Crawford comes from England to devote himself to the work of the Gospel among the Jews at Jerusalem, in connection with the society in London by which he is sent. I further heard, too late, to my chagrin, for availing myself of it, that one of the inhabitants of Tyre keeps a sort of inn where the Crawford family, and Dr Kalley too, mean to take up their quarters. Already, at an early hour this morning, a proposal was sent to me from thence for holding a social conference on God's word under the shade of the tamarisk trees, at the old ruined castle outside the city. What a privilege, and how unexpected!

There we sat for some hours together, the party consisting of the Rev. Mr Crawford, his wife, and the rest of his family, besides Dr Kalley, and literally enjoyed the experience of Paul and his friends as described in Acts, chapter xxi. We, too, having come to Tyre, have found certain disciples there (verses 3 and 4). Our meeting was short, but unspeakably refreshing—a meeting in the way of the gospel of peace. We looked down on the sea-shore, possibly the very place where Paul, with the disciples and their wives and children, knelt down and prayed (verse 5). We, too, were permit-

ted to pray to Paul's God and Master in like manner; and probably, having respect to that apostle's going up to Jerusalem (verse 4), where the Spirit had testified that bonds and imprisonment awaited him, there must have been much agreement between his prayers and ours, in as much as, with respect to Mr Crawford, in the ordinary course of things no small strife and opposition might be looked for at Jerusalem; and with respect to Dr Kalley and myself, we too had a journey full of danger and difficulty before us—a journey in which we should often have, as it were, our lives in our hands. Paul believed, and the grace of the Lord, which thus strengthened him, here spoke revivingly to our minds. Thereafter we read and conversed upon other passages in Holy Scripture which treat of Tyre, especially Isaiah xxiii. and xxiv., and Ezekiel xxvi.–xxviii. The harbour of Tyre, now filled up with ruins and choked, is literally so "laid waste, that there is no entering in" (Isaiah xxiii. 1). The sinful pride of Tyre (Ezekiel xxviii.) was to us a deeply impressive caution. It struck us that the 18th verse of the 23d chapter of Isaiah must have had its accomplishment in the times of the primitive Christians, when the Lord had a flourishing congregation there. The scene of desolation described in the 24th chapter is generally applicable to the state of unexampled distress in which the country has lain for so many centuries past. We were now in a condition to elucidate, on the spot, many passages of Ezekiel's prophecy, as it stands in the above three chapters. Finally, we turned to the 15th chapter of Matthew, from the 21st to the 28th verse. The hills to the east of the town, among

whose valleys lies the Kana we lately visited, the residence of that believing mother, form the country called in the 21st verse "the coasts of Tyre and Sidon." At what particular spot the remarkable answer to prayer took place, I know not, and have been scandalised at being told that the *holy* place was here or there, as the legend would have it to have been. I say scandalised, for, alas! not a spot is there in the Holy Land, that was ever trodden by the foot of the Son of God or of His prophets, or rendered remarkable by any striking miracle, but false Christianity, revealing itself in a thousand forms of idolatry, has defiled those places, has built churches and chapels on them, has declared certain stones to be holy, and capable of working miracles, has preached indulgences to all who go thither on pilgrimages, and prostrate themselves before the work of man's hands, to the horror even of the Mohammedans who oppress the country. Mr Crawford justly remarked, that we, with our superior knowledge, looking down on the pride of the Tyrians—those even of the present little town—ought to call to mind the word of the Lord: "Had the mighty works been done in Tyre and Sidon," &c. It was a great blessing for us to learn humility anew from the example of Tyre, and encouragement anew from that of the woman of Kana. Here, where I had least looked for it, had my faithful, compassionate Lord made a rich provision for me, in the way of secret intercourse with Himself, and of communion with His saints.

Meanwhile my labours at Tyre have been going on. I had still before me some zig-zagging in the Belad-Besharah district, one of those parts of the country that

are least known, and one in which travellers are at all times afraid to trust themselves, because of the lawless character of its inhabitants. Warned by recent experience to attempt nothing in my own strength, but to expect everything from the Lord, and therefore to fear nothing, I could no longer recoil from any difficulties. Still I was in the dark as to my future proceedings. Scarcely had I resumed my surveys when I was informed that the Belad-Besharah was in such a ferment, that to go there among the fanatical Matawilehs would be to run recklessly into danger. This information was confirmed by the kind warning sent me by brother Thomson, in a letter from Sidon. A general conscription, quite a novelty, had lately been ordered for this country by the Sultan, and had engendered a spirit of resistance, as well as caused much distress. Tamer-Beg was just as little in a condition to enforce obedience to the orders relating to it, as was his colleague in the government, Hamed-el-beg of Tibnîn. The military Pasha of Beirût accordingly proceeded to Tibnîn, with a detachment of two hundred men. The shechs of the various villages were all sent out, with orders to have the conscription peremptorily enforced. The country was to be made to resound with the lamentations of mothers for their beloved sons, hurried away from them, never perhaps to return; the sons had to leave their fields to be overrun with wild beasts, and their new-married wives and infant children to desolation and languishing. With the whole people, from childhood upwards, filled with a fanatical hatred of whoever did not bear the name of Matawileh, but especially of infidel dogs, as they call Christians, my

tour among the population of the Belad-Besharah, a district seldom or never traversed by European travellers, promised to be full of peril even to my life. My muleteer told me at once he would not go, thus breaking the agreement I had made with him at Sidon for the entire journey, and by which it had been stipulated that he was to accompany me through the country in all directions until we should reach Jerusalem, in consideration of his being paid ten piastres for each beast for every day we might travel, and half as much for every day we should rest. Shall I now, thought I, abandon my survey because danger is imminent—delay being out of the question, seeing there is no prospect of matters mending, and I shall erelong have work to occupy me in a distant part of the country; or, trusting in the Lord, shall I go forward, paying no regard to what seems a host of prudential reasons opposed to such a resolution? This latter course seemed to me the right one. In the path of duty alone can a man surely reckon on God's help, and having that, of what shall we be afraid? He is mightier than all that be against us. If the Lord will, I hope to continue this from Tibnîn.

TIBNÎN, *19th February.*

HAVE you ever, my friend, fancied to yourself what must have been the appearance of the outer hall in the house of the high priest—that, I mean, in which Peter sat by the fire among the servants, and in which the Lord Jesus was denied thrice by the most fervent of his disciples? I believe the huge vaulted hall in the castle ruins of Tibnîn, where I have now sat down to

write this, close to a wood fire which has been kindled on account of the cold, gives me no bad idea of it. According to Eastern fashion, a portion of the hall next the entrance door, and resembling nothing so much as one of the vaulted cellars of our large handsome houses, is parted from the rest by a low railing, at the foot of which all who enter leave their slippers, so as to tread barefooted the upper part, forming the proper audience hall. The former is half-a-foot lower than the latter. On entering the place on the evening of the day before yesterday, I found it full of people of all sorts, who had come along with no fewer than sixty shechs from the various villages of the Belad-Besharah. These had just taken their supper, and had relinquished all that was left to the poorer people who had accompanied them,—an Eastern custom, which I have occasionally observed. The last grains of rice, and fragments of goat's-flesh that had been cooked in it, had just found their way into those hungry stomachs, when a couple of Hamed-el-Beg's servants, by orders from his son, drove out the whole crowd with their besoms, removed the large supper tray, and swept the floor, raising a cloud of dust in the operation; they then in a twinkling spread over it a huge mat, and over the mat threw a small dirty Turkey carpet, next to the chimney in the wall where the faggots were blazing; on that again they placed a couple of cushions, and finally begged the European traveller who had just entered to be seated, while the Beg's son, who did the honours, apologized for his father's not receiving me in person, he being at that moment in close conference with the Pasha of Beirût. The sixty shechs, all long bearded

men, beheld with a mixture of wonder and malice this unexpected bustle, but kept themselves at a respectful distance. A little patience, and they would learn all about the object of the Frandji in coming here. The people that had been driven away withdrew to the lower end of the hall. The whole scene to me seemed strange and marvellous. The feeble wicks of a pair of Eastern lamps, placed on pedestals after the manner of those at Roum, shed only a glimmering light over the vaulted apartment; and in the half darkness, every one seemed to stand grinning at me; but the gentlemanly reception given me by the son of the Beg made me feel quite at ease. Without troubling myself about the cause of the honour thus unexpectedly done to me, I allowed myself to be gratified with it, and felt right glad to be able to stretch out my weary limbs on the carpet at the fire-side. On that day I had accomplished a long journey—had been occasionally retarded by showers of rain—and now felt the utmost need of some refreshment. That was speedily provided for me by the hospitable attention of the Beg; and this is now the third day of my being loaded with his civilities.

But you are ready to ask, no doubt, how, in the face of all the dangers that threatened my journey, I contrived to find my way from Tyre to Tibnîn. Well, then, let me tell you how.

First of all, though I had much ado to obtain another mukhari, with Mr Atallah's help I contrived to leave Tyre at one o'clock P.M. under the guidance of a chayal or armed horseman, to show me everywhere the way, give the names of the villages and ruins, defend my life

with a huge scimitar, and further provide that, in virtue of my firman, I should everywhere enjoy protection and hospitality—all for the sum of eight piastres a-day. This guide was himself a Matawileh, and that, said Atallah to me, was a passport that would ensure my being treated everywhere with respect. Accompanied by him, I might with an easy mind proceed on my journeyings in every direction in the Belad-Besharah. Glancing at the chayal, I could see, I confess, that he had a fierce enough look; but, thought I, I am under another safeguard besides that of his arm; by that I shall not be forsaken; therefore let me cheerfully push onward. Such of my baggage as was not immediately required I left behind with my host, Yakûb 'Akad, who engaged to send it in a boat to 'Akka, to the care of the British consular agent there, a certain Signor Finzi or D'a Finzi, where I hope to find it again. My present journey is thus simplified, and the risk of suffering by being plundered diminished.

We reached the bridge of the Kasmiëh, after having passed the village of el-'Azieh, which lies three-quarters of an hour north-east of Tyre, on the slope of the rising hills, and bears traces of antiquity. The villages Ain-Abdullah and Mashatta are seen from this point, situated on the high rocks, amid which the river conceals its bends and windings, about an hour's distance farther up. Here too may be seen Bûrj-el-Hawah, yet rather more towards the south-east on the hills. The holms on the banks of the Kasmiëh were already clothed with luxuriant crops of grain. Our way led through these to the other side of the stream, whose picturesque banks we had to leave after a ride of three-quarters of

an hour, not without reluctance, I confess, to ascend a narrow, steep, and difficult wadi, running to the north-east; and from which I looked back constantly to the proud river Leontes. The views seen from the uplands were, as may be supposed, no less beautiful. Having gained a sort of table-land, I had an extensive prospect of the hills to the north-east of Tyre, with their numerous villages, foremost among which were Bedias, Deir Kanûn, and Taraf-el-Sai. The path thus goes eastwards over a lofty undulating ridge far above the Leontes to the village of Sreriëh, which must lie about an hour and a-half from the bridge over that river. The chayal proposed to me that we should take up our quarters for the night there; for which purpose he assured me I should find a house of Hamed-el-Beg's, then standing empty, well adapted. That prince had built it as a place of recreation, to which he often comes to enjoy quail-catching. Ibrahim Pasha, said the guide, once spent some time here. I had no objection to remaining at Sreriëh, the rather as, owing to the long intermission of my trigonometrical surveys, I had lost much time. The superintendant, the wakîl, as he is called, of Hamed-el-Beg's country-house, came to welcome us with a ridiculously pompous air, and swinging his arms about. The chayal told him in two words who the traveller was, and the doors of the low empty house were thrown wide open. There seemed nobody in it but two women, who made off in haste, taking good care that the charms of their faces should not be disclosed.

Sreriëh numbered, I was told, 150 male inhabitants. In one moment they all met on the plot in front of my hotel. All were Matawilehs, but I experienced nothing

but civility from them. While the dust was swept into an empty room, a mat spread, and a *sejedi* and a fire prepared, I walked with some of their leading men round the village, not because the miserable houses called for the least admiration, but on account of the eminently picturesque view from that height, this not being circumscribed by any surrounding hills. Still the river Kasmiëh cannot be seen, as it flows concealed in the cleft between the rocks. On our return, Ferez had prepared my usual traveller's meal—a fowl, with some rice and stewed apricots. I thought that now, at least, I should be left alone; but, to my no small annoyance, I had to experience the full burthen of Arab sociality. As many men as the room could hold pressed around me. From head to foot I was an object of curiosity to persons who seldom saw travellers, just as an Arab would be with us were he to pitch his tent in one of our streets, and my slightest movements were eagerly watched.

It will be long before I can habituate myself to sit and be continually stared at by this people, as if I were a wild beast; yet I can see no means of escape from the annoyance. As long as I ate, they were silent, and only followed with their eyes every morsel to its destination. But when that was over, their tongues were loosed. It was speedily discovered that the intervention of Philip made conversation possible, and no small number of questions had now to be put. These were not about ordinary matters, but all about health; for they could not persuade themselves that I was not a hakîm. While my feelings were painfully affected by the sufferings of many helpless creatures, I was struck

with the deep affliction into which all had been thrown by the conscription. The first opinion entertained was, that my coming to Tibnîn was connected with that business; the chayal assured them of the contrary, but not without much talking. "How can it be otherwise," said they; "what could the Frandji have to do at Tibnîn? it was always from the Frandjis that the Sultan had learned to levy the fatal conscription." When they had been at last disabused of this impression, the idea again got the upper hand, that the benevolent desire of giving medical aid to the sick had led me to pass through this little-visited tract. It was near midnight before these troublesome people went away; and when at last I thought I was to have a moment to myself, two old fathers came and beset me with their requests, that I would make their sons unfit for the conscription by giving them a dose of some sort.

Truly "man is born to trouble."

And now if you would have an idea of the manner in which I proceed with my trigonometrical surveys, let me give it you. Figure to yourself, then, a convenient apparatus erected on the highest roof in the village, where all is level and connected, so that one may easily step from the one house to the other; that the instrument is placed on its three legs, and the telescope directed to a certain hill-top or village. I watch for the moment when the needle in the compass stands still; but around me are standing above a score of men in the highest state of wonderment, who, in spite of my earnest entreaties to them to keep still, by their movements keep the roof-terrace in incessant vibration; the needle at last settles steadily to one

point, the screw is turned, and the degrees of the segment read off; but an angle of what village? Yes; that the curious bystanders will have the kindness to tell me. "Now," says the one, "that is B'reika." "No," says another, interrupting him; "it is Neba-ek-Ksaibi; B'reika lies right in that direction." A third cries, "They know nothing about it; you can't see B'reika from this, for it lies behind yonder hill-top, but the village you now point to is Furtajil." A shech maintains that all these are stupid bawlers, but that he would be in a condition to say what place it is to which the glass is directed, could he himself ascertain, by looking through it, what village I precisely mean. Well, the telescope will show it to him. He looks, looks again, but sees nothing, he says; no wonder, he had never looked through a telescope before. After much pushing backwards and forwards in order to suit the focus to his eye, he sees at last the village in question, and now says decisively that it is B'reika. One may hence conclude how much patience and how much time are required, in order to survey the villages all the horizon round.

But every thing in Palestine demands much patience.

The weather began to threaten while we saddled our beasts for the prosecution of our journey. Some flying showers fell in the course of the day, but we came safe through. I was doubly gratified at this, after what I had experienced on the way to Hâsbeiya. We rode for some time over undulating uplands, chiefly in a south-east direction, constantly filling my sketch-book with views of the villages or ancient ruins in our way, and giving many a look to the rocky gulleys in the

deep hollow on my right, but without being able to discover the Leontes, which rushed along the cleft. At the distance of two hours and a quarter from Sreriëh, the river was just visible at the hamlet of Kakaïeh, where an old Roman bridge enables you to pass it. The Leontes has here a noble appearance, closed in by lofty mountain slopes covered with brushwood, but still it has not the fearfully desolate look of the Chatweh and the scenery I visited beneath the Jisr-Burguz. Kakaïeh is romantically situated, but it is a wretched village, and the inhabitants have the reputation of being addicted to plundering travellers. I must confess I found myself eyed by some rascally-looking physiognomies. From this village the bridge is reached in half an hour; it has been built in two parts, from the river being divided by a small island,—a highly picturesque spot, mountain and wood, the remains of antiquity, and an impetuous stream forming the most prominent objects in the foreground; not the least interesting among which are the ruins of a Roman castle, now converted into a khan.

On the south side of the river the wadi-Hajeir begins, an exquisitely beautiful and deep valley, running with a bend southwards to Tibnîn. We followed its upper side, after having climbed, with many a zigzag, the mountain slope. A number of villages to the right and left drew my attention. Their position is put down in my pocket-book, although here I give you merely the names, omitting all details,—Zotar, Ferûn, el-Kanterah, Taibeh, Kalaway and Bûrj-Kalaway, Sawani, Medjdel Selim and Churbet Selim. Others lay farther off, and these I hope to visit on a future occasion. A half hour to the south-west of Ferûn lies the village of

Marûn, with the ruins of an old castle, dating, I heard, from the time of the Crusaders. I had no time to visit it. Still ascending solitary uplands which offered nothing interesting even to the eye, which the plough had hardly ever traversed, and whose stony fields presented no better surface than the bed of a half-finished macadamised road, and threatened as I was more and more by the gathering storm, I found the last half of the way not a little tedious. On the upper edge of the wadi-Ilma, which crossed our path, the sea of hill-tops, amid which rose the castle of Tibnîn with its high walls and tall dark-green cypresses, opened on my view. Once more at this point my drawing-book had to be filled up; an hour later we reached the foot of the castle-hill, just as the storm began to burst. But I had not yet found shelter; for the people of the village which lies at the south-west foot of the castle, chiefly Matawilehs, with a sprinkling of Christians, told us we needed not take the trouble of climbing the rock, for the Beg could not receive us, as the Pasha of Beirût was lodged there with his whole attendants and followers. Thereupon my guide tried to find me quarters with some of the Christian inhabitants of the village; but there, too, all the disposable space was occupied by the Pasha's troops, so that at last nothing remained for it but that I should ask to be received into the castle, however full it might be. Philip had now to make his *debut* as a dragoman with an Eastern prince. Agreeably to the custom of the country, I sent him with the firman, and a private letter of recommendation from Nachleh, the native consular agent of the United States at Sidon, to the Beg, while I remained waiting at the

castle-gate, surrounded by no small number of curious persons, whose countenances wore anything but a friendly aspect. After a while, the lad came back accompanied by the Beg's son, and you already know the result of his "tfaddel."

Two hours afterwards, I had sat down to write out on my knee the memoranda of the day, surrounded by a great many of my fellow-guests, when I saw them rise in an instant, Philip at the same time coming and whispering in my ear, Hamed-el-Beg. Before I could look up, the prince was before me. He came to see me with the protestation of a thousand apologies for having been unable to give me a better reception, owing to the excessive number of guests he had to provide for. He sat down on my sejedi; several of the great folks of his court and the sixty shechs, formed a wide circle round us; pipes and coffee were immediately *en train;* and with the aid of Philip, who sat before us, and whose small jet black eyes sparkled with pride at the important part he had now to act, I was erelong in close conversation with Hamed-el-Beg. The prince is somewhat advanced in years, I should say about sixty, tall, of a brown complexion, with a large hawk nose, and a pair of eyes, the sly expression of which must, I should think, strike every one that sees him for the first time. Nevertheless, Hamed-el-Beg seems possessed of a natural kindliness, and as respects myself I cannot mention the treatment I received in his house without great praise.

Our conversation in itself was perhaps not particularly important; this people have too little knowledge for that, and are eager for more. Their whole

life is a concatenation, a sequence, of momentary impressions, both individual and social. And yet I found in Hamed-el-Beg a degree of scientific knowledge beyond what I have hitherto met with among the natives of high or low degree. It may be supposed that his curiosity was awakened by my coming to Tibnîn. How he looked at me askance with his distrustful eye, on Philip's telling him that geographical and topographical investigations were the grand object of my desires! The firman was once more brought forth, and there it stood plain enough: Van de Velde-Beg (for such was my title in this Turkish document) came for the purpose of travelling over and taking measurements of the country, and the various authorities were to lend him all possible assistance in order to this, assistance mentioned in detail. But the simple traveller, with his boyish interpreter, had nothing of the pompous exterior of a Beg. This he could not well understand. And indeed I could not be at all surprised at it, particularly when I thought how much importance is attached by the Orientals to external display. Yet Hamed-el-Beg kissed the Sultan's cipher placed above the firman, and then put that document on his head, in testimony that he pledged his head for the execution of the high command conveyed to him. Then I exhibited my maps, shewed him the surveying instrument, explained how I went to work, and a flood of approving words followed, such as taib (good), maloum (undoubtedly), &c., the cloud of suspicion all the while vanishing from the prince's countenance. Once engrossed with this subject, I did not allow the favourable opportunity to pass for proposing a host of

questions relative to the Belad-Besharah; and, behold, not only did the Beg give me all possible geographical and topographical information, but the old shechs, who had at first viewed my arrival with such ill-will, imagining my object to be intimately connected with the enlistment of their youth, now set at rest by their chief's example, began to strive which should give me most names of old villages, ruins, and such like, so that I found it difficult enough to put all down with pen and ink. At last the old Beg himself took writing materials, and drew out for me a sketch of the territory subject to him, with the Litani river, and a number of old castles, so that I might have everything clearly before me. Now don't suppose, my friend, that this geographical lesson was a dry affair; no, I could not but smile internally at the Arab court ceremony with which a matter of science was treated. I thought sometimes that Philip was fooling me, so many and so strange were the compliments he unceasingly transferred to me from the lips of the Beg. It seduced me into occasionally returning his poetical benedictions with something of similar character, whereupon there generally followed a bow from the Beg, with his hand on his heart. Amid all this, the pipes, nargilehs, and tjibouks, were in constant use, not alone individually, but also, according to the laws of good breeding, from mouth to mouth, at least between the two Begs, the Beg of Tibnîn and the travelling Beg, and some of the highest rank among those who sat around. You are revolted, perhaps, by the very idea, my friend, but what could I do? and still more, what could I answer, as the Beg constantly added, on handing me the mouth-piece

of his pipe, "I hope you feel yourself happy!" And you suppose, perhaps, that all this nonsense, like French jabbering, was accompanied with much silly noise. You are mistaken; the grand peculiarity of the Arab conversational tone is, that even amid the most extravagant compliments, and the utmost elegance of expression, it preserves the grave character which marks the Oriental in all that he says and does. Of a truth I had that night placed before me a study of Eastern life and manners. What a picture, even as respects the group in which we sat! The dark vaulted hall; the sixty shechs, with their huge white turbans and wide black cloaks; in the middle the carpet, with the old Beg on it, who was arrayed in a mantle of red cloth richly embroidered with gold thread, and with a turban formed of a beautiful Persian shawl folded together; on his left hand the plain traveller, with maps and papers before him; and, in fine, the young interpreter, sitting squat before him, putting all his faculties to the stretch in order to transfer the thoughts of those then before him from one to the other. There was much, very much, to observe; much, too, that called for serious reflection.

The subject of the military conscription remained for that night untouched. Yesterday morning, however, it came before my notice; for in the forenoon the ballot took place which had spread so much anxiety and distress far and wide. Without, the storm was raging violently; the wind howled drearily through the ruinous walls of the castle, and excessively cold sleety rain seemed to separate our high hill-top from all the world beside. It seemed as if nature herself sympathized

with the heart-rending cries of maternal fondness that arose to heaven on the introduction of this new sort of slavery. There they stood outside in the front court, mothers and wives, who in spite of the storm had followed their sons and husbands from a distance. The Pasha, surrounded with his armed bands, sat in an upper hall, or a sort of balcony; Hamed-el-Beg and his people beside him. An anxious stillness, like that which in the confines of the tempests often precedes a hurricane, made the breath to die as it were, on the lips of many. The lot was drawn! Then did there burst forth such a cry of woe as is seldom met with in our territories, where the reasoning powers are more strongly developed, and subordination is more habitual. Poor women! your sons, your husbands, are to be torn from you and sent off to distant lands in the ranks of the armies of the state; probably you will never more press them to your hearts! Poor mother, your son, of whom you had hoped that he who loved you, who supported you with the labour of his hands, seeing you were a poor desolate widow, that he would close your eyes when you came to die, your son is dragged away from you for ever. May God have mercy on you, for neither comfort nor help can you find in man. And you, youthful wife! who have followed your husband hither, where you had thought you could soften the Pasha with your tears, give free vent now to your grief, do your best to overpower the howling of the wind with your lamentations; the Pasha neither can nor will hear you: your husband has been drawn, and you must end your days in woe and widow-

hood; for to the far distant Stamboul he is to be carried as a slave, though with the honourable name of soldier, and neither the child in your bosom, nor your unborn babe, shall ever know their father! There I saw these poor women stand weeping, moaning, shrieking, dripping with the cold rain, but indifferent to all other distress, under the overwhelming weight of the calamity that had befallen them. As long as the lot remained undrawn, there was hope; but hope had now vanished, and given place to the most indescribable misery. It was as if they would fain have moved the stones to sympathy with their excessive weeping. Never shall I forget the scene. Those despairing mourners, whose long wet veils fluttered in the storm about their woe-begone faces, carried my thoughts to the bitter distress in Ephrata, when Herod slew all the children there of two years old and under, according to the time that had been signified to him by the wise men!* One of the poor conscripts chopped one of his fingers off with his own hand, in order thereby to render himself incapable of being a soldier; a deed which was instantly punished by his being condemned to five years' imprisonment.

About noon, after this melancholy balloting was over, the Beg came again to see me. He was too much disturbed, however, by various persons who had come to make a last attempt to see if, through his compassionate intervention, they might obtain exemption from the iron law, to permit a regular conversation to proceed. Some there were who approached him, cowering like dogs, to kiss the hem of his garment, and by such

* Matt. ii. 16–18. Jerem. xxxi. 15.

humility to excite his compassion; a "rooch" (go away, pack off), was the hard, but perhaps necessary reply.

How gladly would I have avoided this melancholy scene! but the storm, which still raged without, kept me a close prisoner. Notwithstanding all that was painful in my present quarters, I ought to feel very thankful for having found so comparatively good an asylum. I might have lighted, owing to the storm, on one or other of the villages, and been detained there under a leaking roof, without fire, without food, and among an unwilling, if not a hostile people; how deplorable must, in that case, have been my condition! But now I have been sheltered from wind and weather, have met with friendly treatment, and, over and above this, owing to the presence of all the shechs, have had the rare opportunity of obtaining, in a couple of days, more information respecting the country than I could otherwise have had in many days. Thus, the conscription in Belad-Besharah, so far from hindering, has tended to promote the object of my journey, and instead of threatened danger, I have found hitherto the fullest protection. How much reason have I had to praise the Lord for all the faithfulness He has manifested towards me, and how much encouragement to go forward with full confidence in Him!

If you ask me to tell you the whole truth, I must frankly own that all the friendly reception I had from the Beg could not undo the impression that a regard to his own interest was in part, I do not say altogether, the motive of his officiousness. I saw plainly enough, indeed, that he was embarrassed with the affair of the conscription; how otherwise could

it have been necessary for the Pasha of Beirût to come hither, and have it carried into effect? The presence of a traveller under the protection of the British flag happened opportunely for him at such a time. He seemed at least to find in it an enhancement of his moral force in dealing with his oppressed subjects; for when, yesterday evening, the shechs had again taken their places around us, and would not let the Beg be at peace about the cruel measure of the conscription, he constantly referred them to my opinion on that point, as coming from a country where the levying of soldiers by ballot was now an affair of long standing, without people thinking themselves on that account treated with oppression or injustice, as was the case here where such a course was so far new, and mainly on that account had a show of injustice in it; while, nevertheless, he added, it was but fair that the Sultan, whose protection they enjoyed, should take from them some of their young men for the defence of his states. Were the Turkish government really a protection to Syria and Palestine, there would be some foundation in truth for this reasoning; but the miserable population of these countries find it quite the contrary, it being oppression they experience, not protection. How, then, could they ever be convinced that they owe anything to their oppressor? Prudence, nevertheless, forbade my giving utterance to these sentiments.

The conscription took its course at Tibnîn without any opposition on the part of the population. The Pasha went off this morning with his troops to Bînt-Jebeil to give Tamer-Beg the same assistance that he

had given to Hamed-el-Beg; the latter convoyed him away, returned under an incessant heavy rain, and has been spending the evening with me on my sejedi, smoking and talking as if nothing had happened. The more we are together, the more intimate we become: he had not yet said his sunset prayer, and now said it in my presence; whilst I, not having had my dinner when the Beg entered, and knowing that he would honour me with his company for several hours, made no scruple to partake of the dishes brought up for me by the servants of the court, if I may so call it. In the course of conversation the history of the castle of Tibnîn was introduced. The Beg stated that it, together with the fortresses of Shukîf, Hûnîn, Marûn, Shemma, Mais, Surba, and Jebea, had been built by his ancestors of the princely house of Ali-es-Sugir. Robinson, however, who has consulted various old notices on the subject, gives quite a different account. While Tibnîn previously existed as a village under the name of Tabnîn or Tebnîn, and was revered by the Jews as the burial-place of Shamgar, the son of Anath, one of the Judges of Israel,* the castle was first built in 1107 by Hugo of St Omers, then lord of Tiberias, in order that from it he might assault Tyre, which had not yet been taken. After this the fortress figures in the history of the Crusaders as Toron or Toronum. Saladin took it after a severe siege in 1187, and ten years later the Christians made an ineffectual attempt to recover it. In 1219 the fortifications were levelled to the ground in order to prevent the Christians from nestling in it anew; this seems notwithstanding to have been the

* Judges iii. 31; v. 6. See E. Carmoly, Itineraires, page 378 and 394.

case at a later period, for in 1266 mention is made of its being once more taken by the Saracens, after which time Hamed-el-Beg's ancestors were left in the undisturbed feudal possession of the Belad-Besharah, with Tibnîn as their chief town. If you ask whether Tibnîn could stand another siege in the state in which I found it, I answer that a battery of heavy guns would soon throw down its huge walls. The violence of war, earthquakes, and time, have already made the castle for the most part ruinous. This does not strike one so much on looking at it from without; but in the course of my wanderings among the crumbling vaults within, I was amazed at the Beg's considering his life safe in such ruins. It is enough to say, Tibnîn is a fortress under the sway of the Turkish empire.

If I do not deceive myself, there is a chance of my pursuing my exploration of the country to-morrow morning. The clouds begin to break, and the surrounding hills are coming again into sight. Hamed-el-Beg has proposed that I should make with him some tours in the immediate neighbourhood, and this kind offer I would willingly accept, had I a week's time to spend at Tibnîn; but my time is so limited that I must hasten to go farther. I shall therefore content myself with visiting some ancient places, the position of which the prince has pointed out to me, pursuing a west-south-west course from this to the castle of Shemma, and thence southward, as circumstances may suggest.

EL-BUSSA, *22d February.*

AT eight o'clock on the following morning we were

ready to start. The Beg was not yet on foot, and I dreaded losing too much time in waiting for him for the purpose of expressing my grateful acknowledgments on taking leave according to our western custom; I had, however, repeatedly observed, before now, that eastern hospitality makes less demand on gratitude than that of the west. Consequently I proceeded on my journey with an easy mind, while the kindness of the old Beg will be not the less gratefully remembered for want of taking leave.

After riding down the castle-hill, we proceeded along the village of Tibnîn, on the south-west side of which there is a quadrangular fort provided with towers; but it seemed to me of little importance, seeing that it could be neither of use nor detriment to the large fortress, so I was nowise surprised to perceive that the space without had been converted into a fold for goats. Westward from this there runs, for about the distance of an hour, a broad wadi, called the valley of Hemma; it is then shut in by a hill, on which stands the village of Harîs. We followed the northern slope of the wadi, leaving the village of Aitheh lying over against us. I halted at Harîs to take an observation. For this the elevated position of the village is every way adapted, commanding a view of a number of other villages in the Belad-Besharah, as well as Tyre, Tibnîn, Hermon, and a part of Lebanon. Nevertheless I found great difficulty in taking the angles of these places; for the ignorant natives, unaccustomed to see European travellers, could not at all comprehend what I could be about with so strange an instrument on the highest roof in the village, wherefore it was that I stood looking at

the remarkable points all around, if indeed I was only doing so, and what could make me ask the names of the places in the neighbourhood. It must needs, they thought, be either treason or sorcery; and, doubtless, had some close connection with the recruiting business; by the hills and villages being looked at through that instrument, their country was infallibly cursed, so as thenceforth to become powerless for resisting an enemy, while, besides, all its fertility would dwindle away. Among the old men, to be sure, there were some who, having their minds set at rest by my guide, were of use in giving me the names; but the women and children assembled with no small clamour and alarm around the house where I stood measuring. "He has already taken away our young men," they cried; "our land and our possessions will be taken from us too." Although the distress of these poor villagers made me take my measurements with far from an easy mind, yet I felt that to maintain a calm smile on the countenance was the only way to allay the rising storm. I likewise allowed some of the old shechs to look through the telescope, in order to familiarise them with the harmless instrument; and thus I contrived to come away with a whole skin, though a shower of maledictions not only on myself, but also on my horse, and my horse's mother, and their religion, was sent after me.

Hadatha, a large village, as near as I could guess at about an hour's distance to the south, lay on our left. We came down the hill on the north side of Harîs, and found at its foot some very large quadrangular building stones, close by a spring with a stone reservoir at the entrance of a grotto, a proof that here in days long

since gone by other inhabitants had their dwellings. We now found ourselves in another wadi, tolerably cultivated, and which, in half-an-hour, brought us to the village of Surbin, where a large quantity of old stones and a well left no doubt as to its ancient origin. Close to this, on the hill to the left or south side, lies the village of Ershef. Some minutes farther on, the wadi is intersected by the highway from Safed to Tyre. It was here that some weeks ago, on our journey from Kefr-Burreim to Kana, we ascended the steep slope on the right, on the flat summit of which the village of Jathir lies. On the left hand the long wadi of Ajûr unites with that of Surbin; it then runs at about half-an-hour's distance on the north side of Beit-lîf situated on the height, with a north-westerly bend to the plain of Tyre, for the most part betwixt high and almost perpendicular rocks, and there it ends a short way to the south of Ras-el-ain, which I visited before. A long half hour past Beit-lîf, however, we left the wadi of Ajûr. A narrow path through an oak copse, up which we had considerable difficulty in driving our loaded mules, brought us over a rising ground into another wadi, running more to the south-west, and thus diverging from the wadi-Ajûr. At the place where we quitted the latter, the guide showed me an old well, which, he said, was called Bir-Asal, the well of honey, probably on account of the sweetness of its water. That "a strait way" causes many difficulties was illustrated by my experience in the copse, for the poor mules with their broad burthens twice stuck fast; the ropes broke, and every thing fell from their backs. There stood the mukhari cursing and abusing the chayal, laying all the

blame on his leading us along such a narrow and impracticable footpath. And the chayal was not a whit behind him in his violent vociferations, insisting that there was no other way, but that the mukhari's ropes and cords were rotten and unfit for use. These are but specimens of the petty accidents attending a journey in this country which a traveller seldom escapes. People must be prepared patiently to bear up under many such interruptions.

Our object now was to visit an old ruin called Blât, which Hamed-el-Beg and his shechs had mentioned to me as one of the highest interest. From the directions they had given, we could not now be far from it, while we had seen the columns belonging to it from Harîs. The village Salhani, composed entirely of heavy old building stones, lay to the right hand of our wadi, and here the chayal thought that he could obtain information respecting Blât. We accordingly rode up the hill to that village, but met with no favourable reception. The malicious Matawilehs turned their backs upon us. Some sent their execrations after us; others said there was no way to the ruins of Blât; others again made some show of good intentions, and said that it was dangerous to go there, as it was a nestling place of robbers, but that they would take us on being paid so many piastres. The chayal, however, seemed well aware of all these tricks, probably from his own practice, and, as directed by an old man whom he took aside, turned right about back to the valley. There was that in the countenances of the Salhaniers which would not warrant a moment's safety among them. Nevertheless I was glad that we had diverged up to this elevated

point, as it unfolded a splendid panorama, and enabled me to see principally in its length the beautiful wadi-Ajûr, here called wadi-Azieh, with its yellow, red, brown, grey, and black coloured faces of rock hundreds of feet high. Salhani lies on the south side of the wadi, on one of its ridges. If I rightly understand Monro,* he wandered about in this valley, and describes some of its caves as vaulted tombs, among which there is one near the western end, of a quadrangular form, and furnished with idol statues and figures.

Hardly had we returned to the valley when we heard loud voices shouting after us, while a man on horseback rode up to us at full speed. My first thought was of treachery; I looked for our chayal having blows to take and give, but he soon assured me that the horseman was no enemy, but a friend—a messenger, in short, with a communication from Hamed-el-Beg. In a few moments he was with us, and handed me two letters from his master, of which Philip read for me the following translation:—

"*To our worthy and much respected friend Mr V.; may the days of his life be multiplied!*

"We were much disappointed and our soul is cast down on account of your going away, although we came down to see you depart in good condition, with our parting salutation. We had flattered ourselves also, that in consequence of the fine weather you would have remained with us, so that our intercourse might have been prolonged. But you have thought otherwise, and it cannot now be helped.

* Monro's Summer Ramble; London, 1835.

"It was our purpose to give you an armed mounted guide, to point out to you all the interesting places in this country, and to see that you met everywhere with the proper respect. But you went off without this being done. It now, therefore, becomes necessary to write out for you these directions, which we send you by the hand of Danûs, who is to accompany you. He is provided with an order to all the village chiefs to shew you proper respect. He is at your service in everything.

"We hope you will keep in remembrance the promise you made us, and will visit us yet once more, that we may enjoy your presence longer. We pray you to accept our excuses, and not to think us wanting in good will and attention towards you.

"Farewell."

Then came the following:—

"*Instruction to all who shall see this Document, and especially to the Shechs of Belad-Besharah.*

"As touching our friend Mr V., we do hereby let you know that he is the bearer of a firman from the mighty Ruler of this land; whereby he is assured of having all due respect shewn unto him, in whatsoever region it may please him to travel. We do trust that ye will act in accordance to the orders therein given, the said traveller being of a noble family. We do therefore enjoin, that wheresoever he may sojourn, all things necessary be furnished him. He who doth not act according to this our command, his guilt shall be upon his own head."

The kindness of the Beg was really great, and came now quite *à propos*. The manner in which he showed it me, I have tried to exhibit to you by copying these documents.

Danûs, my new guide, soon brought us to our destination. We rounded eastward for a few minutes, and turned the base of a rocky cliff, on the top of which are situated the ruins of Blât. We left our horses under the care of Ferez, and after half-an-hour's ascent, reached the summit. I had never before seen so large a quantity of building stones in ruins. Between them lie a number of broken columns; a row of five pillars is still entire, which, as well as some others a few yards off, appeared to have belonged to some edifice—probably a temple. The binding stones, on which rested the upper part of the building, are still lying on the tops of the pillars. I cannot say to what order they belong; certainly not to any of the seven principal styles of architecture. I have made a minute sketch of Blât, that you may form a distinct idea of the place. So you must content yourself with this description till my return.

The materials of these ruins are of hard limestone, of a greyish white colour—the same species, in fact, as that of which the rocks in the greater part of the land are composed. Blât was undoubtedly once a considerable place, as we can see from the extent of land its ruins now cover; and when I reflect on its situation—in the centre of the country, on the highest point of a chain of mountains, surrounded by a number of old villages and ruins—I am led to conclude that it must have occupied the first rank among the cities of the

interior. The whole mountainous country from Blât to the sea is visible from this spot—that is, from Tyre and the end of the wadi-Azieh, to the promontory called the Ladder of Tyre, which is crowned by the castle of Shemma—and farther south to Ras-Nakkûrah, the cape of 'Akka. The horizon is hidden on the south-east by the Jebel Jermak and the mountains of Safed. The hill villages of el-Jish, Sasa, and Rameh, appear in the same direction, elevated above the lower hamlets around. To the south-west you see the large village of Tershiha. I cannot say what parts of Lebanon and Hermon are visible from Blât, as both of these were hidden by clouds when I was there. Danûs pointed out several caves on the north-western side of the cliff; he called them prisons, probably on account of the stone doors, one of which still hangs in its socket before one of the largest of these caves. They are, however, the burial vaults of the old city. I was sorry time did not allow me to examine them more narrowly. I saw only one large water-tank between the stones; but these latter lay about in such confusion, and the intervening spaces are so overgrown with brushwood, that it is probable many more would be discovered were the ground cleared. Our search after tanks gave Danûs an opportunity of shewing me a low thickly wooded hill, at the southern base of Blât's rocky cliff; there were a number of wells in it, and also some large building stones which lay concealed amid the brushwood. He told me the name of these ruins was Churbet-el-Bassal. One thing struck me at Blât: the stones between the yet standing columns had been cleared away, and the ground had been ploughed and sown. Whether the fer-

tility of the soil near these ruins is so great that it repays the labourer fully for the labour of ascending this height with his yoke of oxen, and of sowing and reaping his crop in such a spot, or whether this is ground cultivated in secret, to escape the oppressive taxes of the Turkish rulers, is a question which remains to be solved. Blât is besides not the only spot where I have seen the people plough and sow among the rubbish; on the contrary, I have remarked this fact in nearly all the ruins which I have visited; though it struck me more forcibly here, because it requires so much toil to climb this height, and because the fertile soil around it lies waste and desolate.

I trust Blât will in future attract the attention of the archæological travellers in this land.

We again mounted our horses without having perceived any symptoms of robbers or enemies,—perhaps this may have been owing to the escort given us by the Beg. We went on through a level plain in a southern direction for about twenty minutes, and turned south-west by an old stone tank; half an hour later, the road turned to the west, and then west-north-west, in the direction of the castle of Shemma. The ground was undulating, but, on the whole, sloped gradually to the west. The base of the rock of Blât is, I should, say, about 2000 feet above the level of the sea. The slope from this to the castle of Shemma cannot be less than 800 feet. The country here is one of the most beautiful I have ever traversed in Upper Galilee. I would call it an extensive garden left to run wild, so thickly is the ground overgrown with forest and jungle. Here and there is some arable land, which seems to be extremely fertile,

shewing that woods and forests are not the only produce the rich soil can bring forth in such abundance.

You will ask, perhaps, is the curse of God not then visible in this region? Alas! what may we think of a country containing such rich blessings in its soil, but whose inhabitants have disappeared? A strange phenomenon this in the Holy Land! In those parts where rocks and stones would seem to scare the labourer from attempting cultivation, there the country is studded with villages and hamlets. The desolate barren fields speak loudly enough of God's curse; but where, on the contrary, woody groves and tall trees spring up luxuriantly from the fertile soil, there the hand of man is wanting to turn these riches to account; there you meet but a few wild Matawilehs, or some roving Bedouin tribe, whose thievish propensities keep all travellers at a distance.

About an hour's walk from Blât, Danûs shewed me on the north side of our path the ruins of Merwahîn, and a quarter of an hour further those of Mtûti. Half-an-hour beyond these, at the foot of a small hill on which lies the village of Jardein, he pointed out the ruins of Jarîn. A turn to the north-west led us away from a camp of Bedouins, which was pitched among these ruins, and twenty-five minutes after, we reached the village of Jebein. Danûs proposed I should pass the night here, as he said we could not reach the castle of Shemma before sunset. I had lost sight of it for some time, as the hills had concealed it; so he could tell me whatever he chose about its distance. Yet I thought it impossible the castle could be more than an hour beyond the village. I therefore desired Philip to

inquire about it at the village. Kâlat-Shemma, they said, was about three quarters of an hour's walk from the village. Somewhat angrily, I asked Danûs why he tried to deceive me, when he had been purposely sent by his master as a person whom I could trust and be guided by. The truth came out now: he thought it dangerous for us to pass the night in Shemma. The castle was infested by a band of robbers, who would not leave us unmolested; besides, he added, I know not one single hut where you could feel at ease. The people live in houses which should rather be called holes—the fragments of the ruins put rudely together, where, even should the thieves leave you in peace, you would be suffocated by the thick smoke, which has no outlet but the door. I was already well acquainted with such human abodes as Danûs was describing, and had felt too keenly the misery of them, not to accede gladly to his proposal of giving up Shemma for the night. To lose no time, however, on the following day we rode past Jebein, with its remains of antiquity, and went on to Terharfa, a village half an hour further on, but situated south-east of Shemma. Here we were received with much politeness by a venerable old shech, who brought us into his house. I know not if courtesy was natural to the old man, or if it was owing to the presence of Danûs, with that written order from Hamed-el-Beg; at any rate, the hearty and friendly reception he gave me was most welcome and agreeable after the fatigues of the day. Not that there was aught of wealth or luxury in his house, but the way in which, with true Eastern simplicity, they presented me all they chanced to have

at hand, made a most pleasing and favourable impression on me.

Terharfa is a village built mostly from the ruins of an old town. It does not lie on the high road through Palestine, but is situated aside from it, on the summit of Ras-el-Abiad (the White Cape), on which rises the castle of Shemma, and where, according to tradition, Alexander of Macedon cut the road which has since been called the "Ladder of Tyre."

When the shech affirmed that I was the first Frandji who had visited these secluded parts, at least during his lifetime, I was not surprised; but that I should be received with such hospitality in this Matawileh district of such bad repute—a spot where the passage of a European is a strange event—this indeed made me feel grateful for God's guidance and protection, and gave me fresh courage for the future.

According to the agreement we had made at Tyre, I was to meet Dr Kalley at el-Bussa. The storm at Tibnîn had, however, detained me much longer than I had expected, and I feared that the worthy missionary would have started for 'Akka, before I could reach el-Bussa. As it proved, I was right in my conjecture, for I did not meet Dr Kalley there. I had taken care to send Ferez the preceding morning straight forward to el-Bussa with my luggage, while I rode on with Danûs and my other guide to Shihîn, a village with remarkable remains of ancient walls, and surrounded by several other ruins. Shihîn lies about an hour and a quarter east of Terharfa, not far north of the road we had ridden over the day before, past Mtûti. It

was surprising to see the influence Danûs appeared to exercise over the villagers. Most of the inhabited places in the land are on elevated sites, so that the traveller can be seen approaching from a distance; while he, as he approaches, perceives the village chiefs sitting on some one roof of the village, or standing on the outer wall awaiting his arrival. I always felt this reciprocal system of espionage somewhat unpleasant, as you cannot be sure whether you are to meet friend or foe. This was just the case at Shihîn; but scarcely had Danûs, who rode a hundred paces or so before me, said a few words to the elders of the village, than, even at that distance, I could see them changing their hostile bearing. I could now dismount in perfect safety among them, and was even most courteously welcomed.

Before I had yet entered the Belad-Besharah, I had heard Hamed-el-Beg spoken of as one of the most arbitrary oppressors in the land. On reviewing my successful expedition, I have often asked myself whether the reverential obedience I every where saw paid to the orders of the Beg, on my way from Tibnîn to this place, could indeed be the result of an oppressive rule. I can hardly venture on a decisive answer, but I rather incline to the contrary opinion. Although my geometrical operations, happening as they did so soon after the recruiting business, may have excited wonder and suspicion among the inhabitants of Shihîn, they certainly showed nothing of it in their demeanour. I should have been utterly unconscious of the impression I was making, had it not been for Philip, who perhaps felt less at his ease, because he understood what was

whispered around us. But I passed safely through all. God was with me. I despatched Danûs back with an epistle of thanks to "our friend," Hamed-el-Beg, and, accompanied by the Tyrian chayal only, I took the path leading to Kâlat-Shemma.

The castle stands on the broad bare summit of the promontory of the before-mentioned Ras-el-Abiad. It has thus a commanding appearance. It is irregularly built, of an oblong octagonal form, with round towers in the Saracenic style at each of the angles. The long vaulted corridors in the wings of the castle are yet entire; but the interior of the building is a heap of ruins, where some poor families have taken up their abode. They have, outwardly at least, every appearance of being, as Danûs had said they were, a parcel of pilferers. The five windows in the northern wing give you some idea of the former style and plan of the edifice. The corridors meet in the towers, where they form a kind of vaulted room. On the north-west side there is a mosque with three white domes, and a half ruined minaret. A priest we met close by told us that Nabi-Shemma was buried here. There was something sinister in the aspect of the building. From the screeching owls and falcons which, disturbed by our arrival in their lonely dwellings, flew wildly about in circles above our heads, to the cowering inhabitants who were trying to conceal themselves in their miserable dens—all wore so unhomely and unfriendly an aspect, that I could well understand why Danûs had not chosen to conduct me hither. The very cats, two of which were devouring the half eaten remains of a horse, seemed animated by

the evil spirit of the place, for they were snarling and fighting over the carcase.

To save you trouble, I would tell you something of the history of Kâlat Shemma had I William of Tyre's book at hand; but not possessing it, I must refer you to the history of the Crusades, where you will find full particulars regarding the place. I have not been able to find traces of its existence previous to that period. Shemma is equal in size to the castle of Tibnîn, but inferior to it in strength, for it is not surrounded by a moat.

We descended by a path leading southward, so that we missed seeing the entrance of the wadi-Asiëh, and the Scala Tyriorum; but in their stead I examined some of the sarcophagi, water-tanks, and building-stones of Tell-Idmît. This is a hill the top of which rises at least 200 feet above the castle of Shemma, lying about half an hour's distance from the latter. The natural rock of the tell has received a regular form by the addition of terraces built of hewn stones of an enormous size. Some of the sarcophagi I saw at its base were ornamented with carving. Tell-Idmît bears unmistakeable traces of great antiquity.

A rocky and rugged path brought us, after three quarters of an hour's descent, to the ruins of Iskanderûnâ; these have nothing interesting in their outward appearance, though they deserve notice as the remains of Alexandroschene, the Castellum Scandalium of Maundrell. They are now in a much more desolate state than when that celebrated traveller visited them. They are situated in a kind of valley, at the southern base of Ras-el-Abiad. This position would seem to answer the

views of Alexander in erecting the fortress: he is said to have intended it as a retreat for his troops, when he was going to besiege Tyre.* Following the course of a small rivulet which rises somewhere in this neighbourhood, and is called 'Ain-Iskander, we found ourselves in a few minutes on the shores of the sea.

We were now upon the high road along the coast. It runs over a constant succession of jutting rocks, and thereby is of a much more stony nature than that between Tyre, Sidon, and Beirût. We met with numerous remains of the old Roman pavement. Half an hour farther we passed the entrance of wadi-Hâmûl. There are traces of an old city close by, which have been described by former travellers. Three columns yet standing, one entire, the other broken, besides a number scattered around, have clearly belonged to some temple, as one may see from the pediments. The nature of the stone, and the style of the architecture, are quite the same as at Blât. The Arabs call this building Um-el-amid, "the mother of columns," a figure which suggests the idea of there having been a great number of these. Farther on, in the interior of the valley, you see on a hill the ruins of Hâmûl, which I take to be the Hammon mentioned in Joshua xix. 28, in the portion of Asher. The southern point of the wadi-Hâmûl ends in a broad acclivity, at the top of which stands the village of Nakhûrah. The road below, near the sea, runs at the base of the rocks; about ten minutes further, that is, half an hour from Um-el-amid, you find a khân, called "Khân-Nakhûrah" after the village of that name, with a garden

* Scandalium was rebuilt in 1116 as a fortress for King Baldwin, before Tyre had fallen into the hands of the Crusaders.

and a few tamarisk trees, whose cool shade offers an agreeable resting place to such as wish to halt somewhere between Tyre and 'Akka. Ten minutes further on we passed an old bridge thrown over the bed of a winter-stream. You now approach the high and steep promontory of Ras-Nakhûrah, which hitherto concealed the large plain of 'Akka, and the Carmel ridge, which bounds the latter on the south. It cost us some effort to reach the top of this rock, by a zig-zag pathway cut into broad steps. These steps have perhaps occasioned the mistake I have met with in many books,—amongst the rest, in Ritter's excellent Geography—where Ras-el-Abiad (the White Cape) and Ras-Nakhûrah (the Rocky Cape) are both confounded with the Scala Tyriorum. I should think the vicinity of Ras-el-Abiad to Tyre is sufficient to indicate it as the Ladder of Tyre, Ras-Nakhûrah being seven hours from the city, and, whatever resemblance there may be in the difficulty of ascent of the two rocky paths, that over the Ras-el-Abiad being by far the most rugged. In a few minutes we had gained the summit. Here is an old tower, which formerly served as a post of defence to the mountain-path, and, at the same time, to take khafar or toll from all who passed. It is now turned into a small khan, where a draught of fresh clear water agreeably refreshes the weary traveller.

The landscape which now bursts upon the view is truly grand. The traveller sees at his feet an entirely new region. The mountain slopes steeply down to the south, and then begins the magnificent plain of 'Akka, enclosed on the west by mountains no less magnificent, and on the south by the classic Carmel, the moun-

tain of excellence, as its name implies. Here lies the celebrated 'Akka or Accho, according to the Old Testament—Ptolemais, according to the New. Three hours farther on lies Khaifa, a sea-port, formerly Khefa or Hefa, and many more now ruined cities mentioned in Holy Writ. Yonder is the calm still bay, at the foot of the Carmel, with its white shore and downs, above which waves a grove of date-trees; on the north side of the city are the gardens and summer villas, laid out and built by the last Pasha of 'Akka; and nearer still, on the left are the rich waving corn-fields and the green mountains of Zebulon and Asher, with their villages and castles, shaded by groves and gardens. Such is the scene of beauty which bursts on the traveller's sight as he approaches from the north.

Ras-Nakhûrah is the extreme point of a mountain chain which stretches nearly in a straight line from east to west from the coast to the centre of Galilee, and there joins the ridge of Shemma which comes from the north-west. This range was called Sharon by the Crusaders; but without reason, as the plain of Sharon, according to Scripture, must be sought for south of Carmel. The good knights seem indeed to have troubled themselves but little about the geography of Palestine, as they have made very strange mistakes about the sites of some of the cities, and one feels inclined to ask whether they were not totally unacquainted with the Scriptures. It seems, however, that man has an innate inclination to attach more importance to what his long buried ancestors may have said than to his own sober research. We can therefore understand why the geographical notions of the Crusaders, however mistaken and faulty, should

so long have been credited by writers on Palestine. We have now happily a better geographical idea of the Holy Land, grounded on the descriptions given in Scripture, and not upon the stories and legends of the pious Crusaders, and of the monks who followed in their footsteps. If comparatively little be known as yet concerning the localities of the Old Testament cities, still our topographical knowledge of Palestine increases from year to year, and I trust that, with God's help, my present excursion may be of use in this respect.

Forgive me for remaining so long on the summit of Nakhûrah; yet, now we are upon this subject, one word more I must add about the discoveries I have made up to this moment concerning the scriptural geography of the land. You will easily understand, my friend, that notwithstanding the number of books I have with me, and my hours of previous study, while travelling I can arrive at but few conclusions: the results of my labours are neither certain nor clear, ready to send you at once. Here and there, indeed, are some spots about which I no longer entertain the slightest doubt, and in such cases I speak freely of them to you; but the rest require elaborate and perhaps oft-repeated examination, for which no traveller can find time while on his journey. So for the present you will, I daresay, be satisfied to hear that I believe I have already discovered much, and have traced out many of Israel's lost cities. In good time I hope to impart to you the results of these my labours. I have made it a rule, and have put it in practice, as you can see in the present excursion, to speak more particularly of those

places about which earlier travellers have said little or nothing.

As a sample of the journey itself, I have added this time an account of all the difficulties I have had to wrestle with—the climate, the various discomforts of the road, the half savage inhabitants, with their unknown language, and other miseries of different kinds. Of course, I shall not always enter into such detail on these subjects; there will be other matters more important to write about, and, besides, the history of my travels would soon become as wearisome to you, as the reality will, I fear, be to me, if things go on as they do now. But let us patiently meet whatever it may please the Lord to send us.

And now farewell to our mountain height; we must away in a downward course.—Below is a fresh full stream, just what we were wishing for to refresh our horses. We now must turn to the left to reach el-Bussa, which lies about an hour from this place, at the foot of our mountain, and is called by the natives Jebel-Mûshakkah—the split or rent mountain.

I was struck by the sudden change of climate. Coming from the mountains of north-western Galilee, from 2000 to 3000 feet high, where spring had scarcely made its appearance, we found every thing far advanced in the plains of 'Akka. The soil was thickly covered with rich grass and sweet herbs. The flowery carpet surpassed in beauty all I have ever seen of the kind. I would require a chapter from Hasselquist to give you an adequate conception of the beauties of the fields in these days of spring. Shall I speak of our well-known friends, mallows and camomiles, wild marigolds

and ranunculuses, tansies, and clover of various sorts, or, passing over the commoner species—nettles and reeds—shall I try to paint to you the bright coloured anemones and variegated poppies, or tell you of sage and peppermint, rue and absinth, and other herbs innumerable of well known virtue; the hosts of which it would be useless to enumerate?

The nearer we came to el-Bussa, the more glorious was the scenery, Rain had fallen in abundance, and a stream which flows through these parts is another source of fertility. Here may be seen what the whole country must once have been, when the blessing of God still rested on it;—"A land of wheat and barley, and vines and fig-trees, and pomegranates, a land of olive-oil and honey." * In the verse preceding this one, water is mentioned as the chief source of such blessings; and every day it seems more clear to me, that the scarcity of water has occasioned the fearful desolation to which, according to His Word, God has given this land as a prey. The want of water has also brought a change in the climate. Hot it was at all times, but the fiery heat to which the land has now been exposed during so many ages, is to be ascribed to the absence of water only. When God shall see fit to change the curse of Palestine into a blessing, when His Word shall go forth, and the soil shall be watered as in the days of old, then indeed shall the land blossom and bring forth fruit in abundance; for such regions as the neighbourhood of el-Bussa, and valleys like those in the mountains of Naphtali and Asher, plainly show that the ele-

* Deut. viii. 8.

ments of a rich fertility are yet in its bosom, waiting, as it were, till the voice of the Lord call them to come forth and spread themselves over the land.

Aisel Yûsûf, the shech of Bussa, came to meet me at the entrance of the village. Ferez had brought my luggage to his house, and every thing was ready prepared for us. My first inquiry was for Dr Kalley, but I had missed seeing him; for having waited in vain for me two days, he had set off for 'Akka. The storm which had kept me prisoner at Tibnîn, had passed over Bussa. The good doctor could not therefore know why I delayed so long in the mountains. I had a mind, for one moment, to set out the same evening for 'Akka—it was but four hours' distance—but a messenger who just then arrived from the worthy missionary made me give up the plan. He wrote yesterday that he was to leave to-day for Nazareth, that he should remain there over Sunday (to-morrow), and be back again at 'Akka about the middle of the following week.

I have, at all events, the comfort of a good house to spend the Lord's day in. The clean house of Shech Yûsûf is a welcome sight, and the verdant meadows around the village are truly refreshing to the eyes. Breakfast being over, I wandered out to a fig-tree plantation on the upper side of the village, that is to the east of it; the ground was clothed in the new grass. In our country, where we sometimes grow weary of the extensive meadows, we prize grass but slightly; but here, where the eye rests on nothing but rock and stone, the fresh green covering has an inexpressible

charm. The cattle of the villagers, which had grown extremely thin during winter, were grazing on it. I let our horses and mules take their share of the young spring verdure. You should have seen how they revelled in it. I could almost have wished myself to be one of them. It was a pleasure to look at them. What springs of enjoyment are there not both for man and beast, when the Lord opens His bountiful hand, and what toil and penury for those who seek to be independent of His blessings and bounties! To-day there was nobody to whom I could open my heart upon what I felt; but you will understand how much, while gazing at this renewal of the earth's face, I enjoyed reading the 104th psalm, an enjoyment which was doubled as there was the thankful remembrance of the guidance and protection I had experienced during my wanderings in the Belad-Besharah. Yes, truly, "I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live; I will sing praise to my God while I have my being." I have thus been able to spend one part of the day in quiet meditation. Perhaps my host left me thus alone, because he thought I was out walking. I believe so—for it is, alas! a rule of hospitality with the Arabs never to leave their guests for one moment alone. Hardly was I at home again when Shech Yûsûf and a number of his friends, among whom was the priest of the village, came to me, and honoured me with their very polite, but, I must own, somewhat tiresome company. Yet, if you wish to get acquainted with the country and its inhabitants, you must learn to put up with such things. The more you associate with the natives the better.

The usual subject of conversation was the antiquities

of the land. As for Bussa, it contains no small treasure for archæological research. Glancing even superficially at the houses, you see at once that the large building-stones placed at intervals among the common small ones testify to its antiquity. Most of them, however, are not originally from this place, but have been taken from the ruins of a city called Ma'âsûb, a quarter of an hour's distance north-east of Bussa, on a rising ground at the entrance of a wadi. We shall one day know, I trust, what city this was in olden times; as for me, I have not yet found the clue to it. There is no doubt of Ma'âsûb having been once a place of great importance. You may see this by the massive building-stones, clearly of ancient Jewish origin; by the number of fragments of flowered mosaic pavement; tomb-stones with inscriptions in the ancient Greek; and sculpture-work probably from the days of the first Christians. Among some other stones with figures in the house of the priest, I saw a piece of a white marble tombstone, on which were two heads encircled with a crown of glory—a woman's head and that of a man—and under these a long inscription in ancient Greek, which, however, was partly broken and defaced. I have made an exact drawing of it; it may help me some day in acquiring some knowledge of Ma'âsûb.*

The inhabitants of Bussa are almost all members of the Greek Church. A few Mussulmans live among them, and a few fellahs of a Bedouin tribe which wanders about in the neighbourhood are frequently seen in the streets. Of these the latter are the true Arabs of the desert. They do not, however, lead an entirely wan-

* See Plate.

dering life, as do the great wild hordes of the Bedouins in the desert, but are comparatively stationary—that is, they and their cattle remain under their black goat-skin tents during the summer, or rather the dry season, and dwell in winter in caves of the rocks, without changing the locality of their abode.

I was struck to see how far the Greek portion of the population of Palestine surpasses the Matawileh in cleanliness and order. Christianity is a blessing to mankind, even in temporal matters, although it be mixed up as here with gross errors.

Dr Kalley has preached the gospel in this place, and I hope to some good effect. He has at least left matter for deep reflection to some of the people, among others to our shech, whose brow wore an anxious and thoughtful expression when the priest began speaking with me on religious subjects. To give you an idea of the ignorance of these poor people, I will just relate what the shech said to justify the adoration of the Virgin Mary. "Does not God command us," said he, "to honour our father and our mother? What would you more? If we are to honour our own mother, it is clear we ought to adore the mother of our God." Man's deceitful heart! what innumerable ways does it not find of eluding the free gift of grace, and the "I am the way: No man cometh to the Father but by Me." It seems willing to do all but follow that one narrow road.

The day which had begun so pleasantly ended in a disagreeable manner. The mukhari, who began to understand that I intended, God willing, visiting the mountains again to-morrow, demanded his wages, and

set off, accompanied by the chayal, for Tyre. It was no use trying persuasion, and endeavouring to prove to him that he was bound by the contract he had made with me to go on to 'Akka. Off he went, storming, and cursing my travels over impassable roads, as he perhaps justly called them. So I had now to help myself as best I could.

'AKKA, *February* 26.

Thus far I have been mercifully protected. From an upper chamber in the house of Mr D'aFinzi, the British consular agent, I send you the continuation of my tour from Bussa. Shech Yûsûf had excited my curiosity about the ruins of Karn or Kurn, situated four hours east-south-east of Bussa. So I resolved to travel in this direction, and to take the road to 'Akka, passing the villages of Mèllia and Tershiha, which lie a good hour further to the south-east.

The Castle of Karn stands at the upper end of the wadi-Karn, which is inhabited by the so-called Fellahîns. The shech believed no one had yet visited these ruins, except the Prussian consul at Jerusalem, the late Mr Schultz—a traveller whose taste for exploration had made him better acquainted with the Holy Land than any before him. He therefore feared I might not be safe among the Fellahîns unless I took one of themselves as a guide; and as some members of their tribe are constantly to be found in the neighbourhood, he had no difficulty in engaging on the following morning a certain Hassein, for the very moderate price of six piastres. With the help of the shech, I got, besides, some mules instead of those of my runaway mukhari;

and thus fitted out, my small caravan set out early on Monday morning for this interesting ruin.

Descending from Ras-Nakhûrah to the plain of 'Akka, you see before you, at an hour's distance to the south-east, the ruins of Hhamsîn, where a solitary column which has remained standing amid the surrounding rubbish instantly catches the eye. The road led us to the base of the hill on which these ruins are situated. Leaving afterwards the hill on our right hand, we passed a rich flowery plain, till we came to the entrance of the wadi-Karn. Close by, a small river issues from the wadi, and winds its way westward to the sea. Part of its water is led off to turn some mill wheels. One of these mills is called Um-el-Fur, and is surrounded by a fine fruit-garden. It was agreed that Hassein should meet us here, to lead us further into the road. There he stood waiting us, a pipe in his mouth, jet black hair and beard, dark complexion, and bare legs; he was armed with a large club, and had a tattered Bedouin cloak thrown over his shoulders. I recognised the soldier by his measured tread, and was therefore not surprised to hear that he had served as such under Ibrahim Pasha.

The wadi-Karn is a valley of extreme loveliness. Its lower hills are covered with grass and wild flowers; the fellahîns therefore encamp in this place with their flocks and herds. We met several of them. As you ascend higher, the hills are more and more thickly covered with woods and bushes. The higher you ascend, the brushwood becomes gradually more dense, and the path along the brook gradually more and more rugged, and soon so difficult and dangerous,

on account of the tangled brushwood and perpendicular rocks, that you are obliged to leave the wild and desolate hollow of the valley, and, ascending a steep slope, to follow a road leading to the summit of a mountain ridge, which encloses the wadi-Karn on the south or left side. This ridge, however, is narrow; the valley of Ain-et-Dîm, which runs parallel to the wadi-Karn, is immediately on the other side; while a succession of valleys continues on from this point until opposite 'Akka, all slanting to the plain in lines parallel to the wadi-Karn. We did not perceive a single village for a long time, so surrounded were we on all sides by woods and thickets. Nothing but the form and direction of the various valleys was visible. The range of rocks called Mûshakkah, which terminates in Ras-Nakhûrah, forms a kind of partition between these mountains and those situated further north in the Belad-Besharah, as if it were a gigantic stone wall thrown up between them. From this point, the high situation of Blât struck me much; with a telescope I could distinguish its columns rising far above the surrounding mountains. Hassein showed me some ancient stones about two and a half hours' distance from Bussa; he called them the ruins of el-Butrieh. A good half hour further he turned to the left towards the wadi-Karn, and made us then dismount, and lead our horses through the thick and tangled wood. After struggling through the branches and bushes which barred the way, we reached a spot from whence we had a full view of the wadi-Karn in all its magnificence; its proud cliffs, known to the eagle alone, its dark woods, its foaming waters, and the striking ruins of its castle. The hill,

on which stands the upper part of the fort, is so steep that you almost despair of climbing it. The aspect of the ruin is grand in the extreme. It is impossible, from the remains which still exist, to form any precise idea of what these buildings may formerly have been. Since the wars, too, between the Crusaders and the Saracens, Nature has so wreathed these remains with bushes and creeping plants, and concealed them with such a forest of brushwood, that you would first have to clear all these away before you could see the whole extent and form of the castle. On the top of the hill is a gateway, which seems to have belonged to a tower. It is constructed of huge old stones, probably of Canaanitish origin. Several similar massive stones are lying around; among others, two fragments resembling the capitals of columns. I did not, however, perceive the shafts lying any where near. These remains consist of hard limestone of a light yellow colour, the outside of which, however, has become black with age. A little lower, the whole mountain slope is covered with shattered ruins, even as far down as the river which runs several hundred feet beneath. Some of the vaulted arches of these remains are clearly of Saracenic origin. In other places, again, you recognise the style of the Crusaders; and quite below, near the river, is a Christian church, the choir of which is almost entire. Putting all together, it seems evident that Kâlat-Karn was formerly a Canaanitish fortress, and one of the keys of entrance to the interior; its position has appeared so important to the successive rulers of the land, that they have rebuilt and strengthened the shattered remains they have found. From want of sufficient notices,

I am not able to say with certainty under what name Kâlat-Karn was known in ancient history. Yet, from what I read in old pilgrimages, I think it probable that this was formerly Castellum Regis, and not the Castle of Montfort, as Mr Schultz, the late Prussian consul at Jerusalem, says. Among others, Le Tresdevot writes:*—"Eight miles from 'Akka, and eight from Toron (Tibnîn), are three castles; two of these, Montfort and Jedîn, are in the same valley, which is called Sennîn, and the third is built in a very lovely valley between the mountains, and bore formerly the name of 'Château real.'" He adds, that Josephus and Jerome make no mention of them, and that they were, therefore, probably founded after their time by the Latin Christians, or more properly, by the Teutonic knights, who for a long time defended these castles against Sultan Saladin. Without entirely adopting the opinion of this pilgrim regarding the founders of these forts, I must own there is no castle except that of Kâlat-Karn which can be said to be built "in a lovely valley between the mountains;" the valley is indeed extremely beautiful, surpassing in its natural scenery all I have seen in Galilee. In the pilgrimage of Johann Count of Solms, 1483,† we are told of Castellum Regis "that it stands three miles from Jedîn or Indin, in a valley, while Jedîn is four miles north-east of 'Akka, on the mountain of Sharon, both castles being under the rule of the German lords." The valley of Senyn (the Sennin of Le Tresdevot) he places four miles farther

* Voyage de Jeruzalem. Anvers, 1608

† Reisebuch des H. Landes; grundliche Beschreibung aller Meer—und Pilgerfahrten zum H. Lande, etc.—*Frankfurt*, 1584.

east. But I have often found that you cannot trust to what is said by these travellers. As for the castle of Jedîn, which was formerly held to be Sharon, as they thought Sharon must necessarily be sought for in this valley, the old traditions about it agree well enough with its real site. The castle stands in too conspicuous a position in the plain of 'Akka to allow of any mistake arising about it; but as for Montfort and Castellum Regis, the last of which Schultz holds to be Sassa, I can only give it as a supposition of my own that the former of these is Kâlat-Shemma, which I visited not long ago, and the latter Kâlat-Karn. Were Brochardus to be trusted, I should quote him in support of this opinion; for he says in his "Journey to the North-east of 'Akka," that "one mile (an hour's walk) north-east of the Castle of Jedîn or Indus, you find the Royal Castle in a spot abounding in everything;"—words which, in this barren land, can nowhere be so well applied as to the wadi-Karn. In another chapter of his "Journey to the North of 'Akka," he says of the castle Montfort or Monsferet:—"It is a castle inhabited some time ago by the brethren of the German order, but now desolate and forsaken; it is about four miles (five hours, which agrees well with the site of Shemma) from Toron (Tibnîn)." If the travellers of the present day in Palestine did but know what picturesque regions and interesting antiquities they pass over unnoticed, Kâlat-Karn would become a chief place in their excursions. They usually, however, if they come from the north, and have visited 'Akka and Mount Carmel, go by the way of Sefûris to Nazareth; or else, if they come from Jerusalem to Nazareth, they travel from the latter

to 'Akka, and then pass along the coast to Tyre, Sidon, and Beirût. I earnestly recommend them to try the road from 'Akka to Nazareth, passing the Kâlat-Jedîn and the Kâlat-Karn; a detour which will show them some of the most magnificent scenery in Palestine; they will find a good shelter for the night in the Christian village of Mèllia, which is an hour east of Kâlat-Karn.

I spent the greater part of the day in this romantic valley. In the meantime I had sent on Ferez with my mules to Mèllia, and had given him a letter of introduction for myself, addressed by Mr Atallah of Tyre to Shech Hâlil-Kasis. I have felt the benefit of these introductory letters more than once in this land. Should you ever visit it, make it a rule to provide yourself with such.

A hot oppressive sirocco had been blowing since the preceding day, and although it was yet early in spring, we already felt its parching feverish influence. You have often, I suppose, heard of this wind. It blows from a point between the east and south; it is not always equally strong, sometimes even light enough; but it brings with it a thick atmosphere, which covers the blue vault of heaven with a dark-grey vapour, and wraps all distant objects in mist. All constitutions are not equally sensible to its effects; but every man, animal, and plant, all nature in short, droops in some degree under its baneful influence. When you feel it for the first time, you fancy some illness is creeping over you; all physical strength seems more or less paralysed. If you give way to the feeling, it only increases. Activity and exercise, however great may

be the effort they require, when the sirocco is blowing, are much safer than idleness and repose. In Palestine this wind generally reigns in the spring months, March, April, and May. It sometimes, however, blows in summer, and is then extremely oppressive. At times even in the winter months (though rarely), it gets the upper hand over the winds then prevailing from the north-west and south-west, and after continuing for about twenty-four hours, it is followed by heavy showers and storms from the south-west. This happened now. The clouds burst on the following day; the air seemed to be discharging itself of all its superabundant electricity, and I esteemed myself fortunate in having found shelter in 'Akka with no greater mishap than a few showers.

We spent a most agreeable and interesting evening in the house of Shech Hâlil. Being apprised of my arrival, he had prepared a festive reception for us. It is well matters are not always so pleasantly and smoothly arranged for me as at Mèllia; my heart would perhaps be soon lifted up by the pride of prosperity.

Mèllia lies a little more than an hour to the east of Kâlat-Karn. Having reached the top of the hill, where the village lies surrounded by olive-gardens, we found the shechs and chiefs of the tribe assembled to receive me. Their respectful salutations, the courtly ceremony with which Hâlil welcomed me into his dwelling, the crowd which immediately gathered around us, the friendly and courteous style in which they addressed me with their poetical oriental blessings, all far surpassed my expectations; and then the hospitable profusion with which they presented sherbet, pipes, and

coffee, and a supper of rice, with boiled chickens. I knew not how to thank them sufficiently for the trouble they took, and the honours they paid me; nor can I assign any other reason for so stately a reception, than the kind and generous character of the shech himself, and the rare event of a traveller's visiting Mèllia.

The inhabitants of this village all profess the Greek religion. They are distinguished from their Moslem neighbours of Tershiha, which lies a little less than half an hour to the south-east, by cleanliness and neatness, for which they are remarkable, particularly in their houses. Mèllia has undoubtedly been an important place in olden times. This is apparent in the ruins of an old castle, in the lower parts of which you see the bevelled stones of the days of the Israelites. I cannot as yet find any place in the Scriptures which answers to this name. The ruins of 'Alia, between Mèllia and Tershiha, may perhaps be a guidance to those who wish to identify the cities of Joshua's division of the land, with the Arabic form of the old Hebrew names of these towns.

I profited by the kindness of my host to obtain information about this district—its old and new towns and villages. The extent of my travelling-notes was greatly increased that evening; and as each visitor who knew anything interesting or remarkable gladly availed himself of his knowledge to join in the conversation, I was not in want of matter, but rather of a pen quick enough to note down all that Philip was interpreting.

The night would have been peaceful enough had it not been for the rain, which, falling in heavy torrents,

made its way to our resting-places, and occasioned a general disturbance, as the cold drops woke us up, and obliged us to quit our couches. On the next morning the sky looked very threatening. I had time, fortunately, before the rain began anew, to make a sketch of the prettily situated village of Mèllia, and to take some measurements on a high mountain, just opposite the village of Tershiha, which can be distinguished from a distance by a mosque built on the top of it. The view over the surrounding country is particularly striking from this height. All around are high mountains, which rise in ranges, one above the other—the dark-coloured woody Jebel-Jermak towering above them all to the south-south-east. Then follow the hill-villages of Rameh and Sassa. The Blât mountains of north-western Galilee appear in the north. In the foreground lies the large village of Tershiha, with its minaret and fine clear pond; all around are extensive valleys, carefully cultivated, with corn-fields and olive-gardens. To the west is a chaos of huge rocks, above which towers the Kâlat-Jedîn; while the sea, with the villages scattered along its coasts, and the mountains of Carmel and Nakhûrah, bound the horizon. I should doubtless have been able to distinguish Lebanon, Hermon, and the mountains of Ephraim, if the sky had not been so cloudy.

When I returned to Mèllia, having finished my task, I found there the Moslem governor or metzellim of Tershiha, who had come to pay me a visit of etiquette. I was pressed to remain longer; and although I should gladly have complied with the invitation, yet time and duty recalled me to 'Akka. This is not the first time

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[illegible]

[illegible]

road. He had now been running after me; and although I was angry at the trouble he gave me, yet there was nothing for it but to send Ferez with him for safety, or rather to set him at ease,—for Ferez was equally unarmed, and could not have withstood an attack from the fellahîns. Although the mukhari was afraid, real danger there was not; for I feel sure that Shech Halîl would not in that case have let me depart without warning and protection.

You see thus, my friend, what continual difficulties, both great and small, attend travelling in this land. Without a great fund of patience you would soon give it up as a bad job, however interesting such explorations might be. The want of sufficient safety I look upon as part of the curse of God over this country; for not only does it deter travellers from coming here, but all inland communication, commerce, and industry, are hindered by it.

Accompanied by Philip, I took the path which leads to the Castle of Jedîn. We met not a single human being on our solitary way. We roused only some timid gazelles and numerous coveys of partridges from their places of rest. I was following a pathway between some rugged cliffs, but I perceived it would lead me too far north of Jedîn into the plain. Yet I would not willingly miss seeing the old castle, and tried, therefore, to reach the height on which it stands, and which was now separated from me by a valley. I got on tolerably well as we went down, although it was difficult enough for the horses to make their way through the thorny *belèn*, which grows here in great abundance, and over the flinty rocks. But how I got

up the opposite slope I know not. The brushwood, which from afar had not seemed so difficult, was one complete thick tangle—and that on a steep rugged slope too. There was no choice: I had either to turn back, or to force my way on. I succeeded in this, and Philip crept on through the passage I made with my horse. We came off with some few bruises and scratches, but were ill repaid for all this trouble. Scarcely had we reached the summit, when a heavy shower poured down upon us. I approached the castle, but not knowing what set of people might lodge in it, I thought it better not to seek shelter there. Judging from the bleating of goats and barking of dogs, I should say that Kâlat-Jedîn serves at present as a cattle-shed to the fellahîns. The high solid walls and vaults of the edifice are of the same construction as those of Shemma and Tibnîn.

The road from this place to 'Akka follows, for the first half hour, the slanting mountain ridge, and afterwards runs along the hollow of the valley above which the castle is built. This fortress has a particularly proud and commanding aspect when you approach it from the plain beneath. I arrived at the end of the wadi a good hour beneath Jedîn. Here I found an old well surrounded by large troughs, and shaded by fig-trees. The road is now broader, and on each side there are fields carefully cultivated. Passing through these, you come to Umma* and Kwekat, two villages about half an hour from each other, and having traces of ancient origin. The latter is a wretched hamlet of some few huts, many of which are half sunk in the

* The Umma mentioned Joshua xix. 30.

ground, being but holes or pits with cone-shaped roofs covered with branches, which are plastered over with mud and lime. The large village of Best'an, and the smaller one of Kefr-Yasîf, lie to the left of this against the rising hills. A fine plain, covered with olive trees, lies between these villages. To the right, beside the road, you come to a ruin with a mosque and a couple of houses. The natives call the place Shech Daûd (i.e. David). From this spot it requires two hours' riding at a quick pace through the plain to reach 'Akka. A large portion of the land here is uncultivated, though the ground is entirely of fertile black mould. From the town being situated so low on the shore, you can see nothing of it until you have passed an aqueduct which conveys the water from the hills on the north-east to the fortress, and till you are beyond the gardens of the Pasha's summer residence. The high dome of 'Akka's great mosque next appears in sight, and at length you reach the outer batteries of this celebrated fort. The number of uniforms which meet your eye convince you this must be the central point of Syria's military power; and if you be happy enough to arrive at the gates before sunset, you may lie down in perfect ease and security within the city walls. Before I could enjoy this privilege I had however a slight obstacle to overcome, for, alas! when I rode up, the gates were closed, the sun having been set for the last ten minutes. I did not lose courage, notwithstanding the long faces of some soldiers who were in the same predicament as myself, and who stood looking at me as though they would inquire what I could yet be hoping for, since I was in the same case as

they. Knocking loudly, I called out "Chawadja Englisi: Firman Sulthan;" and, behold! a small wicket was opened in the lower part of the gate. A head appeared, which muttered something in Arabic, of which I only understood: baksheesh! I gave an assenting nod, and raised the firman on high, when immediately the closed gate swung open, and to the no small wonder of the bystanders (and of myself, too, be it owned), I walked into the fort! It was fast getting dark, twilight here being very short. Stranger as I was, I thought the best I could do would be to get myself conducted to the house of Mr D'aFinzi, the consular agent of her Britannic Majesty. I reached his gloomy dwelling, passing on my way the now shut and lonely bazaar. At length I found myself in safety. We could understand each other, though in a strange medley of broken German, English, and Italian—Philip interpreting what the good man could only express in Arabic.

His first care was to bid me welcome, and lead me to a dirty upper room, where he handed me some letters which had been sent to me under his care from Beirût. After a short talk he began planning means of finding a lodging for me. His opinion was, that I would be more comfortable in the house of the American consular agent, Mr Jurius Jumèl, a native of the place, than in his own house. So I followed him to the residence of this gentleman, where I found Mr Rogers, secretary to the British consulate at Jerusalem, and Mr Schwartz, missionary at Nazareth; they had both come to 'Akka to seek redress from the Pasha against the Latins of Nazareth, who had broken into

the missionary schoolhouse and beaten the children, hoping by their violence to put a stop to his efforts to spread the gospel.

Mr Jumèl's house is better provided with European comforts than most of the dwellings in this country. Mr D'aFinzi sensibly enough concluded, that such a house would be very welcome to a weary traveller; but as the visitors' apartments at Mr Jumèl's were occupied by the two English gentlemen, he offered me his own upper room, provided I were pleased to put up with it as it was. "It would be difficult," said he, "to find accommodation in the convent at so late an hour, or even in the private locandas, as they are called; for people are accustomed in this land to see travellers arrive before sunset." And is this, then, St Jean d'Acre! thought I, the city so widely celebrated in the Crusaders' days—the capital of the Knights Templars and of the Christian warriors in the East—the city of beauty, wealth, and strength, where each member of the great "Union of Christian princes," nineteen in number, had his separate quarter—the grand landing-place of their armies—a spot where I now had difficulty in finding a place of shelter for the night?

I was both tired and hungry, faint and exhausted, by the fatigues of the day and the fasts I had been obliged to keep; and Ferez was now probably standing hopelessly before the closed gates.

"Nun, da haben zie dan un poco di fromaggiò, mit ein gläschen schöne vino rouge," said the British consular agent, pushing, as he spoke, his gold-laced cap back on his disorderly hair; "das soll fur to day genug sein. Morgen gibt's besser."

It was in fact both welcome and sufficient. I slept that night, too, as comfortably on a pair of blankets spread on the floor, as if I had been surrounded by all the luxuries of this world.

The storm was as violent as ever on the following day. Ferez appeared at last, poor fellow, complaining bitterly of the mukhari, whose fears had obliged him to remain outside all night.

I long for spring, but Signor Finzi tells me that "the latter rain," or real spring storms, must be over before we can expect permanent dry weather. Being confined to this upper room all the forenoon, I looked through some of my books, to recall to memory the various vicissitudes this city has witnessed. I shall not weary you with long extracts of what you can yourself gather from a multitude of books; but a few notices I can give you to help you on your way. Thus you will find this place mentioned in Judges, i. 31, under the name of Accho, as one of the places from which the inhabitants were not expelled by the tribe of Asher, no more than the inhabitants of Achzib, the present village of Zib, situated on the sea-shore, two and a half hours north of 'Akka. 'Akka is often mentioned in the Book of the Maccabees. In the New Testament the city is called by its new name (Acts xxi. 7), where it is said of Paul, that having arrived at Ptolemais from Tyre, he saluted the brethren there, and abode a day with them. Dapper, who has closely studied the history of 'Akka, speaks of it as a city of refuge for the Persians against the Egyptians; subsequently it was taken by Alexander Pheles, King of Syria, the son of Antiochus Epiphanes, who

made it his place of residence. In 636 A.D., it fell into the hands of the Saracens, headed by Omar. After this, 'Akka, under the name of St Jean d'Acre, played an eminent part in the Crusades, especially when, after being taken in 1187 by Saladin, it fell into the hands of the Christians four years later. The latter kept possession for 100 years of this strong key to the land. In the beginning of this period, Jerusalem declined a little from its high station, and 'Akka increased in greatness and power, to a degree no other city in Palestine ever attained. Then the haven of 'Akka was crowded with ships from all the commercial nations in Europe. The pilgrim hordes first stepped ashore on its pier. Mighty kings and princes gathered their treasures within its walls, and adorned the fair city with splendid churches and palaces. Others again, such as Richard Cœur de Lion of England, Philip Augustus of France, and St Louis, fortified it with almost impregnable walls and ramparts. During that period, the Templars, the Hospitallers, the German Brethren of the Cross, and Knights of St Lazarus, ruled in 'Akka with a high hand. In 1263 it was indeed attacked, and even besieged till 1272, by Bendokar, King of Egypt; but Henri de Lusignan, King of Jerusalem, managed to make peace with him, and persuaded him to retire. But the year 1291 put an end for ever to 'Akka's power. After a bloody combat, the city fell into the hands of el-Ashraf, Chief of the Saracens. The whole Christian population was barbarously massacred, with the exception of a small number, who escaped from the bloody scene by taking refuge in their ships. The city was set on fire, and

with it fell the sway of the Christians in Palestine. Dapper, in his description of the destruction of 'Akka, quotes the remark of a certain writer, who says:—"All the elements seemed to have united their powers to annihilate this city; the very soil was stained with the blood of its inhabitants; the waters swallowed them up alive; the flames reduced in a very short time these splendid buildings to ashes, and the inhabitants were suffocated by the clouds of vapour and smoke which rose from the conflagration." From the mighty hand of the Saracens, 'Akka passed under the cold and deadening rule of the Turks. Having glutted their wild passion for murder and plunder in conquering all those lands which have since formed the empire of the Sultan, this nation seems to have given itself up to the slumber of death. The Turkish empire, in this respect, somewhat resembles a drunken man, who, in the first stage of his excitement, beats wildly about him, and is to be dreaded by all who would approach him; but he soon sinks exhausted, and can make no attempt even to resist the slumber which overcomes him. 'Akka has never been rebuilt. The rubbish has not even been cleared away. The ruins of the palace of the Grand Master of the Templars were converted by the Emir Fachr-ed-Dîn into a castle for himself; but his sway was too feeble, and lasted too short a time, to raise 'Akka again to power and wealth. Shech Daher, an Arabian prince, after he had freed himself from the rule of the Porte, had a number of new houses erected within the ruins of 'Akka; his head, however, was struck off, and with him perished his undertaking in 1775. Jezzar Pasha, his successor, a monster of cruelty, the like of whom our

earth has but seldom seen, took some trouble in building, or rather rebuilding 'Akka. He erected, among other edifices, the large mosque, whose dome is visible from a great distance. Ali Beg, the traveller, remarks with some reason that the style of this mosque rather reminds you of a coffee-house or casino, than of a mosque. The court is surrounded by galleries supported by pillars, and is surmounted by a handsome dome. In the centre is a garden with a beautiful fountain. The mosque is square, and has a fine portico; it is adorned with marble stones and arabesques, and the pillars are richly carved; yet "there is nothing grand which strikes the eye with the majesty of an ancient temple." The part which had been latterly rebuilt was thrown down in 1799, when Napoleon bombarded the town. After this, Ibrahim Pasha, the General of Mehemet Ali, took possession of 'Akka, and fortified its bulwarks; his rule only lasted for a short time, for the English fleet, supported by that of Austria, attacked the city and took it on behalf of the Sultan in a few hours. The traveller of the present day thus finds within these high walls and solid ramparts a collection of rubbish from nearly every period of history. Some have thought they recognised among these ruins the great church of St John on the western side, and that of St John the Baptist in the centre of the city, near some remains of the palace which belonged to the Knights Templars. I must, however, own, that I can identify nothing with certainty about these buildings, though I examined the plan of 'Akka as it was in the days of the Crusaders. Signor D'aFinzi was polite enough to accompany me through the dirty streets of

the town. Here you must make your way over a confused heap of rubbish, there step over a broken pillar, near which lie the fragments of its capital; farther on, you see large old building-stones scattered about; yonder, again, are modern walls full of breaches, and crumbling away; in short, would you form a picture of the Turkish 'Akka of our days, you must fancy an extensive ruin, in the midst of which rises a large mosque, and scattered over these ruins a few houses and barracks, enclosed within high fortified walls, as if the treasures of the world were gathered here at the present time, even as they were in the days of yore. From its being the central point of the military forces of Syria, its streets are always crowded with soldiers. If you look at them sauntering lazily through the bazaars, and compare their slouching gait and slovenly costume with the military air and bearing of our Western European soldiers, you will form a poor opinion of their warlike capacities.

The affair of the missionary Schwarz was to be brought before the Pasha this day. As I desired to have a special letter of recommendation to the village chiefs, in the same style as that from Hamed-el-Beg, I accompanied the English gentlemen to the divan. Signor Finzi, as the representative of the British Minister at 'Akka, was of course present.

The dignitaries of 'Akka were assembled round the Pasha—a small Turk of mean appearance. He was seated in a small upper room, which had nothing in its construction or furniture worthy of the name of an audience-chamber. But how should it, in this miserable town? It was a large empty room, three sides of

which were furnished with low broad benches, covered with cushions. The Pasha was seated in a corner of the apartment, dressed in a shabby soiled redingote; which, by the way, seems to be a favourite dress with the Turks in their attempt to reform their outward appearance. Next to him sat Chawadja Rogers the British secretary, perhaps rather young for such a business; then came Mr Schwartz, the mufti, and several cadis and other dignitaries.

I sat opposite to them in the crowd. Signor Finzi kept me *au courant* of what was going on by interpreting. Some of the accused Nazarenes were present, but the leaders of the sedition were not; the metzellim of Nazareth was also absent, and without him the trial could not go on in due form. As usual, the defendants denied the accusation; but although Mr Rogers, with all the fire of a young Englishman, insisted on having satisfaction rendered for the insult they had dared to offer to a British subject (for so was the complaint worded), yet the Pasha declared he was bound to act according to the advice which should be given him by the mufti, and the other members of the Divan. Their judgment was,—that seeing the accused persons were not all present, it was necessary the British secretary should have the goodness to wait until they could be summoned anew. Now this little affair is just a specimen of Turkish policy in weightier matters. The government has not sufficient authority over its subjects. The latter are seldom long in connection with Europeans, without being guilty of some fraud or misdemeanour towards them. The respective ambassadors or consuls are called in, and satisfaction is demanded

for the injury; but if the feeble, narrow-minded Turkish authorities foresee any danger to themselves in the business in question, they endeavour by all sorts of artifices to lengthen out the difficulties, till the whole affair dies a slow death, so to speak, from the time they take to settle it. So it was in this case. Signor Finzi whispered to me, he felt almost certain the Latin Patriarch of Nazareth had bribed the Pasha or his Mufti, or perhaps both!

Do you wonder now, my friend, that I should endeavour, more and more earnestly every day, to bring to light the curse which this government is laying on Palestine, as well as on its other possessions? The injustice is too glaring to be viewed with indifference.

Here is another episode for you from the sitting of the Divan yesterday. A poor old man approached the Pasha, with tears in his eyes, in a suppliant posture, to demand justice against some Turkish soldiers; the latter had met him on the high road on the preceding day, and had robbed him of two camels, his only means of subsistence, under the pretext that they required these animals to carry their goods. He was driven away as a dog from the Pasha's feet. A rich usurer of 'Akka, on the contrary, brought a loud and noisy complaint against two poor Druse-shechs of neighbouring villages, who were not able to pay the interest claimed by him. Whether a secret baksheesh had preceded his complaint, I know not; but I understood a severe punishment was ordered to the poor shechs. How true is it, that the poor useth entreaties, but the rich answereth roughly! *

* Prov. xviii. 23.

I returned home, having passed three weary hours in this house of iniquity. I was strongly impressed by what I had witnessed. Empire of Turkey! the measure of thy sins is well-nigh full. The Powers of Europe may design what they will to support thine independence, with a view to their own interests; many an impending war with the mighty states thou hast insulted may be warded off for a while; deeply sunk as thou art, thou canst not endure much longer. An inward disease doth prey upon thee; thou standest yet, to the wonder of all, by the help of those Powers which act upon thee as neutralising forces; but let but the hour come when thou shalt give some cause of offence to those who now protect thee most, and from them shalt thou receive, through God's direction, the heavy chastisement thou art drawing upon thyself.

It rains continually to-day, so I am obliged to remain prisoner within 'Akka, waiting for sunshine. I took a walk this morning over the fortifications. For this I was obliged to have the Pasha's permission, and the escort of a Turkish officer and a kavas. What precautions for such shattered batteries! yet I must own they satisfied my curiosity with great civility. Signor Finzi accompanied me, to give any necessary information. The views from the ramparts of 'Akka over the great plain, the mountains of Galilee, Mount Carmel, and the sea, are beautiful and extensive. As for the batteries they have no lack of guns: no less than 320 pieces, of all sizes, were ranged along them; among these were 23 mortars, most of them bearing the mark of the French Republic of 1795. I saw also among them several English guns. Yet you must not form too high

an idea of the strength of this fort from these figures. The number may be large, but the quality of the materials makes them of little value. Suffice it to say, that 'Akka is a fort under the Turkish rule. The gun carriages are worn by the rain and sun; the cannons are most of them out of order, and covered with thick masses of coal-tar; the balls are rusty, and thereby unfit for their respective pieces; in short, even a superficial observer can see at a glance, that the highly-famed fortifications of this town are now nothing more than a lumber-store of old artillery pieces. I half suspect this is the reason why no person may visit the ramparts, but with the express permission of the Pasha. Meanwhile, is it not strange that the arsenals of France and of England should, through various causes, have furnished ammunition to this fort? And thus is Turkey supported in every way by the Powers of Christendom, whose subjects she nevertheless treats with a blind and fanatical oppression.

The walls of the fort have been partly rebuilt or refortified by English engineers, after the bombardment of 1841. Yet the present strength of 'Akka is very insignificant, being a medley of fortifications of nearly every period in history. The wall running along the sea is provided with subterraneous magazines. The officer who accompanied me, showed me the spot where Napoleon's troops first mounted the breach, and a few yards further south, the ruins of the lighthouse, near which the two first Englishmen stepped on the rampart in 1841.

When I had looked at every thing, Signor Finzi whispered to me, that I was to give the officer and the

kavas a baksheesh of five piastres each. As to the kavas, well and good, but to the officer I felt ashamed to offer it. Just imagine one of our officers receiving orders from his general to lead a stranger through the fortress and shew him the batteries, and afterwards holding out his hand for a shilling as a reward—a disgraceful idea, is it not?—nevertheless, my Turkish lieutenant received the piastres Mr Finzi gave him for me with a military salute. Alas! poor nation, sunk so low! Sacrificing everything for money.

I would now close my letter, my friend, but that I hope to-morrow, if the weather be fine, to make a tour on the hills to the east and south-east of this place. I will give you an account of it from Khaifa, which is only three hours' distance from 'Akka; so that I can, without difficulty, send the latter from thence via 'Akka, over to Beirût.

KHAIFA, *February* 29, *Sunday.*

IT is still early in the morning. I am sitting down betimes to relate to you my tour to Yerka, Medjel-Kerûm and Shef-Amar, that I may afterwards spend the day in rest and peace. The friend I have been so long looking out for—Dr Kalley—arrived here yesterday evening about the same time as myself, and I rejoice in the thought of spending this day in his edifying society. I am in need of such. You think, perhaps, that a journey in the Holy Land must conduce, more than all else in the world, to fill you continually with holy ideas and impressions—ideas which must lead to an uninterrupted communion with Christ! But how widely different, alas! is most frequently our conception from

reality. You must remember the restless life I lead—ever on horseback; the fixed attention required each moment, that nothing may escape my observation while journeying; and then the weariness and exhaustion when at last I arrive at the different villages—to-day here, to-morrow there; remember too how unfit the mind is under such circumstances for meditation and reflection, rendered still more difficult by the wearisome ceremonial etiquette of a hospitable host. And then, also, you must bear in mind the bustle attending our departure; the breaking up, packing, and loading which, with the most active efforts, take me at least two hours; to which you may add the daily vexations I have to endure from servants, guides, muleteers, and sometimes from the natives. After all this, you may form some idea how welcome the Lord's day is to me, as a day of rest for both body and soul.

The storms had spent their fury yesterday, as I had hoped. Signor D'aFinzi came to me early, to impress upon me once more, before my journey, what he had often told me in the short time I had been with him, namely, that the services which he renders the English government in his capacity of agent are surely not paid as they should be. It is true he gets some small profit by the English ships which touch at 'Akka, and employ him as agent; but these small gains do not at all compensate for the trouble his official post gives him in many ways. Mr D'aFinzi has now occupied for many years the office of Consular agent for her Britannic Majesty. He showed me a portfolio which contained the warmest testimonials of the zeal and hospitality he has shown towards British subjects; especially

to the British fleet in 1841, and still more particularly to the English engineer officers, Symonds and Aldrich, whom he accompanied as dragoman in their difficult expedition. It is also true that when I inquired whether these services had not had some pecuniary reward, Mr D'aFinzi answered in the affirmative; but he remarked very truthfully that the testimonials implied something beyond the mere fulfilment of a previous bargain. Signor Finzi wishes to have from the British government, in addition to the honour of the post which he now occupies, some payment as an acknowledgment of the services he renders. He told me that he had applied for it several times to the British authorities, but hitherto without success. Latterly, he had kept a list of all the British ships which had touched at 'Akka during the past year, whose commanders had signed a written acknowledgment of his services. He came to request I would be his advocate, should Providence give me an opportunity. I replied I thought this improbable, although not impossible. I thought the best way to help him at present, would be to communicate these facts to you, my friend. You might possibly have an opportunity of mentioning the matter to some person in authority in Great Britain. Should this happen, I shall very willingly add my testimony as to Mr D'aFinzi's zeal and readiness to assist me, as a traveller recommended to him by the British consul at Jerusalem; and shall gratefully acknowledge the kindness he showed to me. I am ignorant what reasons there may be for allowing him no salary; they must be good ones; yet I must take the liberty of remarking that his claims to a salary, which has been granted to

Dr Assad-Y-Kayat, the British vice-consul at Jaffa, a person well known in England—seem to me just and equitable.

Besides my usual caravan, I was accompanied for safety by an armed guide, and provided with a written address from the Pasha to the village chiefs, requiring them to assist me on my way. We rode on through the muddy streets of 'Akka, and its crowds of slovenly insolent soldiers, who, notwithstanding their incessant beating of drums and flourishing of trumpets, have made this town a place of riot and disorder. We went on to the east-north-east for an hour and a half across the plain, which is here tolerably well cultivated, till we came to the rocky slope beyond the village of El-Mekr, which is surrounded by a pretty grove of olive trees. We then went on for another hour and a half to the Druse village of Yerka. You have an excellent view of the plain from this point, with its villages and ruins. Yerka is situated about as high as the convent of Mount Carmel. It is a village of ancient date, as its remains clearly testify. The Druses were hospitable; and, as usual, treated me to coffee while I was taking some measurements; yet they were, on the whole, less respectful than the Matawilehs of Belad-Besharah. Continuing in the same direction, the mountain-path becomes steeper and more difficult on account of the rocky nature of the soil. An hour and a half past Yerka the road takes a south-easterly course. I found here seven old wells, and at some distance from these a hamlet, which my guide told me is supplied with water from these wells. He called the spot Churbet Meblé. The road after this turns again to the

north-east, sloping down from a steep height to a beautiful valley beneath. The north-east part of this valley is called the Merj-Nerob, and is bounded by a high and steep mountain ridge. Just at our feet lay the village of El-Ba'neh, with its old ruins, olive gardens, and a fine pond. To its left, at the foot of a rocky wall, is the hamlet of Deir-el-Aṣad. There appear to be several natural caves in the rocks here. Farther north-east is the village of Nahef; and still further, the ancient Rama of Naphtali,* on the summit of a high hill. The valley joins a rather well cultivated plain to the south-east. You see here the ruins of a castle of the time of the Crusaders, called Deir-Hana, or the Convent of St John. Under the name of el-Marâh, the valley stretches to the south-west and south; in it is the village of Medjel-Kerûm, about a quarter of an hour south of Ba'neh. We saw some ruins on an eminence on the east side of the valley. The guide said they were also called El-Ba'neh: there is a column still standing, around which are scattered the remains of a temple, whilst the fresh ploughed field was strewn with small cubes of limestone and marble, which probably formed the mosaic pavement of the temple. I noticed in the hard yellow limestone of which the pillars are made a number of fossils.

Another half hour's ride brought me to the Moslem village of Medjel-Kerûm. The shech here at first seemed rather unwilling to receive us. His dirty abode, too, was certainly not inviting. But the guide showed the Pasha's letter, and the door immediately opened. His reception fell far short of all those I had hitherto had.

* Joshua, xix. 36.

He obeyed, indeed, but not from his heart. What can one say of such hospitality?

The valley turns south-west near Medjel-Kerum, opening to view the convent of Mount Carmel. It is one of the finest glens I have yet seen; everywhere arable land and olive gardens; no want of fresh verdure. Twenty minutes past the village, the guide left the beaten path, and brought me to a hill, where, under the shade of a very old garub tree, are the ruins of Jalun, covered with brushwood and weeds. Perhaps this was the Allon from whence ran the boundary line of Naphtali to Za'anannim.* If this conjecture be correct, then, probably, the rocky mountain ridge which extends along Medjel-Kerum, and further north-east till past Ba'neh, formed part of the boundary line between Naphtali and Asher.

We returned to the road, and descended south-west by an uneven footpath. A narrow gully on the left hand leads to the great plain of Zebulon; but it lay out of my course at present. We soon arrived at the village of Berûweh, from whence we again had a view of 'Akka and the plain. This village is about one hour and three quarters from Medjel-Kerum, and has a few ancient remains. Ten minutes past the village is a large well, from which the inhabitants are supplied with water. This is the south-eastern boundary of the plain of 'Akka. Following the road southwards to Shef-Amar, you pass the ancient village of Damûn,† with remarkable vaults. A little beyond this, about half an hour to the west, or to the right, is a large artificial hill, upon which, as my guide told me, are

* Joshua, xix. 33. † *Dimna*, Joshua, xxi. 35,

old wells and fragments of columns. The name of this hill is Tell-Marjâni. Perhaps we may assume it to be the Mar-Alla of the tribe of Zebulon;* which, according to that verse, we must seek for near the Kishon—"the river that is before Jokneam."

Having passed et-Tireh and Tumrah, two villages on the right hand, you arrive at a sort of hollow or basin, formed by some low hills bordering the plain of 'Akka. The soil in this place was but little cultivated; but, on the other hand, it was thickly covered with shrubs, and the air loaded with the rich perfumes of their sweet-smelling blossoms. At a little distance to the left lies Abelîn, already pointed out by the Scotch missionaries, in their journey in 1839, as the ancient Zebulon.† From both the names of the tribe and of a town belonging to that tribe being the same, it was doubted whether the verse in question does not refer to the tribe; but Josephus has cleared up all doubt upon the subject. As Bachiene remarks, Abelîn lies about two hours from Berûweh. You perceive from afar its proud arched battlements and minaret. Had time allowed me, I should willingly have explored this village, but we journeyed on, completing the semicircle we had described across the plain by passing through Shef-Amar. This village is close to Abelîn, and has a commanding aspect from a large castle which rises high above the surrounding houses. It is inhabited by Druses and Moslems. I stopped for a short time at the house of the shech, a stout arrogant Druse. My guide showed him the Pasha's letter, which he received with an "el-rasi (upon my head);" but he kept close

* Joshua, xix. 11. † Joshua, xix. 27.

by the letter of the document,—that is, he showed me, indeed, the interior of the empty half ruined Turkish castle, at the foot of which is his house, and gave me the names and directions of the ruins he knew in his district, but further he took not the slightest trouble, nor did he show me the least degree of the civility with which it is usual to receive strangers. On the contrary, he sat down most unceremoniously, throwing back his head disdainfully, as if he would oppose his own importance to the Pasha's letter.

The way I was received everywhere in the province of 'Akka showed me plainly in what relation the governor stands with regard to his subjects. I was not inclined to remain longer than necessary at Shef-Amar. I had soon explored the arched vaults, the galleries, and the upper chambers of the ruined castle (these are mostly used now as goat-stalls), and had also written down my notes regarding the ruins. Hearing, then, from the old people who surrounded me, that the English engineer officer, Mr Symonds, had made Shef-Amar one of his chief points for observations, which Signor Finzi had also told me, I thought it would be but loss of time to remain longer with the inhospitable peevish shech. The ruins he had named are for the most part in the neighbourhood of this village, Kabul,* among the rest, lying about an hour and a half north-east of Shef-Amar.

The view from the top of the castle over Mount Carmel and the plain is a treat for which it is worth while putting up for a few moments even with a disagreeable old shech. How is it that travellers pass over so many important places?

* Kabul. Joshua, xix. 27.

The journey through the plain, from Shef-Amar to Khaifa, occupies three hours and a half. The only points which attracted my attention were Jedrû, a ruin with the remains of an old Roman castle, and Tell-Kurthani,* with an ancient mill and numerous old building stones; I left the road for a few minutes to explore them. Having reached the sea-shore, we passed the Kishon, considered, on account of its quicksands, the most dangerous river in the land. This explains the 21st verse of Judges v., in which Deborah and Barak rejoice for the victory obtained over Sisera's host, singing,—"The river of Kishon swept them away, that ancient river, the river Kishon;" the army of the enemy was defeated near the waters of Megiddo—the sources and side-streams of the Kishon; they that fled had to cross the bed of the torrent; but the Lord sent a heavy rain; the waters rose, the warriors stumbled and fell into the quicksands, and the waves which came rushing on, washed them away to the sea.

The monotony of the sea-shore from the Kishon to Khaifa is varied by a grove of date-trees, considered the most beautiful in Palestine.

Khaifa is a small town of an oblong form, situated immediately at the foot of Mount Carmel. The castle which formerly served to protect it, though now but a shattered ruin, is built on a small eminence on the slope of the mountain. The walls and towers of the fortress are likewise in ruins. It is without exception the dirtiest city I have yet seen; the streets are literally pools of mire and dirt, into which you sink a foot and a half deep, as soon as you have passed the gates. A

* Probably Kartah. Josh xxi. 34.

shower of rain—as I learnt by experience—causes such pestiferous smells to arise from it, that I cannot but think these must affect the health. But the lazy indifferent inhabitants would rather die in their filth, than go to any trouble or expense to clean the streets and pave the city.

I made them bring me to the British Consular agent of the place, Mr Michaëlis Luddawi (Michaëlis of Lud), a native Christian, who received me with great courtesy. Dr Kalley had dismounted a few minutes before me, preferring to spend the Sunday in Khaifa, to passing it among the fathers of the hospitable convent of "Monte Carmel."

I have but little to tell you about this place. It is said to contain three thousand inhabitants, of which three-fourths are Moslems, the rest Christians—mostly Greeks or Latins. There are a few Jews too, as there are also in 'Akka, and in some of the surrounding villages in the plain. What gives the only importance to Khaifa, in our days, is its roads, which afford a safe shelter from the storms of the south-west in the winter season. The open roads of 'Akka being then no longer safe for ships, they are obliged to run to this bay, which is sheltered by the north-western projecting point of Carmel. Consequently, consular agents reside here for the commerce resulting from this fact.

The haven is choked up with sand. A small castle stood here formerly to protect the city, but it also has crumbled to dust. The Metzellim of Khaifa resides in these ruins. The name of this town has given the learned no slight trouble. It may be identified with the Hepha or Kepha of the Jews, but I believe not

with Gaba, which Josephus mentions as being on this western coast. Some, again, have held Khaifa to be Sycaminos, and others Porphyreon. There seem to be grounds for its identity with Sycaminos, but none for its being Porphyreon nor Gath-Hefer (Joshua xix. 13), as Benjamin of Tudela has tried to prove.

But enough of these uncertain conjectures of the learned. I must close my letter, for I hear the household stirring below. In my next letter I shall give you an account of what takes place to-day. Farewell, my friend! May this Lord's day bring rich blessings to you as well as to

yours ever.

CARMEL, AND THE COUNTRY TO THE SOUTH OF IT.

DEAR FRIEND, 'AIN-HAUD, *March 1st.*

After I had despatched my letter to you yesterday morning, I heard that Mr Schwartz and Mr Rogers had just arrived. The former wished to assemble some of the natives in the house of the American Consular agent, to whom he might preach the Gospel. As the address was to be given in Arabic, it would have been lost upon me, so I set out accompanied by Dr Kalley. We went to the slope of Carmel, to a spot from which a broad path leads to the convent, which is on the extreme north-western point of the mountain. Here we seated ourselves in undisturbed solitude under the shade of an old olive tree, and read together the 18th chapter of the 1st Book of Kings, as well as other portions of the Bible, such as 2d Kings ii. 25, and iv. 25, from which it appears that Carmel was for some time the abode of the prophet. We read also 2d Kings xix. 23, where the word Carmel is rendered in our Dutch version by "the farthest mountain," into the forest of which the King of Assyria threatened to enter.* Then 2d Chron. xxvi. 10, where it is said of King Uzziah, that he had "husbandmen also, and vine-dressers in the mountains, and in Carmel (in our version 'fruitful fields'); for he loved husbandry:" the Song of Solo-

* See also Isaiah xxxvii. 24.

mon, vii. 5, where it is said of the "Bride of Christ: "Thine head upon thee is like Carmel:" Isaiah xxxv. 2, where a promise is held out to the wilderness and the solitary places, "that the glory of Lebanon should be given them, and the excellency of Carmel and Sharon:" and lastly, the curse foretold in Amos i. 2, "the top of Carmel shall wither."

The sacrifice offered by Elijah on Carmel, and the testimony then accorded to him before all Israel—"that He the Lord was God and not Baal"—seemed a call to us "to persevere unto the end;"* while the miracle wrought by God for Elijah encouraged us to wait patiently and humbly in the hope of the fulfilment of His promises. We naturally were desirous of finding the exact spot where the fire from Heaven had lit "upon the offering, and had consumed the wood and the stones, and the dust, and licked up the water that was in the trench;" and we wished also to explore the heights and valleys of a mountain which had once been so clothed in beauty, as to serve for an image for the "head of the Bride." But you can now no longer trace ought of this glory and beauty, especially if you approach Carmel from the lovely woods of the mountains of Asher and Naphtali; its barren rocky ridges have a sameness of appearance, and are only here and there covered with a few straggling bushes—the even line of its crests thus presenting nothing picturesque. We had been looking through some books whose authors have praised in various ways the fertility and beauteous scenery of Carmel. Among these the pious Scotch travellers of 1839 have taken great pains to describe the fertility and loveliness of this mountain. We were, however, dissatisfied

* Matth. x. 22.

with their account of it, for whatever efforts may be made to represent Carmel as magnificent or glorious when lighted up by either sunrise or sunset, such beauty does not justify the Bible expressions we have quoted. The same may be said of the "withering of Carmel's top," which another traveller, actuated by the pious wish of beholding a prophecy fulfilled, has imagined he saw in the barrenness of the north-western point of the mountain, as he happened to spend a day in the convent, built on this spot.

However beautiful these descriptions may be, still on the spot they are found wanting in truth, and we saw plainly that the passages of Scripture which speak of the glory and fertility of this mountain cannot be explained by a distant view of it. I am sorry that pious writers should allow themselves to be so carried away by a desire to behold the accomplishment of prophecy. Infidels and cavillers at the gospel find in these exaggerated and thereby false descriptions an opportunity of attacking yet more strongly the truth of God's word. Those who would be sincere must own that Carmel, so far from being outwardly superior to the other mountains of the land, has on the contrary an inhospitable and barren aspect, and its slopes are anything but beautifully clad. One does not feel inclined to grant it a precedence over other mountains; we feel rather surprised, on the contrary, that holy Writ should extol it so highly.

While we were speaking over these matters, it occurred to us that it would be a good plan to walk up to the convent and see whether the venerable fathers could not explain these difficulties to us. I need not enter into particulars regarding this convent, which has

been so often described. You certainly must know it now so well that you will easily be able to picture to yourself our arrival at the gate. We knocked, and were let in by one of the fourteen monks now inhabiting the place, and brought to the reception-room of Father Charles, the present Father-Superior; he is a Neapolitan, and his expression and manners are most kind and engaging. It was really a pleasure to converse an hour with this kind-hearted brother. His courtesy deserves the highest praise. His first question was, whether we would do him the favour of accepting the hospitality of the Carmelite convent; but this we politely refused, telling him we were already accommodated at the house of the British Consular agent at Khaifa, and that our present excursion had been undertaken chiefly with the view of exploring Carmel. We had been rather dissatisfied with the view we had had of this mountain from a distance, after what the Scripture says of it; and we thought we could nowhere obtain better information about it than from the Padres of a convent which had acquired so high a reputation in the course of the last few centuries. The cloister library might perhaps throw a little light on the subject, or, without undertaking so deep an examination, Padre Carlo might possibly clear up the difficulty. But, alas! we had miscalculated. The convent does not possess a library of books upon the Holy Land. The kind Father Charles showed us an album of drawings which various travellers, who have stopped at the convent, have contributed, and another book of written testimonials of the kindness and hospitality shown to the writers during their stay. No mention is made, by the way, of a

baksheesh which you must leave at your departure, and which usually amounts to a dollar per day for every person. But these books could not be of any use to us. There was of course nothing in them concerning Carmel.

"But," asked we of the good Padre, "do you not know where Elijah and Elisha dwelt when they inhabited this mountain, and, above all, where the miracle of Elijah's burnt-offering is supposed to have taken place?"

"O yes! most certainly, Sirs; if you will have the kindness to go through the convent with me and visit our church, I will show you under the high altar the place where the prophet Elijah used to dwell. The Holy Virgin was the first who had mass said in this chapel, as it was she founded it. But dreadful desolation and ruin has often since been the lot of the Carmel Convent, as well as of many other sacred places hereabouts. Hence the traces of several of these places have been lost, and among others of the spot on which the burnt-offering took place. We know only that according to tradition it must have been on the south-eastern side of the mountain, where lie the ruins of the city of el-Mansûrah. There also is the brook Mokata, which flows into the Kishon, where the priests of Baal are said to have been put to death As for the cave which Elisha is thought to have inhabited, the place where he and his predecessor Elijah were accustomed to rest, the grotto where they meditated, the fountain from which they drank, and the sacred place to which the Holy Virgin came continually to pray; all these we will show you by means of our guides, who are well acquainted with all such localities."

We followed Padre Carlo through the long galleries, and the neat clean little cells which open out upon them, and which were well provided with portraits of saints and popes. We then visited the church in the centre of the building. After the worthy Padre had hastily repeated a couple of short prayers, for which he knelt before the altar in the chancel—a devotion we stood watching with heretical coolness—he led us with a taper to the so-called cave of Elijah under the chief altar. It is just one of the hundred cavities of the limestone mountains. The hammer and chisel have given it a somewhat square shape to imitate a small room. Above the altar is a wooden image, coarsely carved, which is meant to represent the prophet, and is adorned with rosaries.

"I am really grieved, gentlemen," said Padre Carlo, "that I cannot shew you more beautiful pictures in this church than the few we have, which can have but small value in an artistical point of view for connoisseurs. But my last subscription tour in Europe did not bring me sufficient funds to supply this deficiency in our chapel. I hope to succeed better on my next."

As to the pictures we made no reply. I saw plainly that Dr Kalley felt embarrassed; and as for myself, I had no fitting answer ready to convince the kind monk that all this show of pictures in a church only serves to divert our thoughts from what alone should fill them when we enter God's house. I could have expressed this clearly and simply enough, but feared to hurt thereby the poor mistaken brother, which would have grieved me much, after all his kind civility. On the other hand, my conscience would not allow me to com-

pliment him on his pictures, either those he already had, or those which he hoped to procure. We therefore remained silent, and turned the conversation by making some architectural inquiries. These questions over—

"When do you date the foundation of your order, good Padre?" said I.

"Sirs!" replied he, with a smile, which said plainly, is it possible you do not know this? "how can you ask such a question? The Prophet Elijah himself was the founder of the Carmelite brotherhood, and the order has continued, in an uninterrupted line, through the long succession of ages from his down to our own day."

No wonder that he should reply thus! No less than seven Popes, Dapper says—Sixtus V., John XXII., Julius III., Pius V., Gregory IX., Sixtus VI., and Clement VIII.—have confirmed, by letters to the Carmelites, their supposed descent from Elijah. Mention is made of them by these Popes as follows:—"The brethren who shine forth in love as mirrors and examples in piety, and who possess the earthly inheritance of the Prophets Elijah and Elisha, who dwelt on the sacred mountain, and near the well of Elijah." "Sixtus V.," continues Dapper, "has therefore allowed this order to honour Elijah and Elisha as their protectors and patrons, and for this reason to keep certain holy days in memory and honour of them; and likewise to perform certain duties, and to hold church services for the same end." The Carmelites are also called the Brethren of St Mary of Carmel, because they regard the Virgin as a special protectress of their brotherhood, to whose honour a chapel on the mountain is dedicated.

We thanked Padre Carlo for his hospitable reception, and for his coffee and liqueur—a fair specimen of what awaited us, had we chosen to accept his offer of remaining in the convent. We preferred, however, our liberty in Khaifa to the comforts offered us by the brethren, though we quite willingly believed what report says of their cloister, that it is the best hotel in the Holy Land. We also refused, courteously, the offer made us of a guide to the dubiously sacred spots the Padre had spoken of, and to the cave of Elijah and Elisha, as we had little faith in the legends concerning this mountain. The ruins of el-Mansûrah being six hours' distant, the Padre said he could not offer to have us conducted thither; but if we would go to the village of Esfiëh, which lies half way on the top of the mountain, we should probably have no trouble in finding guides from thence to Mansûrah. These few unimportant notices were thus the only result of our visit to the Carmelite convent.

We gave the kind father a hearty shake of the hand, and left him, with a prayer that it might please the Lord, who alone can bring light out of darkness, to enlighten with His Holy Spirit this brother, gifted by Nature with so many engaging qualities. I turned to glance once more at the massive building. It was built, or rather rebuilt, in 1827, after the cloister which previously stood there had been overthrown several times, and at length blown up and totally destroyed in 1821, by Abdallah Pasha of 'Akka.

The poor Carmelites have much to endure. They have been exposed to murder and plunder ever since Mohammedan despotism has ruled the land. Crowds

of petty princes have exercised tyranny over them, have put them under heavy yearly contributions and taxes, and are still grinding them under all kinds of pretexts.

It is striking how the Lord makes use of these erring brothers—these "mirrors and examples of piety"—yes, of a piety which endeavours to be worthy of the Lord by works of charity, hospitality, and self-denial—it is striking, I say, how the Lord makes use of them to fulfil His purposes concerning this land. What would become of travellers in Palestine, were it not for convent hospitality as it has subsisted during the ages of the Saracen domination? No person would have dared to venture into this land of robbers and murderers. Yet the ruined places of Palestine were not to be so totally lost as to render it impossible to find them again. Therefore we willingly pity these poor Carmelites, who, in their endeavours to work out their own justification, confine themselves to the convents of Palestine; but while we are bound to pray that God would make them acquainted with the Gospel of His grace, which He hath imparted to us, we are also bound to acknowledge, thankfully and gratefully, their charity and hospitality, even should they take pecuniary reward. And if we have received a larger share of the light of His grace, we may well inquire what we have done more than they, from gratitude to our Lord and Saviour.

Silently I walked back to Khaifa by the side of my friend Dr K. He, too, was silent; but, as it came out a few moments later, he was so for different reasons. I was lost in thought in consequence of having read a memorandum in the visitors' book of the monastery, inserted by a party of five Americans,

three of whom were ladies, as I saw by the inscription. In substance it was as follows:—"We warn all travellers in this country to provide themselves with fire-arms, as the sole protection in which they can place any confidence. We were on the . . . February attacked and plundered by a band of robbers near Hattîn, a large village between Nazareth and Tiberias, as we lay encamped there with our tents. Our representations to the Metzellim of Tiberias led to no result. Whoever would have justice here, must find it in his double-barrelled gun."

Such is the state of this country! Exposed to the same occurrences, with my life in my hand, I have to proceed on my course. I confess, with all the help and deliverance experienced hitherto, it is difficult, unless I wholly lean through faith on my Lord and Saviour.

And wherefore, do you ask, was Dr Kalley so pensive? He lamented the precious time we had spent in the convent—time which he considered he might have spent in administering help to the sick, and in preaching the Gospel. The desire of that zealous servant was gratified even before we had reached our quarters. A shepherd came up to us with a bandage on his leg. He hardly required the doctor to ask him if he wanted anything, in order to his answering the *hâkim* with a look that begged for sympathy. The wound in the leg was examined, a household cure recommended, and, over and above, medicines were promised gratis, provided he would come to our lodgings and get them. "But," added the doctor, "do you know that all my remedies will avail you nothing unless God shall give them His blessing?" Nothing is

distasteful, however painful, are put away; and should the soul, by God's grace, become under such circumstances truly conscious of its maladies, what visit is then more welcome than that of the messenger of peace, who, seated at the bedside of pain and misery, proclaims Jesus to be the all-sufficient Saviour of poor perishing sinners, who came "to seek and to save that which was lost?"

Now, consider for once, my friend, when we under such circumstances already can so fully adopt the language of Scripture and say, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of Him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace, that bringeth good tidings of good,"* what must be the feelings of those poor Mohammedans, who weary out their lives in all sorts of pious deeds and penances, yet without ever obtaining peace of mind. If with us a time of sickness and suffering is that in which our hearts are most accessible to the things of God, no otherwise is it with the blinded ignorant Mohammedans. Experience has sufficiently proved, that all prejudice against Christians and non-Mohammedans gives way in such circumstances. Had the Lord Jesus not spoken the parable of the man who went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, and after being stripped of his raiment and severely wounded, received the most tender sympathy and aid from one who was a stranger to him, yea, from a Samaritan, whom otherwise he would have shunned,† I would adduce the lion of Antiochus who crouched before the man who had extracted a thorn from his foot, to confirm the truth both that

* Isaiah lii. 7; Rom. x. 15.

† Luke x. 30, &c.

suffering makes people compliant and docile, and that suffering excites compassion. Mohammedans have been hitherto, by the very laws of the Koran, inaccessible to the gospel. The Sultan is the faithful assertor of these laws, and punishes with decapitation every Mussulman who abandons the doctrine of the Prophet. It is not three years since a respectable young man was beheaded in the streets of Constantinople for having abjured Islamism. Think, then, what is implied in a Mohammedan's even giving an attentive ear to the gospel. The events of the present day seem to be preparing great developments for the future fortunes of Turkey. Possibly, and God grant it may be so! the crippling of the springs of the government may lead to the capital punishment of those who forsake Mohammed being no longer enforced. But even although matters should take this favourable turn, long will it be ere the contempt for Christianity which has been so deep-rooted for many ages will be so far diminished, as that a Moslem should embrace and confess Jesus as his Lord and Master without exposing himself to the bitterest social persecution. It is for these reasons that the scattering of the seed, as now done by Dr Kalley, is so fit and promising a course. It may be objected that it will never be of much avail if medical missionaries traverse the country here to-day to administer assistance to a few sick people and scatter also the first seeds of the gospel, while in a day or two they leave for some other place, without allowing sufficient time for the proper watering of the seed thus sown; that we ourselves have constant need of having our spiritual growth nourished and upheld, and that

nothing can be expected, therefore, from such ephemeral work while not followed by the strengthening influence of a well-ordered congregation. My answer is: The time has not yet come for us to occupy ourselves with the establishment of an Evangelical church among the Mohammedans. At present, let our concern be the deliverance of individual souls from the infidelity and superstition of the false prophet. When individuals have been gained, their aggregation in regularly constituted communities will ensue of itself. The Lord Jesus, too, began without immediately founding a church at Jerusalem. That took place for the first time with the pouring out of the Holy Ghost on the day of Pentecost, after His ascension to heaven. He called his disciples one by one; and what we find first recorded of Him after his official appointment as the Messiah had been sealed on the banks of the Jordan by the baptism of the Holy Ghost, and He had returned to the place of His residence, is, that "He went about all Galilee, teaching in their synagogues, and preaching the gospel of the kingdom, and healing all manner of sickness, and all manner of disease among the people." * We would not surely wish to limit the work of the Holy Ghost. A single word of peace spoken to a weary soul may be blessed by Him above all that we can ask or think. In this respect it is no less true: The kingdom of heaven is like to a grain of mustard seed—which indeed is the least of all seeds; but when it is grown, it is the greatest among herbs, and becometh a tree, so that the birds of the air come and lodge in the branches thereof.† Be it enough for

* Matth. iv. 23. † Matth. xiii. 31, 32; Mark ix. 30.

us to know, that while there is no other way open for bringing the gospel to the Mohammedans, this way is accessible on all sides. The Lord hath said, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days;" * and He hath pronounced this benediction upon it, "Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters." †

Therefore, my friend, should you happen to meet with such as with a knowledge of the healing art would desire, in the exercise of their profession, to win souls to Christ, there is here the finest opportunity for this. Let them not seek any profit for themselves; in that case the work of the Gospel, as an accessory, would become of secondary interest, and the Oriental expects benevolence when any one brings him medical aid. For this, it is true, he may be not ungrateful in his own way; but to pay for medical assistance with handfuls of money, as is done in our civilised world, is not the custom here. Of this I saw an instance that same day at Khaifa. By means of the shepherd it soon became publicly known that Dr Kalley dispensed medical advice and medicines to the ailing for nothing; and before the evening fell, the house was besieged by all manner of sick and suffering persons. Yet that very morning the doctor had inquired of some people whether there were in Khaifa any sick persons requiring medical aid, and was told in reply that there were few or none. Probably they were afraid that the hâkim's services would have to be dearly paid for. When it was understood that the treatment was to be gratis, there was hardly an inhabitant of the

* Eccles. xi. 1. † Isaiah xxxii. 20.

town that did not come and trouble him with some ailment, real or imaginary.

Seeing this, I thought of the seed sown on the stony ground.* In that we have an emblem of the sick who come willingly to the Physician to be healed when it costs no trouble; but when sacrifices must be made, when the way is found strait and difficult, then they fall away, because they have never fully known their disease, have never fully perceived their danger. They have fancied themselves to be in health, and to have no need of the physician.

Would that the other parable had found its application here! I mean that in Isaiah lv. 1,† where the Lord offers his aid for nothing, the water of life, wine and milk, without money and without price. But, alas! that running to the heavenly Physician, to be healed for nothing, like the applications made to my fellow-traveller for the means of cure, is seldom found. Many, indeed, are inclined to expend large sums for the Physician, but this "for nothing" is a threshold which it costs much difficulty to get over.

And now with respect to our surveys of Carmel. I considered, as I had learned from experience, that I should probably obtain the fullest information regarding the mountain from the Metzellim of Khaifa, through the Sultan's firman and the Pasha's letter of instructions. And so it was in point of fact. This morning I repaired to the Metzellim's divan, a filthy hole of an apartment in the small ruinous castle that guards the harbour, and asked, in reply to the obsequiously prof-

* Matth. xiii. 5, and 20, 21.

† See also John vii. 37, and Rev. xxii. 17.

fered services of the Governor, for information respecting the villages and ruins in the Carmel mountain range; and, further, for a mounted guide well acquainted with the localities, who should, in consideration of a suitable payment, accompany me thither. A few old Arabs were told to supply me with the information I wanted, for the Metzellim himself was too little acquainted with the territory subject to his jurisdiction to be able to satisfy my inquiries. Philip made out a list of the places and their bearings as they named them; and after having had clear explanations given me as to the way we should take, I resolved, after leaving Khaifa, to go round the north-west corner of Carmel to 'Ain-haud; from that over some ruins in the midst of the hills of Esfiëh, where another guide would take us to a spot on the south-eastern corner of Carmel, el-Mohhraka, that is, "the burnt place," and so on by Kaimoun, on the south-eastern base of the mountain, through the chain of hills on the south of Carmel to Cesarea, with the ultimate object of passing over the ruins of Lejjûn to Jenîn, where it would be necessary to procure a new guide for our farther journeyings. The chayal whom the Pasha of 'Akka had provided to accompany me as far as Khaifa, proved not so well acquainted with the localities as I had found necessary. I had come to see clearly how much depends on a good guide, and took the liberty accordingly to represent this to the governor, with the request that he would not expose me to the risk of being misdirected by a chayal.

"I will give you my own brother," was the Governor's polite reply. That, thought I, was too much,

and I told Philip to intimate this to the Governor; but the lad quietly remarked, that the expression "my own brother" was not to be understood so literally, inasmuch as it was a mere Arab form of speech, meaning, in this case, "some one in whom I should place as much confidence as in my own brother."

What a deceptive people! How true does it hold here also, what was objected to Peter of old, "thy speech bewrayeth thee." *

The so-called "brother of the Metzellim," a dirty tall Bedouin, one of the most villanous-looking objects I had ever met with, and armed with a sabre and a long spear, forthwith appeared. The mules were to be laden, but I had to submit to the further delay of an hour. One of them had fallen lame, and was unfit for farther service. Nevertheless the mukhari wanted to load it, probably with the design of compelling me, after leaving Khaifa, to halt at some one or other of the villages until he should have procured another mule from 'Akka, for which he would have extorted from me any price that suited him, in the impossibility I should be in of prosecuting my journey otherwise, for it is far from easy to procure mules in the small villages. The contract I had made with this rogue at 'Akka was however for sound, not for lame mules; and I thought it would be the shortest way to take the mukhari before the Metzellim, who thereupon obliged him to leave his lame mule behind him, and in one way or another to supply himself with a better. The mukhari was furious; but he found it his best course to hire another mule, with which at last we started from

* Matth. xxvi. 73.

Khaifa. You may well imagine that such constant vexations and extortions must greatly mar the pleasure of travelling. Much patience is necessary to keep one's temper from being exasperated. The companionship of Dr Kalley is, however, a salutary counterpoise, and I have great cause to feel thankful for it.

So Khaifa was at last left behind. Leaving the highway that runs along the foot of Mount Carmel on the left, we came in sight of the ruins of the ancient Khaifa or Sycaminos, which stood half-an-hour to the north-west of the present town. On the west of those ruins was the burying-ground. The tombs, divided into separate compartments, are still visible in an extensive sandstone rock that rises some few feet above the ground. Whoever has seen the tombs of the Phœnicians about Tyre and Sidon, will be struck with a great difference of form betwixt them and those found here. There, they are for the most part quadrangular vaults, with three half arched niches, one right opposite to the entrance, and one on each side. The Jewish sepulchres here are, on the contrary, low oblong chambers, with many compartments in rows, so that the bodies were separated from each other only by a thin stone partition. The Phœnician sepulchres that I saw appeared to have had sarcophagi in them. The sepulchres of the ruins here were not adapted for that, but for corpses swathed in cloths.

After passing the projecting angle of Mount Carmel, when you obtain a view of it from the south, the aspect of the mountain is much less bold and striking than as seen from the north. This has been remarked also by the Scottish missionaries in 1839. Still the monastery

of the Carmelites here stands out in bolder relief to the eye, together with a mill and another colossal edifice. Following the line of coast, you reach, a quarter of an hour farther on, a hill with ruins called Tell-es-Semakh. Half-an-hour farther to the south, you come upon the village Jenâmi, lying on the slope of Carmel. Yet another half hour farther lie two more heaps of ruins, el-Keneisi (the Church), and Churbet-et-Dustrei, the last also on a tell. This has been put down somewhat differently on Robinson's map, and I failed to discover the ruins Kalamoun, which he gives as on the knoll Tell-es-Semakh. I am inclined to think that he has given that tell a wrong name. Over against Churbet-et-Dustrei, at two hours' distance from Khaifa, lies the village et-Tireh on the ascent of the mountain.

We met with nothing and nobody on this road but a shepherd and his flock. He was considerably in advance of his sheep, which instinctively followed him, yet he was far from being an image of the "Good Shepherd" of John x., for his physiognomy was enough to frighten one, and he had a gun and a sword, that gave one to understand that peaceful feelings dwelt not in his heart. Shepherds armed with firelocks! how much does this say for the condition of the country.

The first point of importance on the south side of Carmel is Athlît, a village that has been run up amid the rubbish heaps of the former Pilgrims' Castle (*Castellum Peregrinorum*) of the date of the Crusades. It lies immediately on the shore, four hours from Khaifa. Yet it is visited by few travellers passing in this direction, owing to its being ten minutes off the highway, which here runs somewhat into the country, and to its

being in a great measure hid from the eye by a natural wall of rock crossing Athlît, and running on in a line parallel with the beach. In former times this wall of rock must have made approach to the town almost impossible. Strong towers and castles stood atop, the remains of which have not yet disappeared; and the only way to the fort was by a narrow entrance cut through the solid rock, and which was not only shut with strong gates, but in which side-chambers also had been hewn out of the rock, from which to assail any enemy that might have ventured into the narrow passage through the rock. It is evident also that in this passage there had been a rail-groove hewn out, by means of which it appeared to me that those in the fortress could send out their war-chariots conveniently and rapidly, while those of the enemy having axles that did not correspond with the grooves, must have been greatly impeded. In case of a siege, accordingly, it must have been easy for the besieged to make sallies with their chariots, but almost impossible for the besiegers to penetrate with their war-engines.

Inside the wall of rock there had stood another wall, built of very large stones. It now lies in ruins, but the undermost layer of stones shews plainly enough what sort of work it must have been. Within it is situated the ancient fortress. Few ruins in Palestine have left so much that remains to this day. Huge heavy buildings with strong arched roofs, part of a colossal tower, a large khân, the remains of a church with formidable vaults and heavy column pieces, give modern visitors the impression that Athlit must have been a place of importance and of great strength. Still it is hard to

fix the precise date of the buildings from the extant ruins. The huge massive stones in the Phœnician style, with a rough outer surface and smooth edgings, would incline us to trace the founding of Athlît to a remote antiquity; and when we see how much these stones have been corroded by time, compared with the sound condition of most of the old stones found on the ruins of this country, this impression is confirmed. And yet the form of the vaults, the use of lime, which is not found elsewhere in ancient ruins, and the many remains that are still visible, plainly shew that the fortress does not date from so very remote an antiquity. As for the corrosion of the stones, it would appear that we ought to take into consideration the soft nature of the sandstone here, and the influence of the sea air. This, at least, we know, that the *Castellum Peregrinorum* was an important point for the Crusaders, and that hundreds and thousands, who shared in the struggle for the possession of the Holy Land and of the city of Jerusalem, landed in the haven formed by the peninsula on which the fortress has been built, and so far sheltered by an island on the west side. Columns of grey granite, of amazing circumference, now lie thrown down and broken in the sea, at the place where once the great ones of the earth and their armed followers stepped ashore.

We hastened on to 'Ain-Haud, for the sun was already sinking. Our servants and effects, with the requisite instructions to Shech Soleiman of 'Ain-Haud, had been sent on before, so that we found dinner ready for us as soon as we dismounted. 'Ain-Haud lies over against Athlît on the ascent of Carmel, about 400 feet

above the level of the sea. The ancient En-hadda of Issachar's inheritance probably lay here.* In traversing the coast-plain, extending from the sea to Carmel, I observed that it is much broader than in this clear bright atmosphere one would suppose. I had estimated the distance from Athlît to 'Ain-Haud at barely half an hour. Yet we found that it took us a full hour's time to pass from the one to the other. We spent a pleasant evening in Shech Soleiman's house at 'Ain-Haud. My philanthropic friend was constantly surrounded by a large circle of Moslems (the inhabitants are all Mohammedans), who received counsels and remedies for soul and body both; and I was busily occupied in taking down the names and the localities as they were given to me by the villagers.

Here, too, great alarm was felt with regard to the conscription that had been ordered. I remarked, indeed, that this was not the first time that this recruiting had taken place in Palestine; for the shech showed me a firman, transmitted by a former Sultan to one of his ancestors, whereby the village of 'Ain-Haud, for certain reasons, was exempted from the operation of the conscription of that day. Unluckily the conversation on the subject ended with a request that I would apply to our ambassador for the Netherlands at Constantinople to use his influence, in order to have the old firman confirmed for the present benefit of 'Ain-Haud. I need not say that I urged that I had no influence whatever in regard to these internal affairs of the Turkish empire, and assured the shech that our ambassador could as little interfere with them; but Soleiman understood

* Joshua, xix. 21.

the matter quite differently, and found it difficult to comprehend his hospitality being responded to with a refusal on our part.

He and his visitors then withdrew. Dr Kalley and I are now alone in an airy upper apartment, without even being molested by a very troublesome, though minute, attendance of jumpers—a privilege this that truly may be numbered among the rarities of the country. But, my friend, I must now say good night. In the morning I hope to see more of Carmel.

ESFIËH, *2d March.*

This has been an important day. I have now no farther doubts with respect to the place of Elijah's offering. It was thus we happened to find our way to it.

After leaving 'Ain-Haud this morning at eight o'clock, we penetrated in an easterly direction farther among the hills. The way led through a valley thickly overgrown with all sorts of brushwood, and soon convinced me that Carmel, in its interior heights and hollows, has quite a different aspect from what is presented by its northern bold exterior. After taking us past two ruins, Bistan and Um-Meshûkaf, the footpath threaded along a brook that came down from the heights up to the village of Dâliëh (vineyard). In this name we recognise something of the former state of Carmel; for it was chiefly on account of its excellent vineyards that it became renowned above all other mountains. Dâliëh is inhabited by Druses, who even now keep up some of these vineyards. In the days when this village was built, the fruit-gardens around it must nevertheless

have had a very different appearance. Judging by the ancient building-stones which I saw in it, I considered Dâliëh to have dated from the times of the Israelites. But the inhabitants said that those stones had not belonged to it originally, for they had been taken from the ruins of Dûbîl, lying not far to the south of Dâliëh. Dâliëh stands high, although enclosed by still higher mountain ridges. Esfiëh to the north-east, and Athlît to the west-north-west, lie both in sight.

From this we descended into a valley, passed over a plain, and after that again ascended another valley, all belonging to the finest parts of Carmel. At every step the ancient glory of Carmel now became more and more evident to me. What a memorable morning in this wild flower garden! It was at the most inviting season too, for it was spring. The verdure is now fresh and vivid; the vertical sun of summer has not yet scorched it. The hawthorn, the jasmine, and many another tree and shrub, whose sweetly odorous and elegant bunches of blossom are unknown to me by name, are now in flower. Now it is that the fir tree exhales its resinous particles most powerfully; the oak, the myrtle, and the laurel, have tempered their dark winter green with glittering leaflets of a lighter hue. And what a variety of sorts of flowers are trodden upon by the traveller on his way! There is not one that I have seen in Galilee, or on the plains along the coast, that I do not find here again on Carmel, from the crocuses on the rocky grounds to the fennel plants and narcissuses of the Leontes, from the intense red, white, and purple anemones of the plains to the ferns that hide themselves in the dark sepulchral caves.

Yes; Carmel, indeed, is still Carmel; the fruitful, the graceful, the fragrant, the lovely mountain that he was in the days of old. But his glory, his attire, is hidden, is "withered," according to God's word, so that the traveller along the common highways beholds it not. No, it is not the radiance of the rising or setting sun that constitutes the incomparable glory of Carmel; it is the inner character of his hills, their great fertility, that have made him so remarkable that his name towers above all the other mountains of Palestine. Wherefore, I must repeat,—wherefore, ye travellers in Palestine, do ye turn aside from so glorious a sight? wherefore do ye pass, the one following the other, along Carmel's base, and make yourselves acquainted with nothing beyond his bare outside walls, without giving yourselves the trouble to penetrate into the interior of this extensive mountain range? I am happy to think that my topographical researches make it necessary for me to step aside from the road that has so often been trodden by you; I should otherwise probably have followed the same track.

The Lord fulfils, in a remarkable manner, every word that He hath spoken. Look now at the glory of Carmel, thus manifested to me in this natural garden; and yet, it is true, this glory is dried up and has withered away. All lies waste—all is a wilderness! The utmost fertility is here lost for man, useless to man! The vineyards of Carmel, where are they now? Behold the long rows of stones on the ground, the remains of the walls, on which there rested in former days the rich heavy clusters; they will tell you that here, where now with difficulty you force your way through the thick

entangled copse, lay, in days of old, those incomparable vineyards to which Carmel is indebted for its name. O! that the bride of Christ, the community of His faithful, likened as she is to the top of Carmel, may never be a wilderness like this mountain!

From Dâliëh we soon reached Esfiëh, surrounded by extensive olive grounds, and situated on one of the highest points of the mountain. Only a few flat summits to the west of the village rise still higher, perhaps to about 1800 feet. Esfiëh stands, according to the measurements of the English engineers in 1841, 1728 feet above the sea. If the admirable views we enjoy on looking down from (not up to) Carmel, have something still to do with the glory of Carmel, then let Esfiëh be visited. I dare not affirm that my prospect of the far distant mountains may not have deceived me; but I thought that, besides Dan, Simeon, and Reuben, I could distinguish from this point more or less of all the other nine tribes. It is not from the height of Esfiëh, but because the view from it is so free and unobstructed by other heights, that the prospect from it is so vast and picturesque. From the "great sea" the eye sweeps along 'Akka, and the great plain of 'Akka with its northern cape Nakhûrah, and its wooded hills to the east. The summits of Hermon and Lebanon rise far, very far in the distance, piercing the blue heavens with their glittering snow-capped peaks. Beneath you lies the great plain of Jezreel or Esdraelon, with the remarkable mountains of Nazareth and Gilboa, between which Tabor and Little Hermon rise in view. Nazareth itself lies hid in an amphitheatre of hills; Endor, Nain, Jezreel, and Jenîn, are all in sight;

Um-el-fahm, a large village in the wooded highlands, also, immediately to the south-east of Carmel.

The Shech of Esfiëh received us with great kindness and hospitality. He would not allow us to think of putting up for the night anywhere but in his house; for, said he, after passing el-Mohhraka you will find no suitable night-quarters along the course you propose to follow until you get to Jenîn, and that is too far for you to be able to reach to-day. We accordingly were thankful to accept of his proffered hospitality, and after having procured a couple of his villagers, two clever Druses, as guides, we rode on to el-Mohhraka. Its distance from Esfiëh is fully an hour and a-half, over a constantly undulating table land, covered with the same dense wilderness of natural timber trees and copse that we had met with in the parts of Carmel lying more to the west. The "burnt place" could not have been visited for many years, not even by the natives; for on our coming close to the top of the rock on which our guides pointed out the spot we were in quest of, they had to cut an opening for us through the copse before we could reach it. Is it not strange that this, the most important part of all Carmel, should be so neglected by travellers? People are fain to spend a few days at the comfortable quarters of the Carmelite monastery, to recover a little from the fatigues of the travelling they have undergone, but never think of visiting the place where the ever-memorable sacrifice was offered. Yet this does not altogether arise from want of acquaintance with the position of the place; for I find it said in the descriptions of more than one traveller, that on the south-eastern corner of Carmel,

the spot is pointed out where Elijah's offering was consumed by fire from heaven. The English officer of engineers, Mr Symonds, selected Mohhraka itself for one of his points for taking observations; but the little that has been published of the labours of that gentleman leaves us in ignorance with respect to his researches there, in connection with the Bible history. For ourselves, we were led by the perusal of the 18th chapter of 1st Kings to conclude, that that place of sacrifice could be nowhere but on the south-eastern corner of Carmel. The suggestion (of Father Charles) that el-Mansûrah was the point, appeared to us doubtful, though not absolutely to be rejected. The name el-Mohhraka seems to have been taken from the miracle of the burning of the sacrifice, and the traditions of the Arabs are generally more to be trusted than those of the Christian inhabitants of the country, who for the most part repeat whatever has been put into their heads by the Latins and Greeks, themselves strangers in the midst of them. The two places, however, are at no great distance from each other, and so we determined on paying a visit to both.

Here, then, are the details of what we observed on "the burnt place."

First, we found a rocky level space, of no great circumference, and covered with old gnarled trees, with a dense entangled undergrowth of bushes. In the midst of this there were the ruins of an oblong quadrangular building, of which the front wall and door, and both side walls, are still partially standing. The large hewn stones suggest an older date than that of the Crusades. This ruin was probably one of the many churches and

chapels which that very devout Empress, Helena, erected on the holy places of Palestine; and as the altar of Elijah may have been standing somewhere on this rocky level, it is natural to suppose that it must have stood just where the oratory was built, that is, within these still remaining walls.

Having seated ourselves beneath the shade of a huge oak, we once more opened our Bibles at chap. 18 of 1st Kings, and examined what was required in the place of sacrifice, in order to its agreement with the account given in the Bible. According to verses 18th and 19th, it must have been ample enough in size to contain a very numerous multitude. El-Mohhraka must at that time have been quite fitted for this, although now covered with a rough dense jungle. Indeed, one can scarcely imagine a spot better adapted for the thousands of Israel to have stood drawn up on than the gentle slopes. The rock shoots up in an almost perpendicular wall of more than 200 feet in height on the side of the vale of Esdraelon. On this side, therefore, there was no room for the gazing multitude; but, on the other hand, this wall made it visible over the whole plain, and from all the surrounding heights, so that even those left behind, and who had not ascended Carmel, would still have been able to witness, at no great distance, the fire from heaven that descended upon the altar. According to verse 30th, there must have been an altar there before, for Elijah repaired "the altar of the Lord that was broken down." It is well known that such altars were uniformly built on very conspicuous eminences. Now there is not a more conspicuous spot on all Carmel than the abrupt rocky height of Mohhraka, shooting up so

suddenly on the east. Verses 31st and 32d point to a rocky soil, in which stones were to be found to serve for the construction of the altar, and yet where the stones must have been so loose or so covered with a thick bed of earth, that "a trench" could have been made round the altar, whilst not of so loose a composition of sand and earth as that the water poured into it would have been absorbed. The place we were examining met these requisitions in every respect; it showed a rocky surface, with a sufficiency of large fragments of rock lying all round, and, besides, well fitted for the rapid digging of a trench. But now comes the grand difficulty of both believers and unbelievers, who have not seen this place, Whence could Elijah have procured so much water as to have it to pour over the offering and the altar in barrelfuls, so that he filled the trench also with water, at a time when, after three years of drought, all the rivers and brooks were dried up, and the king in person and the governor of his house divided the land between them to pass through it, to see if peradventure any fountains of water might be found, and grass to save the horses and mules alive? (v. 1—6) To get rid of this difficulty some pious travellers, with imaginations stronger than their judgments, have said: "O, as for that water, the thing speaks for itself; it must evidently have been got from the sea." But less religious persons, who were sharp enough to perceive that the place where Elijah made the offering could not have been at the sea-side, have rightly remarked, that it must have been impossible, from every other point of Carmel lying more inland, on account of the great distance from the sea,

to go thither and return on an afternoon, much more to do this three several times, as is expressly stated in the 34th verse. Such persons, therefore, have rejected altogether this absurd explanation, without, however, themselves arriving at any better solution of the difficulty; and this has led unbelievers in their prejudiced haste to assert that the Bible narrative is a mere fiction, that being the view which best suited their purpose. Dr Kalley and I felt our mouths shut in the presence of this difficulty. We saw no spring, yet here we were certain the place *must* have been; for it is the only point of all Carmel where Elijah could have been so close to the brook Kishon, then dried up, as to take down thither the priests of Baal and slay them, return again to the mountain and pray for rain, all in the short space of the same afternoon, after the Lord had shown by His fire from heaven that He, and He alone, was God (see verses 40—44). El-Mohhraka is 1635 feet above the sea, and perhaps 1000 feet above the Kishon. This height can be gone up and down in the short time allowed by the Scripture. But the farther one goes towards the middle of the mountain, the higher he ascends above the Kishon, because Mount Carmel rises higher there, and the plain through which the river flows runs lower down. Add to this that the Kishon takes a course more and more diverging from the mountain, and the ravine by which people descend to the river's bed is exceedingly difficult to pass through, so that three full hours are thought necessary for traversing the distance from Esfiëh to the stream. Nowhere does the Kishon run so close to Mount Carmel as just beneath el-Mohhraka. Pious expositors, who would

transfer the scene to the seaward side of the mountain, seem quite to have left out of sight the required condition, that it must be near the brook Kishon.

Well, then, we went down to the Kishon through a steep ravine, and behold, right below the steep rocky wall of the height on which we stood—250 feet, it might be, beneath the altar plateau—a vaulted and very abundant fountain, built in the form of a tank, with a few steps leading down into it, just as one finds elsewhere in the old wells or springs of the Jewish times. Possibly the neighbourhood of this spring may have been the inducement that led to that altar which Elijah repaired having been built to the Lord in former times. Possibly, too, the water of this spring may have been consecrated to the Lord, so as not to be generally accessible to the people, even in times of fearful drought. In such springs the water remains always cool, under the shade of a vaulted roof, and with no hot atmosphere to evaporate it. While all other fountains were dried up, I can well understand that there might have been found here that superabundance of water which Elijah poured so profusely over the altar. Yes, the more I consider the matter, the more am I convinced, that from *such* a fountain alone could Elijah have procured so much water *at that time.* And as for the distance between this spring and the supposed site of the altar, it was every way possible for men to go thrice thither and back again to obtain the necessary supply.

Further, the place of Elijah's offering—the same probably where he cast himself down upon the earth, and put his face between his knees, in offering thanks

to the Lord for the divine power He had hitherto displayed, to beseech Him for the farther fulfilment of His promise, that of rain for the parched up ground—the place of Elijah's offering, I say, behoves to have been so screened by a rising ground on the west or north-west side, as to intercept a view of the sea; for he said to his servant, "Go up now and look toward the sea." Moreover, the distance to that height must not have been great; for the passage runs—"Go again seven times" (verses 42—44). Now such is the position of el-Mohhraka, that these circumstances might all quite well have been united there. On its west and north-west side the view of the sea is quite intercepted by an adjacent height. That height may be ascended, however, in a few minutes, and a full view of the sea obtained from the top.

Finally, Ahab's royal chariot stood below at the foot of Carmel, near the place where the priests of Baal were slain. From thence it was possible for the king to reach Jezreel that same evening. But only from thence, for every half hour more west must have taken him farther from the capital of his kingdom, and too far for him to accomplish the distance before being overtaken by the rain. How plain does this make the meaning of the words, "Prepare" and "Get thee down." The king was still standing near Elijah. Not quite close, but so near that the servant could take the message to him, while the wind was rising and the clouds gathering. Perhaps he was near the fountain quenching his thirst. Any how, he had to *go down* from the hill and make all speed to Jezreel, so as not to be overtaken by the fast rising storm of rain. After

three years' drought all herbage must have disappeared from the plain of Jezreel, and the loose clay composing its soil must have been changed into a deep layer of dust. Had time been allowed for the rain to convert that dust into a bed of mud, the chariot-wheels might have stuck fast in it.

Thus have we the Bible narrative clearly set before us. It requires little stretch of imagination to figure to ourselves the thousands of the tribes of Israel that had come up thither from the hills of Galilee, from yonder plains and hills of Zebulon and Issachar, and on the right there from the hills of Ephraim, to choose whether they would serve Jehovah or Baal. And methought I saw the departing Ahab in the distance, between Carmel and the royal Jezreel, although that seat of royalty is now represented only by the wretched village of Zeraïn.

How much did el-Mohhraka recall to our minds! How familiar did it make us with God's dealings with his people Israel! Yes, truly, "Elijah was a man subject to like passions as we are." * A great saying that for us to understand; great in point of encouragement to faith, and to the prayer of faith, in the daily conflict of our life on earth!

And now, my friend, this must suffice for to-night.

I feel happy at our having got back from the "burnt place," near Esfiëh, for below at the fountain, which I shall simply call Elijah's fountain, a band of fellahîns lay encamped in their black tents, and as soon as they saw us they came upon us to demand a baksheesh. The unwonted sight of European travellers in this rarely

* James, v. 17, 18.

visited tract, made their very eyes glisten with eagerness for plunder. Our Khaifa guide, notwithstanding, actually drove them off with his long spear, and to him they seemed quite submissive. It sufficed for them to see us under the safeguard of one who was of the same tribe with themselves, and a Bedouin. Whatever be the propensity of this people for plunder, yet they seem to have a certain respect for guides of their own race, as if they saw in this the evidence of a certain tribute having been paid by the traveller once, and therefore not to be demanded a second time. Had we been obliged, however, to spend the night somewhere thereabouts in the field, I very much doubt whether they would have left us as unmolested as we are in the house of our shech.

Dr Kalley is still busy with his patients, who are all Druses and Mohammedans, there being no Christians residing at Esfiëh. How eagerly do they listen to him—he has so won their hearts by his benevolent aid! It is truly touching to see how the poor and the miserable come to him for help for the body, and how they go away from him with the first tidings that ever met their ears, that out of free grace, full forgiveness, reconciliation with God, and everlasting life, are bestowed for nothing, through the offering of Jesus Christ on the cross, to every one that believeth.

TANTÛRA, *March 3d.*

WHAT a roving life I lead! Yesterday on one of the highest peaks of Carmel, this evening on the seashore. Again is my fellow-traveller seated with his

medicine-chest open before him, together with a bundle of Arab tracts, while a crowd is pressing close to him on all sides. I avail myself of this quiet moment, quiet in so far as people leave me at peace, to tell you of our journey to-day, although writing costs much pains, owing to the oppressively sultry heat; for the house in which we are sheltered, and in which travellers from 'Akka to Jaffa usually take up their night quarters, is small, full of people, full of our horses and mules, and full of smoke. There is barely room for putting up our camp-beds. I sit on mine while writing this, a good deal fatigued; all which I think it necessary to tell you, that you may be aware of the circumstances that must excuse the defects and irregularities of my pen.

It was early in the morning when we left Esfiëh. Our ride through the wild garden of Carmel, with its bright red tulips, its blush roses, its jasmines, its hawthorns, and so many other known and unknown flowers and shrubs, was in some respects unique. If there be much trouble and vexation in a journey through the Holy Land, there is also much that is lovely and agreeable, and an evening ride over the table-land of Carmel belongs assuredly to the latter category. True, our beds, and whatever else could tear, were wofully torn, as the mules painfully struggled forwards through the thick jungle; but this sort of thing one must put up with. We rode down the valley of the priests of Baal, beneath el-Mohhraka, passed the fountain, and then turned right on to the ruins of Mansûrah, which may be seen standing on a lower platform to the south of the "burnt place." The heaps of stones lying there seem to indicate a village of later date than the time of

the Crusaders. Still I state this only as a conjecture. It cannot be identified with the offering-place of Elijah. No doubt it stands as near the fountain, and as near the Kishon as el-Mohhraka; but too far beneath the lofty crest of Carmel to admit of Elijah's servant going up and down seven times, in so short an interval, in order to have a sight of the sea. It is likewise by no means so conspicuous a spot as el-Mohhraka; and be it remembered that what was done there behoved to be done in the sight of all Israel. Instead of going any farther down the path by which the prophet went with the priests of Baal, we descended by a ravine holding more to the south, under the shade of some tall and beautifully blossoming bushes. Our way led us into the great plain, close to a large tell, that of Kaimûn, which we climbed in order to have a view of some ruins. The tell is about two hundred feet high, and has a most commanding site, as it shuts in the south-western approach to the plain of Esdraelon. From this point 'Akka is seen in the distance, together with whatever is visible in the plain. About three quarters of an hour to the north of this there is another knoll called Tell-Sadé, also Tell-Kasis (the hill of the priests), "although," said my guide, "the proper name is Tell-Kishon." The hill of the priests is probably a name that has been given to it in memorial of the slaughter of the priests of Baal. Some would, in the name Tell-Kishon, too hastily discover the Kishon of Joshua xix. 20. Yet it appeared to me that the inhabitants gave this name to various tells in the neighbourhood of the Kishon. Kishon that is meant in that passage as being in the tribe of Issachar probably lay more to the east, in the centre of the

great plain, where the principal source of the river Kishon is found. Kamûn or Kaimûn I believe to be Jokneam, one of the one-and-thirty royal cities of Canaan,* which was the extreme frontier town of Zebulon to the south-west,† and with its suburbs was assigned to the Levites.‡ One of the points that here strike the eye, is a small village with a white plastered tomb called Shech-Abrît or Abrîk, near where the victory was obtained by Barak over Sisera.§ It lies on the ascent of a chain of low hills which, running eastward, connects itself with the higher hills of Nazareth, and on the west forms with Carmel the entrance into the great plain of Esdraelon, or, as the Arabs call it, Merj-Ibn-Amer.

After having thoroughly examined the ruins of Kaimûn, among which we found what were very evidently the foundations of a Christian church on the east side of the hill, and also several large vaulted caves, we bent our way southwards to the wadi-Melha, that is, the "salt valley," which separates, in a westerly direction, what are, properly speaking, the Carmel group from the lower hills to the south. It is now quite a deserted region. Here are no more armies, no more townspeople or villagers; a single herd of goats, watched by a few wild Arabs, was all that we met. On the other hand, many eagles and smaller birds of prey hovered above our heads.

Led by what I had seen in Jacotin's and Robinson's maps, we inquired for the castle of Kireh. But the guide assured us that there was no castle now existing of that name. We found only the ruins of a town

* Joshua xii. 22.
† Joshua xix. 11.
‡ Joshua xxi. 34.
§ Judges iv. 15, 16.

called el-Kireh, on a hill full half an hour to the south of the Kaimûn ruins, which externally presented nothing of importance. Jacotin has confounded the tell of Kaimûn with that of el-Kireh.

How different the hills we were now traversing from the mountains of Carmel! Here all is bald and solitary, yonder all was densely covered with trees and brush-wood. At some points, where we found ourselves high enough to overlook the slopes to the south, the prospect reached to a great distance. Only one or two villages break the tame uniformity of grassy hills, which persons travelling in this direction see on their left. The land lies untilled and bare. Nevertheless, in earlier times, those hill-sides were cultivated and inhabited, as may be clearly seen from the traces of terraces not quite obliterated. We passed a village called Harmasi, where we observed various millstones and winepresses of ancient date, below Um-Mezainat, the southernmost village of Carmel, and which is seen from this situated on the height. The path led us a little farther on through a narrow rocky wadi; some more ruins lay on the right side of the way. After that the wadi opened out into a beautiful and extensive plain, in which we struck away to the south, to Iksim, a respectable looking Moslem village situate on a hill at the extremity of the plain. Here the Metzellim of Khaifa has a very good house, at which the guide made us alight; but in spite of the Metzellim's letter to his steward, we plainly saw that our visit was unwelcome, owing probably to the inborn hatred of the Moslems to the Christians. It was still early, and so we preferred going to the ruins of the ancient Dor, a hundred yards or thereabouts to

the north of our present quarters. The way from Iksim to Dor or Tantûra passes through an olive garden, which may be said to be truly magnificent, such is the colossal size of the trees, such the rich verdure of the grass they overshadow, and so vast the extent of the grove. You speedily get out then from among the hills into the plain bordering on the Mediterranean, which plain you can either cross over immediately, so as, after half an hour's riding, to reach the villages of Surafend and Kefr-Lâm, lying on the other side, or you can first keep for a while to the right, while skirting the base of the hills and the villages of 'Ain-Gazel and Sawanieh, and then cross right over against Tantûra. The wall of rock that defended the shore fortifications against attack from the land side, as I mentioned to you with respect to 'Athlît, here, too, runs past Tantûra. I can now well understand how the children of Manasseh, to whom the royal city of Dor had fallen as an inheritance, owing to the faint-heartedness that appears to have characterised them, could not expel the inhabitants of so strongly defended a fortress.* According to 1st Chronicles vii. 29, it appears, however, that they afterwards actually occupied it, and that Dor was, under Solomon, governed by Abinadab, his son-in-law.† The town is mentioned, likewise, more than once in the books of the Maccabees, and in Josephus; and in the time of the early Christians the congregation there had a bishop of their own.

The ruins of Dor cannot be said to present any thing very interesting. By the sea-shore, about the spot where the harbour seems to have been, there lie a great

* Joshua xi. 2, 12, 13; xvii. 11-13. † 1 Kings iv. 11.

many pillars washed by the waves. There is still standing, also, a portion of an old tower, not, however, of the Israelitish era. Little more is seen of the stones with which the Canaanitish Dor was built than the quarryings in the above-mentioned wall of rock, from which those stones had been cut with great regularity.

Here I lay down the pen, in order to spend an hour or so with the shech of Tantûra, who appears to be tolerably well acquainted with the localities in this district, and from whom I expect to have their several names and positions.

SEBARIN, *4th March*.

How much, my friend, have I desired you could have been with me this morning! Not at Tantûra,—there we had to overcome a little difficulty—but after that, while travelling along the sea-shore. Our servants fell out with the owner of the house in which we had lodged, and who had sold us chickens, eggs, milk, and firewood, on account of the exorbitant prices he had charged for them. It was a proof, no doubt, of the fidelity of our servants; but, alas! of the avarice also of the inhabitants of the hamlet. They were the very people who, the evening before, had received medicine and advice from Dr Kalley for nothing. How this grieved that noble-minded man! While this was going on, I was busy packing my saddle-bag, and the doctor stood surrounded by a number of sick people, who continued to the last moment to trouble him. Struck with their ingratitude, he refused medicines to one of them unless upon pay-

ment of a parcel of fish. This had been agreed upon the preceding evening; but the rude fellow coolly remarked, "that they had been fishing all night to no purpose, for they had caught nothing." "If the fish-pond is dried up," rejoined the good doctor, "then the medicine-pond refuses to flow." On this he shut his box tight, and desired it to be packed up. But thereupon fish were at once to be had, and as many as we chose.

Thankless wretches, sold to the idol-god of avarice! I know but one excuse that can be alleged for you, namely, that rich travellers, and such as think only about themselves, have spoilt you.

You are saying to yourself, perhaps,—Why, I am very glad I was not there. And so am I, my friend, but now accompany me in thought along the beach. It is not the first time you have seen a flat sea-shore; and you can fancy to yourself how, on a lovely morning while the sun is just risen and the air is cool, the solemn surge with impressive, hollow, thundering noise, breaks, races up, foams, and retires over the smooth white sand, repeating, with an endless variety in the play of its waters, the murmuring and hissing of each successive wave. Tantûra is soon forgotten. We too have but to consider who and what we are, and then we shall not find it difficult to judge others compassionately. Nothing farther then will hinder our praising with thankful heart the Lord who "created the heavens and the earth, and all that is therein;" and who this very morning opens His hand to satisfy the whole creation with His mercies. The scene around us calls forth this delightful feeling. Just think of a spring morning on

the shore of the Mediterranean! To the left the vast plain of Sharon, bordered on the east by the rocky hills on the south of Carmel, stretching fully an hour and a half to the south of Tantûra, where they suddenly break off and recede far inland. We pass two rivers each bordered with bushes and brushwood, and also two ruins in their neighbourhood. An ancient aqueduct runs close along the sea-shore on our left; the sand-drift has been blown up against it like the slope of a dyke; yet the arched vaulting is every where visible. This water-course is half an hour in length. We have now gone over a distance of two hours and a half since leaving Tantûra, and have come upon the extensive dilapidations of an important town. A quadrilateral and not very much decayed rampart wall, with bastion towers at regular distances, incloses a part of these ruins. It is true the rubbish heaps of this evidently once considerable town extend far beyond the rampart, so that it would take above an hour to ride round the whole; but the principal dilapidations lie within the wall, on the sea-shore, and it is there that I would have you place yourself in imagination beside us. Our horses and mules have been unsaddled. Here we take our seats without disturbance, for the place is uninhabited, and the Bedouins, who sometimes skulk about in pursuit of travellers, find their prey at this season in another part of the country. Now, look for once at this thick wall to the left, to the right, in front and behind. What masonry! How massive, how colossal! You recognise at once the Roman architect. Now come to the shore: look but at these ruins of the old harbour fortress! Walls two and three yards thick!

And what a quantity of fragments of marble, marble too of the most costly sorts! Pomp and power must have been here combined when this city was in the days of its prosperity. This you find confirmed by the countless columns that lie by hundreds in the sea. There seems also to have been a haven; but the wall that had been built on the breakwater, or enormous dam constructed of stones, which the architect of this city, Herod the Great, built out into the sea, has been destroyed, and the waves wash over the shore just as of old, when there stood here no Cesarea, but only the petty fortress of Strato's Tower. Ay, here once flourished Cesarea, the most magnificent city of Judea when under the dominion of Rome, run up in ten years' time by Herod, shortly before the birth of the Saviour, and called Cesarea after his master Cesar Augustus. If you would know what treasures he lavished on this city as the chief residence of the imperial governor—if you would read the descriptions of all the palaces, castles, amphitheatres, and other splendid buildings which the Great Herod caused to be constructed here, then turn up Josephus, where you will find a full detail of the whole, and learn what a marvellous piece of masonry that stone breakwater was, capable of sheltering the vessels of the "greatest city of Judea," a city of which he afterwards affirms, that "Herod made it of such strength, as to overawe the whole Jewish people." Felix and Festus* shew us that Cesarea was in their days considered as the seat of the court, though not the chief city of the kingdom. And Cornelius, the centurion of the band called the Italian band,† reminds us

* Acts xxiii. 33; xxiv. 27, and xxv. 1. † Acts x. 7.

of the selection of soldiers made for the garrison of that fortress.

If we transfer ourselves to those days, the first in which the Lord's congregation began to flourish, we shall find this grassy sward, on which we sit among rubbish and ruins, the scene of many an event mentioned in the holy records. You see there, I daresay, right before you, that ruin of a Christian church, with its chancel turned towards the east. Tradition will have it that Philip the Evangelist had his dwelling there,* where Paul and Luke, with other fellow travellers, on their last journey from Jerusalem to Ptolemais, came and remained for many days, when it was foretold him by the daughters of Philip, and still more pointedly by Agabus the prophet of Judea, that the Jews of Jerusalem should bind and deliver him into the hands of the Gentiles. What must have been that supplication and weeping, when the disciples at Cesarea, together with Paul's fellow-travellers, entreated him not to go to Jerusalem! Sincere indeed must have been the affection of the Christians of Cesarea, when they could say, with child-like confidence, "The will of the Lord be done," yet not the less desired to have their share in the apostle's sufferings, by accompanying him to Jerusalem.†

To yonder castle by the sea-side I imagine that Paul not long afterwards was committed to safe custody, when he had been sent off by Claudius Lysias, under an armed escort, to Felix, and by his command was kept in Herod's judgment-hall until his accusers should arrive from Jerusalem. But although the Apostle made

* Acts viii. 40. † Acts xxi. 8–16.

a powerful and convincing defence, and although Felix was satisfied as to his innocence, so that, probably to quiet his conscience, he commanded a centurion to keep Paul, and to let him have liberty, and that he should forbid none of his acquaintance to minister or come unto him, yet Paul remained for more than two years the prisoner of Felix, and was handed over as a prisoner to the government of Festus, inasmuch as Felix was willing to do the Jews a pleasure, seeing that he had lost all hope of having money given him by Paul.*

Tradition has preserved, also, the house of Cornelius the centurion, under the vaulted roof of an oratory. Thus, at least, is it pretended. Happily every trace of this so-called holy oratory has disappeared. For ourselves, we desire to keep to God's Word alone, and not to tradition—not to any worship or any intercession of the Apostle who was sent to make the Gospel known to Cornelius; but with Cornelius, we would listen, as "in the presence of God," to all that Peter was commanded by God, the Holy Ghost, to make known to us by the writing of his *general epistles*. Striking, and "faithful and worthy of all acceptation," were the words addressed by Peter to Cornelius and his household.† Striking is the warning likewise conveyed to us by the examples of Felix, Festus, and Agrippa, who heard the word of everlasting life, and *almost* were persuaded to be Christians, but who never got farther than that fatal *almost*.

Another solemn warning seems to be re-echoed in our ears from the walls of Cesarea—that of Herod-Agrippa's frightful end; for "the angel of the Lord smote him,

* Acts xxiv. † Acts x. 34–43.

because he gave not God the glory, and he was eaten of worms, and gave up the ghost."*

Josephus informs us that a dissension between the Greeks and Jews of Cesarea was what chiefly led to the downfall of Jerusalem, and to the desolation of the whole land of Judæa. After the fall of Jerusalem Cesarea continued for four hundred years to be the capital of the kingdom. Even the bishops of Jerusalem remained for a time under those of Cesarea, as the "metropolitan church of *Prima Palestina*," which, governed by an archbishop, included no fewer than twenty bishopries under its jurisdiction. The ecclesiastical history of Cesarea will be found minutely related in the writings of William of Tyre. Highly exalted as it was, it could not escape the general conquest of the country, first by the Saracens, afterwards, in 1101, under Baldwin I., by the Crusaders, and finally, in 1265, by Sultan Bibars; and withal, it had its full share in the destruction and devastation that overtook the other towns and villages of the country. This it encountered in even a larger measure than Tyre, Sidon, Beirût, and 'Akka, all of which have been some more some less rebuilt, whereas the mouldering heaps of Cesarea have now for a long series of years served only as a shelter for wild beasts. Whatever of any value was left in a tolerable state of preservation, had been transported by Jezzar-Pasha to 'Akka.

I have perhaps made too heavy a demand on your imagination, my friend, in asking you to transport yourself in thought to the ruins of Cesarea. Well, then,

* Acts xii. 21–23.

I trust ere long to come to your aid with the sketch that I have taken of them.

I will not ask you to accompany us beneath the burning noonday sun through the broad plain to the east of Cesarea. You will think it quite enough to hear what we have to say of it, and that is but little. After leaving the fortified wall, we rode for some time through the rubbish heaps of the suburbs, where, among other relics of bypast magnificence, we saw three amazingly large pillar shafts, of beautiful red polished granite, of a somewhat conical form, and having a base of about nine feet in diameter. We took the measurement likewise of an oblong block of a quadrangular prismatical form, also of red granite, and found it thirty-four feet long, five feet broad, and four feet high. It is not easy to conceive what the building must have been, in which such gigantic and costly materials were employed.

From this we followed a direction east by north, trusting to our compass, as the ancient highways that ran of old from Megiddo and the mountains of Samaria to Cesarea have disappeared. The aspect of this plain was new to me. I saw other birds and other flowers than I had seen in the northern districts of Palestine, being such as are more adapted to the marshy nature of this ground than to the rocky tracts of the former. This, then, according to general opinion, is the far-famed plain of Sharon, in which however the city of that name has vanished. No chain of hills in the south breaks the immensity of the plain. It runs with a varying breadth of one or two hours between the sea and the hills that lie nearest to it inland, to where it passes Gaza, and

then it is finally lost in the wilderness leading towards Egypt. As far as Jaffa the plain seems to have the name of Sharon given to it; about Jaffa, and farther to the south, that of Sephala, or, more commonly yet, that of the Land of the Philistines, as far as the river of Egypt, the extreme south-western frontier line of the land given by God to the Patriarchs and their seed. The word 'plain' must not be taken here in its strict meaning, for the ground sometimes undulates, and is here and there broken by a chain of low hills. 'Plain,' however, is a name every way appropriate to this tract in comparison with the steep rocky mountains of Ephraim and Judah, which border the great plain as far as the wilderness of Beersheba. I saw the plain of Sharon to-day in the time of the first labours of the husbandman, those of ploughing and sowing. The ground was particularly soft and swampy, owing to the waters that flow into it from the hills to the east during and after the rains. What a treasure all that water must be, considering the drought that generally parches this land! But still no general blessing follows. Only a few fellahîns who, with their black tents of goats' hair, lie skulking in the hollows between the low hills, make any use of it. They plough, sow, and reap, for nobody disputes the ground with them; and during the remainder of the year, rove about wherever they can find grass and water in most abundance for their cattle. In our passage over the plain we stumbled suddenly, when about an hour's distance from Cesarea, on one of their encampments skirting the brook Surganiëh. As we rode past, we halted at one of the tents to enjoy a drink of goat's milk. This a woman gave us with the

utmost good will. Our guide, who well understands his people, urged us not to tarry a moment longer than necessary. "The Arabs," said he, "are hospitable, but they are also rogues; it is better to have nothing to do with them."

I kept constantly looking round for the so-called Crocodile Lake, which by some writers is said to lie to the east of Cesarea, until I came at last to be convinced that either it never existed at all, or that it has for many years been dried up. At Athlît I saw in the neighbourhood of the sea a pretty large pool of water. May it not have been possible that this is what was meant by the Crocodile Lake? or might not these monsters have been found at the mouth of the Nahr-Zerka, a river which flows into the sea close to Cesarea, after having for a considerable time meandered through the plain in coming from the north-west? About an hour to the north of the direction we were then following over the plain, stands the village of Zerka, with a stone bridge, which our guide told us was of great antiquity, crossing the stream. The outermost angle of the hills that stretch southwards from Carmel into this plain lay now on our left hand, at no great distance. At the foot of that jutting hill are seen the ruins of the castle of Miamâs, and, a little higher up the slope, a village of that name.

I find this castle mentioned by no traveller but Dr Barth, who, in 1847, on his tour to the hills lying to the east of this, lost his way hereabouts, and speaks of a castle in ruins, without however giving it any name. It is here that the highway from Beisan or Scythopolis through Megiddo to Cesarea passed, and the castle

Miamâs must, it strikes me, have been intended for its protection.

The position of several ruins lying to the right and left I noted down in my pocket-book. We were still riding over untrodden ground, following the course of the small river which, coming from the east as the Nahr-Sendianeh, joins the brook Surganiëh. It is from twenty to thirty feet in breadth, and flows with a full stream between banks overgrown with reeds. At the distance of two hours from Cesarea we passed the stream at a ford, and then held northwards to the village of Sendianeh. Here again the low hills begin, and continuing steadily to rise, reach their highest point not far from the plain of Esdraelon, and with a pretty steep descent fall down into this great plain. A landscape of quite a new character now opened before us. We travelled onwards through gently ascending undulations, over a broad highway that lies as it were in the middle of an English park. A carriage with springs might have traversed the whole distance from Cesarea to Sebarîn, so gradual is the ascent, and so little is the way beset with rocks and cliffs. Here one could easily recognise the ancient highway from the south of Palestine to 'Akka, round by the east of Carmel. Napoleon followed this road in 1799, when he advanced from Egypt to Syria, and had an engagement with the enemy to the north of Sendianeh, on the 16th of March. From the place at which we forded the stream to Sendianeh, we had a ride of half an hour, a half hour too pleasant ever to be forgotten. Here the undulations of the ground are not clothed with thick wood or copse; but standard trees of large size and

various sorts, as if laid out by human hands, form a forest in which we seemed to be taken back to all that is loveliest in our Western woods, without hindrance from the rank and wild vegetation of the East. Many of those trees were in full blossom; yet both their leaves and flowers were unknown to me. Some that I saw much resembled beeches, yet I dare not call them by that name. There was no lack of hawthorn or oak: the latter is neither so high nor so sturdy as in our country; it is smaller also in the leaf, but its fruit is larger, and is contained in a rough shell, whilst the gall-nut formed on its leaf is fully as large as a walnut, and of a dark brown colour. Amongst the boughs and branches of this beautiful tree nestled all sorts of singing birds, and beneath its shade the fertile soil was clothed with a profusion of grass and flowers. Here, indeed, we had found one of those spots from which the traveller may perceive that there are elements in the soil of Palestine for the production of the richest abundance of useful plants. The ground is untilled by mortal hands, and yet what a profusion of charms does nature offer! The same elements are to be found existing in the soil elsewhere; but there the land is inhabited—inhabited by a race of men whose track is followed by barbarism and desolation. It is thus, in a certain sense, a blessing for the country to be uninhabited. It will have been remarked, perhaps, that the want of water, more than any other cause, makes the land lie dry and dead. No doubt, scarcity of water is the immediate cause; but in the days of Israel's prosperity, water was to be had everywhere by means of wells and water-courses, and the greater cultivation of trees at once increased

the rain and diminished the evaporation from the ground. Such, however, is the natural disposition of the present inhabitants of Palestine, that with all this want of water, they allow the wells and fountains that existed from of old to be ruined and stopt up, and leave the water-courses of former days broken down and neglected. And all this that God's word may be fulfilled, and God's curse upon the land accomplished:—"Your land shall be desolate, and your cities waste. Then shall the land enjoy her sabbaths, as long as it lieth desolate, and ye be in your enemies' land; even then shall the land rest and enjoy her sabbaths. As long as it lieth desolate, it shall rest; because it did not rest in your sabbaths, when ye dwelt upon it." * Once before was this curse fulfilled upon Israel, when they wept by the waters of Babylon. The land had enjoyed her sabbaths; for as long as it lay desolate, it kept sabbath to fulfil threescore and ten years.† But the Lord had compassion, and turned the captivity of Israel. Now hath the land of God's promise lain under His righteous curse for nearly 1800 years, and well may the traveller in Palestine be led to say:—"Who shall be able to stand before his wrath?" ‡ "Who shall not fear thee, O Lord, and glorify thy name? for thou only art holy; for thy judgments are made manifest." § "What thing shall I liken to thee, that I may comfort thee, O virgin daughter of Zion? for thy breach is great like the sea: who can heal thee?" ‖ Yet let him not ask in the depth of this desolation:—"Who shall show us any good?" for a Bible full of promises of mercy is given

* Lev. xxvi. 33-35. † 2 Chron. xxxvi. 21. ‡ Rev. vi. 17.
§ Rev. xv. 4. ‖ Lament. ii. 13.

us. The series of blessings far exceeds the series of curses. "The land also shall be left of them, and shall enjoy her sabbaths, while she lieth desolate without them: and they shall accept of the punishment of their iniquity; because, even because they despised my judgments, and because their soul abhorred my statutes.... Then will I remember my covenant with Jacob, and also my covenant with Isaac, and also my covenant with Abraham will I remember; and I will remember the land. I will not cast them away, neither will I abhor them, to destroy them utterly, and to break my covenant with them: for I am the LORD their God. But I will for their sakes remember the covenant of their ancestors, whom I brought forth out of the land of Egypt in the sight of the heathen, that I might be their God: I am the LORD."* Then "the desolate land shall be tilled, whereas it lay desolate in the sight of all that passed by. And they shall say, This land that was desolate is become like the garden of Eden: and the waste, and desolate, and ruined cities, are become fenced, and are inhabited. Then the heathen, that are left round about you, shall know that I the LORD build the ruined places, and plant that that was desolate: I the Lord have spoken it, and I will do it."† How happy do I feel that while I give my testimony to the fulfilment of God's curse pronounced upon the land of Israel, I can speak also of the elements of blessing everywhere visible in the midst of the desolation. Is it not remarkable that it is precisely the most remote districts, those that are seldom or never visited by tourists, that present the most striking instances of that blessing

* Lev. xxvi. 42-45. † Ezekiel xxxvi. 34-36.

which, although withheld for a time, is not the less on that account deposited in the soil? Yes, while the Lord long delays the fulfilment of His promises, He so orders it that again, more than has been the case for hundreds of years past, this and the other traveller penetrates into these remoter places, sees and makes known the fertility of the ground, and thus makes his testimony tend to the fortifying of those who in patient faith wait for the fulfilment of His coming.

As far as Sendianeh our road was of no importance, at least as respects our own personal adventures. Sebarîn, the village where we were to halt for the night, lies about an hour's distance farther towards the north-east, on the slope of the gently rising hill. Both these villages have a poor appearance, most of the houses being built of rough stones and clay, which gives them a much more irregular aspect than those that have been built of four-cornered hewn stones, such as are everywhere to be met with to the north of Carmel. I already began to learn, by what I saw, what had often been told me, that the villages to the south of Carmel are much more miserable than those about Lebanon and the hilly country of Upper Galilee—a circumstance intimately connected with the natural disposition and the religion of the inhabitants. Sendianeh, on its rocky knoll, at first frightened us by its poor appearance. The ancient square building-stones of a large size found there, give the village some importance as one of the old localities of the land of the Jews; but they go little towards making it fit for night-quarters. Sebarîn is in this respect no better, but there was little

choice. The great Um-el-fahm, on yonder wooded hills to the south-east, was too far off; Kanîr lay too much to the south of our course; and the little Gadareh, a quarter of an hour east-south-east of Sendianeh, and hidden among old ruinous buildings, flattered us still less with the prospect of a comfortable night's lodging. On these accounts we made up our minds to alight here for the night. The shech has with great willingness appointed for us an uninhabited house, the highest and the best in the whole village; and the inhabitants are ten times more courteous than we found those of Tantûra yesterday evening. People ill of fever, dropsy, and still more people affected with ophthalmia, are seated as usual round Dr Kalley while I am writing this. Poor afflicted people!

I must tell you, further, that in the maps of Robinson and Kiepert, you must put Sebarîn where Sendianeh stands marked, and Sendianeh an hour farther to the westward. The wooded tract through which we came this afternoon stops here. On the other hand, these hills are covered with corn, which has already shot up to some height. Yet in the plain of Sharon this is the proper time to sow, for the winter rains have converted the land into a morass. In earlier times, when the surface-water was properly drawn off, it must have been otherwise. In rural operations, that plain was during those times probably in advance of the higher hilly districts.

I have nothing further to say of our village, except that it stands on the side of a wadi, which, indeed, is not very deep, but has many caves, of which the inha-

bitants take advantage for the accommodation of themselves and their cattle.

Good night!

EL-LEJJÛN, *5th March.*

HERE my journey with the friend who, during the brief period we have been together, has enabled me cheerfully and patiently to go through many difficulties, comes to a close. Great is the need one has in this country of a brotherly travelling companion. So much patience must be exercised, so many privations must be submitted to, so many discomforts endured! And nowhere do we meet with people that can enter into our feelings, and that have a kind word to give us for the refreshment of our exhausted spirits. On the contrary, one is constantly surrounded by men who, perverted by ignorance and fanaticism, eye him with suspicion and hostility; or with others who, still more deeply sunk, have but the one thought how they may best rob and plunder him. The traveller's own people—his servants, guides, dragoman, and mule-driver—are all more occupied in attending to themselves than to him, and invariably at his cost. Whoever travels through this country, must ponder well that he has come to a land lying under the curse of God. And how, then, can he lay down his testimony to the truth of God's Word without experiencing withal the consequences of that curse? Here, accordingly, more than in any other country, does one feel the want of a fellow-traveller!

But why should I be cast down? Was it not He who, for these few days past, provided for me a faithful

brother and companion in travel? And shall I deem His arm inadequate for my farther protection, because He calls this friend elsewhere? I was always safe, and accomplished the work I had in hand, when no one was with me among the mountains of Belad-Besharah, as cheerfully as on the summits of Carmel in company with Dr Kalley. Take courage, then, my soul! He who hath helped thee hitherto, will continue to help thee. "He is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." *

I sit writing this on one of the broken granite pillars of the ruins of el-Lejjûn, considered by Dr Robinson to be the Megiddo of the Scriptures, although other learned men do not think this very well made out. From Sebarîn to this, we had little short of a four hours' ride, without reckoning stoppages caused by our taking measurements and surveying at our leisure the country around us. When we were about to mount this morning, it was heart-breaking to see how the poor sick villagers implored my fellow-traveller to remain some time longer among them. But other duties called him elsewhere; and in obedience to that call we proceeded on our way. For nearly two hours we journeyed on among hills constantly rising, yet with a very gentle ascent, without meeting anything but green corn-fields and grassy fallows. Mount Carmel on the left, appearing blue in the distance, rose parallel with our line of march. El-Mohhraka's steep slope could be easily recognised on that side. Esfiëh and Um-Mezainat were also visible; behind us lay the plain of Sharon, the Mediterranean sea, and the village of Sendianeh;

* Heb. xiii. 8.

while before us the mountains of Gilboa, Little Hermon, Tabor, and Safed, rose into view, far, very far over-topped by the snow-capt Hermon (of Anti-Lebanon). The Aneroid showed that we were 750 feet above the level of the sea. Soon after that we skirted the ancient village of Jââra, the only one we passed this morning, from which it appears that the arable ground along our road had been sown by wandering fellahîns, or by peasants living at a great distance from their corn-fields. At a distance of two and a half hours' from Sebarîn, we reached the summit level of our way, fully 1100 feet, and also the highest elevation betwixt the plain of Esdraelon and the sea. The great plain with its tells and ruins now lay at our feet, and also El-Lejjûn, that seemed so near that we might reach it in less than half an hour's time, although we found that it took an hour and a half riding, first through a smooth narrow valley, afterwards along a steep rocky path that winds away among the hills. On this, that is, on the east, side of Jââra, there was no more tillage to be seen. There the hill-slopes lie fallow, covered with grass and low prickly brushwood; still there may be seen the terrace-grounds of better days long since fled.

From Carmel down to the mountains of Gilboa, the vale of Esdraelon is shut in by such slopes having nearly the form of a crescent, opening to the north. The horns of this crescent, the mountains to the east and west of the plain, form the lowest part of it; whilst the mountains of Samaria rise up in its centre to an elevation of more than 2000 feet. At their base lie the huge tells of Kaimûn, el-Lejjûn, and Tâânuk, marking the spots where, in times of old, stood the key-fortresses of the

mountains of Ephraim, and also of the plain of Esdraelon. El-Lejjûn clearly appears to have been the most considerable of these, for, to this day, the ruins embrace a much wider circuit than those of the other tells. They lie in two separate groups. The larger and northerly is separated from the other by a small glen, for they lie on distinct heights. Down this glen there flows a copious stream of water springing from the hill we had descended, and separating into two or three branches, which afterwards run into the Kishon. These are probably "the waters of Megiddo" mentioned in Judges v. 19, for I must own I consider the identification of Lejjûn with that ancient capital city to be correct, whatever the reasons that have been adduced to the contrary. The only use to which the brook is applied at the present day, is the driving of two corn-mills that stand among the brushwood on its banks. The owners of these mills, following the usual practice of thinking it better to plough among ruins than in the open field, have tilled the heights of Megiddo. And, accordingly, there lie scattered about among the growing corn fragments of columns, of limestone and granite, and all sorts of building materials. On a steep slope to the north of the brook, there is seen the foundation of a building that must have been a church or a temple. As a principal station on the western caravan road from Damascus to Egypt, el-Lejjûn for a long while possessed a large khan, mentioned by Maundrell and many travellers after him. But this last relic of the importance of Megiddo has now vanished; at least, it is in such a ruined state that neither men nor beasts can find in it any shelter from rain. Two miserable small

huts have been built among the fallen stones, perhaps for temporary accommodation only, for their inhabitants had left them. Half an hour to the north-west of Lejjûn another tell may be seen, called by my guide Tell-Metzellim.

Megiddo, one of the thirty-one royal cities of Canaan,* was assigned to the children of Manasseh in Issachar's inheritance;† yet it was not wholly subdued.‡ In the reign of Solomon, nevertheless, we see Bâäna, the son of Ahilud, appointed as one of the king's victualling officers over Megiddo, Taanach, and the whole district from Beth-shean to Carmel.§ The building of Megiddo is expressly mentioned‖ as charged by King Solomon on the "levy" of the people. Ahaziah, the King of Israel, when pursued by Jehu, sought shelter in Megiddo, but met with his death there.¶ But Megiddo has been particularly memorable for the death of the pious King Josiah, in the battle he fought with Pharaoh-Nechoh, when the latter had come up out of Egypt and wanted to go against the King of Assyria to the river Euphrates.** Not content with the clear and perfectly intelligible account of this event in the Bible, some wonder how Josiah could have gone from Jerusalem to meet Pharaoh, seeing that the latter had already approached the valley of Megiddo, that is, the valley or plain of Esdraelon. After our Carmel tour, there does not remain the slightest difficulty. Pharaoh-Nechoh came with his army through the plains of Philistia and Sharon, keep-

* Joshua xii. 21. † Joshua xvii. 11 ‡ Judges i. 27.
§ 1 Kings iv. 12. ‖ 1 Kings ix. 15. ¶ 2 Kings ix. 27.
** 2 Kings xxiii. 29, 30; 2 Chron. xxxv. 20, 25.

ing constantly along the coast, round the north-west corner of Carmel, and so to the great plain of Megiddo. This was not only his right way to the Euphrates, but it was the only one fit for his chariots, while thereby also he left Judah and Ephraim quite to his right. In "the great plain," however, the Egyptian army had necessarily to strike across the country, and it was on that occasion that Josiah could most conveniently intercept its passage. To avoid the difficulty of passing the river Kishon, Pharaoh kept to the south of it, and must, therefore, have come past Megiddo. There, after having advanced along the great middle road from Jerusalem to Samaria, the army of Josiah presented itself. Pharaoh makes an ineffectual attempt to avoid it; Josiah attacks him; the Egyptian archers bend their bows, and, mortally wounded, the King of Judah is taken away on his "second chariot." About three quarters of an hour to the south of Megiddo lies a small village called Rumûni, undoubtedly the Hadad-Rimmon of Zechariah xii. 11. The Scottish missionaries of 1839 recognised there many old wells and other traces of the Israelitish era. Jerusalem was no more to see Josiah alive. Somewhere about Hadad-Rimmon, and thus shortly after he had left Megiddo, he died of his wounds. And Jeremiah, and all the men and women singers, sang in their dirges of the death of the godly and much beloved king. The lamentation song, called that of Hadad-Rimmon, probably because at the entrance of the vale of Megiddo first commenced that bitter weeping and bootless sorrow, became nationalised in Israel; and as the prophet could find no more deeply affecting dirge with which to compare Jeru-

salem's wailings and lamentations, Josiah's came to be chosen as a model.

Here I must shut my portfolio. Dr Kalley is already far on his way. I can still just see him and his retinue, like black spots on the green plain. This evening, I hope to send this to you from Jenîn by way of 'Akka.

Farewell.

FROM MEGIDDO BY JENÎN TO SAMARIA AND SHECHEM.

MY DEAR FRIEND, SHECHEM, *7th March.*

I HOPE the letter I sent you the evening before last from Jenîn has safely come to hand. A man whom I hired for the purpose took it to 'Akka, where Signor Finzi was to see to its being forwarded. I had intended to add to it a few words at Jenîn, but sickness prevented me; and now, for the first time, I have leisure and opportunity to tell you of my adventures since Dr Kalley parted from me at Megiddo. My being here this evening is what I did not calculate on; but circumstances have brought me hither, and, as it is Sunday, I rejoice to be able to spend this holy day at Shechem, and not in one of the unsafe and miserable villages to which my original plan would have probably conducted me.

From Megiddo to Jenîn cost me four and a half hours' travelling, although the distance is not reckoned more than three and a half. But the heat was so scorching and oppressive that we could scarcely make it out. Much had I already heard of the heat in the great plain of Esdraelon, but never could I have anticipated such heat as we endured that afternoon, so early in the spring. I know nothing to which the fierceness of the sun's rays can be compared, and must therefore mention the circumstances themselves only, leaving your imagination free scope for the rest.

Fancy, then, a plain some hours broad and long, on which the high noon-day sun is darting down his burning rays. Not a tree or shrub is there to offer you the slightest shade. All moisture is evaporated from the soil by the heat of the atmosphere. Not a breath of wind is there to fan your cheek. A sky overhead so bright and so blue, and withal a light around you so fierce and dazzling, that your eyes become painfully affected, and it is with the utmost difficulty you can keep them open. To look to the ground is of no avail, for the reflection both of heat and light from a pale gray calcareous footpath is fully as oppressive as the glow from above. The heat is further increased by the nearness of the rocky hills on the south side of the plain, along which the road from Megiddo to Jenîn runs. No umbrella, used as a protection from the sun, nor blue gauze veil which, at the suggestion of other travellers, I had brought along with me, could afford relief. I panted for breath. It is well that the plain of Esdraelon must come once more in the course of my journeyings, after my work in the south of the country shall be over, and when I shall be again on my route to the north; for, with the exception of what lay immediately on the road, the overwhelming heat prevented my making any observations on objects calling for notice in the plain towards the north. I noted down only the tell of Taanach mentioned in Scripture,* and lying fully an hour and a quarter to the south-east of Megiddo, now a flat hill sown with corn, and where nothing is to be found but a few old stones among the young corn-

* Joshua xii. 1, xvii. 11; Judges v. 19; 1 Kings iv. 12; Joshua xxi. 25; Judges i. 27.

stalks, while the small village of Táânuk, on the south-western base of the tell, has preserved the old name in its Arabic form; and, further, Sili or Siri, Jamûn, and Kefr-Dân, small villages lying in the entrance into the mountains of Ephraim, not far off the road.

You may imagine how fatigued we were on arriving at Jenîn; not myself only, but the whole of my small retinue, with the sole exception of my guide, on whom the heat made no farther impression than merely to make him repeat, every now and then, the exclamation "shook shook" (it is fearfully warm), as he pushed this way and that the yellow and red striped shawl that protected his head. The mukhari, as may be supposed, was not induced by the heat to quicken his pace, and even the horses and mules seemed to advance with difficulty.

I halted at the house of the Metzellim of Jenîn, and sent in Philip with my official documents to ask for proper quarters. A kavas soon came out, and conducted us to the house of a certain Yûsûf, on the south side of the village, the usual quarters, we were told, of European travellers. Yûsûf himself confirmed this, assuring us that only a few weeks ago a company of nine persons, among whom there were five ladies, had lodged here on their way from Aleppo to Jerusalem. If such was the case, I sincerely pity them; for the house is a wretched hole, not a whit better than the other houses in Jenîn; and while this numerous party must have had difficulty enough to arrange sleeping places for themselves on mats spread on the ground, one has, over and above, to put up with the company of Yûsûf, his wife, mother, and squalling children. Yet

what can travellers do? The wintry weather, with its sudden storms, is not yet past: you cannot pitch your tent as long as you have no assurance that the sky in the morning will be as clear and cloudless as at your going to bed. Thus it becomes a matter of necessity, at this season of the year, to spend the night in the villages, and one must consider himself very well off, if he be but safe under a roof, and sure of preserving his life and property.

Thus it belonged to the fair side of my journey my being quartered with Yûsûf. On the left hand of the door there was a piece of raised masonry by way of a small chamber apart, and there I might spread my travelling carpet. I now began to feel the effects of the heat I had undergone. The blood ran to my brain and caused a severe headache. This was accompanied with a feeling of great fatigue and feverishness affecting all my limbs. How helpless should I here have been had I fallen really ill! But the Lord mercifully preserved me. When the sun had so far gone down, and I had had some rest, I was once more in a condition to get up and to refresh myself in the open air. The sun's magnificent setting helped undoubtedly to revive my spirits.

The plain of Esdraelon, yellow and gray, unsightly and unattractive as it had appeared in the middle of the day, was now dappled over with a variety of colours, such as must be seen in order to have any idea of them. I sat for some time mounted on a rocky hillside, with a dark green olive wood interposed betwixt me and Jenîn in the low ground at my feet. Over the silvery top-leaves of this plantation I saw the

town with its mosque, minaret, fountain, cactus-hedges, heaps of rubbish, slender date palms, and beautiful orchards. Behind Jenîn rose the mountains of Gilboa, at whose north-eastern base lies the ancient Jezreel, now Zer'aîn, though hid from the point I occupied. Their summits now appeared glowing with fiery light alternating with purple shadows. Gradually this light became paler, and the purple faded into a dusky azure, as you swept with your eye along the mountain chain round to the north-west. There the mountains subside into the great plain which, beginning from the point I occupied, formed a transition from dark brown through golden green to sky blue, until its tints were blended with those of the distant hills. The valley that connects the plain of 'Akka with that of Esdraelon is seen very clearly in the distance. The base of Carmel, with its grayish blue colour, approaches the mountain that lies over against it. Between the two flows the Kishon, but its waters are here quite out of sight. There is another water, however, that of the pool of Jenîn, which, from its vicinity to this spot, and the reflection of the magnificently coloured vault of heaven at this hour, keeps the eye fixed upon it. What a spectacle! both of natural loveliness and of Bible recollections. Carmel, the Kishon, the mountains of Nazareth, Tabor, Little Hermon, and Gilboa! En-gannim of Issachar's inheritance,* by Josephus called Ginea, now Jenîn, was at all events, in respect of its position, pre-eminent. Of her must the Levites have assuredly testified that the Lord had thought of them for good.

On returning to my quarters, I was struck with the

* Joshua xix. 21; 1 Chron. vi. 73; and Joshua xxi. 29.

great number of caves formed by nature's hand in the limestone hills in and about Jenin. Yûsûf's house even stands on one such cave, which its master uses as a stable for his cattle. Our horses and mules were put up in it. For the rest, the Jenin of the present day has little that is attractive, except its copious spring above the town, and the pool at the lower end of the village, and which is fed from the spring by a conduit. The surplus water from this tank runs westward to the Kishon. Wherever there is water in Palestine, there also are trees, and we see an instance of this in the orchards of Jenin. What a delightful place the ancient En-gannim must have been! And what may it not once more become!

My Khaifa guide completed his engagement here, and as I had to provide myself with another, I waited on the Governor in the evening for that purpose. He is a youth of the name of Yûsif, but lately appointed Metzellim of Jenin, and, as I understood, related to the Governor of Shechem. I had a friendly and courteous reception, in a poor little chamber, where he sat smoking with some of his friends. A Greek in European costume, who sat next him, seemed to be his greatest confidant. This person, together with two or three other Greeks, are the only Christians in the town. The rest of the inhabitants, perhaps two thousand in number, are all Moslems. Strange phenomenon and striking proof of the low state of the Mohammedans of this country; they detest and despise Christians, and yet it is Christians who, in almost all the principal places of the land, both privately and officially discharge the offices of councillors and secretaries. The Governor

promised me a guide well acquainted with the localities, and provided with a letter addressed to all the village chiefs. On this I hastily withdrew, for the tobacco smoke and the crowd had made me feel unwell again, so that I had much ado to get back to my lodging.

Early next morning the promised guide appeared, but I was so ill as to be unable to rise. At last, at 10 A.M., I made an effort, and we proceeded on our journey. Not being in a condition to overtake a long distance, I was really at a loss whither best to direct my course; for Sunday was at hand, and I would fain spend it in a fitting place. I had not the least idea of going to Shechem; my preference was much more for Atîl or Kanîr, villages in the plain of Sharon, lying to the south-east of Cesarea, and which I had heard highly spoken of as suitable for a sojourn of a day and a night. But, after having passed the village of Birkîn, situated on a high hill three quarters of an hour to the west of Jenîn, and coming half-an-hour later near to Kefr-Kûd, the ancient Caper-Cotia, the stage to Atîl or Kanîr seemed to me too long for that day, and as advised by Abû Monsûr, a sulky-looking old shech whom the Metzellim of Jenîn had given me as a guide, we turned round from Kefr-Kûd southwards to Samaria, or, as it is now called, Sebuste. "A full hour on this side of Samaria," said he "stands the village of Sîleh, a considerable place, whose inhabitants are better than those of many another village in the Jebel-Nablous; there you will find excellent quarters, and can afterwards take what course you please." I allowed myself

to be persuaded, partly, too, because the way from Kefr-Kûd to Sileh I do not find put down by any other travellers, and yet it is one which must be well worth a visit, as the highway from Samaria to Taanach and Megiddo must have taken that direction, the same that Josiah followed with chariots and horsemen from Jerusalem to the plain of Esdraelon, when he went to meet Pharaoh-nechoh, never more to return alive. This change in our course was resolved on at the ruins of Asafi, ten minutes to the east of Kefr-Kûd. Here we found ourselves on the north side of a long plain, running west-south-west, a well cultivated plateau, which it took us three quarters of an hour to traverse. No villages lay on the way; but, at some distance, on the right, we saw several, in proportion as the hills opened more and more on our view the farther we advanced. The principal of these are Arabi, Keferît or Kefr-harît, and Jâfed. A range of hills now ran into the plain from the east. Behind these, that is on the south side, I saw a huge tell at the distance of only a few hundred yards from our way, covered over with ruins, and the fragment of an ancient aqueduct, that had been supported on arches. I asked Abû Monsûr the name of the tell, and the answer was, "Haida Dothan" (that is, Dothan).

"Dothan," I asked, "Dothan?"

"Nahm; Dothan, Dothan, Dothan!" exclaimed the testy old shech, as if hurt at my not believing him at the instant. My object in reiterating the question was to get him to repeat the name; for the discovery of Dothan was a very special circumstance, with respect to which I was anxious to assure myself, by having the

name properly pronounced. How it is possible that the Crusaders, and, following them, the travellers of the middle ages, should have placed Dothan to the north of the plain of Esdraelon, at the present village of Hattîn, between Tiberias and Nazareth, may well make us wonder. Was Holy Scripture, then, altogether unknown among them? From the 37th chapter of Genesis, it plainly appears (verses 17–36), that it lay on the great caravan road from Gilead to Egypt. On the south side of the mountains of Gilboa, and through a broad and constantly though not rapidly ascending valley, people pass by this road most conveniently from the eastern Jordan district to the plain that skirts the Mediterranean sea. This sufficiently demonstrates that we must look for Dothan here, which besides (according to verses 14–17), must be found within a few hours' distance of Shechem. Moreover, it appears from the history of the siege and deliverance of the city of Bethuliah,* that Dothan, or, as it is there called, Dothaim, and Bethuliah were key-fortresses adjacent to the plain of Esdraelon, erected to guard the principal entrance into the mountains of Ephraim and Judah. Eusebius and Jerome place Dothan twelve miles (Roman) to the north of Samaria, which agrees very well with the truth. Notwithstanding, for hundreds of years has it been asserted that Dothan, and consequently Bethuliah too, were to be found in Galilee. Having once placed these towns there, it was natural that people should point to a well hard by, as that in which Joseph was left by his brethren. And it is remarkable that the original

* Judith, iv. 6; vii. 3; viii. 3, &c.

name of Dothan has been preserved by the Arabs at the right place, while the tradition is still kept up that the well in which the pious youth was near being killed, is between Safed and the ruins of Tell-Hum, on the sea of Galilee, at the Khan Jubb Yûsûf. Perhaps we may connect therewith the name Jisr benât Yakûb, "the bridge of Jacob's daughters," a name given to the bridge over the Jordan, nearly east of Safed; while it appears, nevertheless, from the Bible narrative, that Jacob passed over the Jordan a considerable way to the south of the sea of Tiberias.* As respects Bethuliah, it is evident enough that that town cannot have stood far from Dothan, but owing to the want of the name, which has fallen into oblivion, it is difficult to determine any thing on that point with certainty. Some travellers have thought it must be Sanûr, lying a little more than a full half hour to the south-east of Dothan, and among the hills. From the road along which I came it was nowhere to be seen. Close to this village stand the ruins of an old castle, on a steep lofty rock; and albeit Dr Robinson may maintain that these ruins are to be referred to the Saracenic era, and that Sanûr, being seven miles distant from Jenîn, can hardly be called a defence for the approaches of the southern hills, let it not be forgotten that when the learned traveller passed by this village, he saw the ruins on the height in the distance only, and was unacquainted with the vicinity of Dothan on the other, or the north-west side of the hills. Dr Robinson himself states that Sanûr in

* Gen. xxvii. 42, 43; xxviii. 2, 5, 10, 19; xxix. 1, in connection with ch. xxxii. 2, 10, 22; xxxiii. 17, 18.

former times must have been almost impregnable, adducing, as a proof of this, the fruitless siege of two months which it stood, when Jezzar Pasha of 'Akka attacked one of the independent shechs who had posted himself within its ramparts; while it took the combined armies of Abdullah Pasha and the Emir Besheer of Lebanon four months to compel Sanûr to surrender. The decay of the Jewish fortifications, and their being replaced by those of the middle ages, which in their turn have been thrown down, we find to have been the case almost all over Palestine. Without the requisite information to assure us that there are no old quadrangular stones of the Jewish era to be found among the ruins of that lofty eminence, Dr Robinson's distant view of it deserves no absolute credit. And what the learned traveller adds in a note, that Sanûr does not guard any of the mountain passes, he himself contradicts, where he mentions that his way from thence to Jenîn ran uniformly through a narrow wadi opening into the plain of Esdraelon. When I put together the descriptions of the site of Bethuliah in the Book of Judith, I cannot but think that the present ruined castle of Sanûr is that fortress. In the 3d chapter, 10th verse, it runs—"Holofernes drew up his army between Beisan and Geba." Both these places still subsist under the same names, and the broad valley between Gilboa and the mountains of Samaria seems to me to represent the encampment of the Assyrian general. In chap. vii. 3, it is said, however, that he lay in the valley near the fountain of Bethuliah. According to the 13th verse, this was the only spring from which the besieged drew their supplies of water; and according to

chap. xii. verse 7, it was to this fountain Judith went at night to pray, when she had come to the army of Holofernes. Both the vicinity of Dothan and the encamping between Geba and Beisan, and also Chobai (xv. 4, 5), the present Kubatiëh, half way between Sanûr and Jenîn, appear to me to settle the site of the ancient Bethuliah; while the valley in which this rocky fortress rises, and the fountain at the base of the hill, too closely agree with the narrative of the Apocryphal book, to leave much doubt with respect to this identification. I must finally add, that this view is altogether opposed to what the great Ritter, in his *Erdkunde*, vol. xv. p. 423–426, has stated regarding Bethuliah, guided by what he had found in the travels of the industrious Prussian consul whom we have repeatedly mentioned, Mr F. G. Schultz. Had Mr Schultz accompanied me that day when I passed Dothan, he would perhaps have altered his ideas respecting his Beit-ilfa, on the north-east base of the mountains of Gilboa, and would no longer have identified those ruins with Bethuliah.

But why do I detain you with this criticism, while doubtless you are curious to know my farther adventures? I stopped to take one look more of that tell of Dothan. The scene of Joseph's suffering at the hand of his brothers deeply affected me. It must have been here. There at the spring of Dothan, and on the flat grass-field around the tell, must the sons of Jacob have been watching their cattle, when they beheld him approaching in the distance from the side of Shechem, or rather of Samaria, and they said one to the other, "Behold, this master of dreams cometh. Come now, therefore, and let us slay him, and cast him into some

pit." Joseph, too, must have recognised them in the distance; and he hastened, perhaps, to meet them with a heart overjoyed at seeing them again, when they, his own brothers, suddenly laid hold of him. How terrified and thunderstruck must the youth have been! These words, "In that we saw the anguish of his soul when he besought us, and we would not hear," * give us some idea of the state he must have been in when on the plain of Dothan.

And was it not along this way that the King of Syria, with a powerful array of chariots and horses, descended, in order that, taking advantage of the darkness of night, he might surround Dothan, where Elisha the Prophet of Israel then abode, who had warned the King of Israel of all the lurking places of the Syrians? Yes, from that tell, encompassed with horses and chariots, there came forth those weighty words, "Fear not, for they that be with us are more than they that be with them." The Lord's host defended Elisha. "The mountain was full of horses of fire and chariots of fire round about Elisha." †

Would you not here, my friend, have joined me, with cheerful voice and humble confidence, in singing the 91st Psalm?

The road I was now pursuing to Sileh was, in the days of the kings of Israel, the great highway from the south to the north of the country. Through this plain it ran, along those hills, past those villages and towns, which are now perhaps represented by the villages Merki, Mogârah, Zawi, Anza, and others. The large stones with which that highway was laid still lie

* Gen. xlii. 21. † 2 Kings, vi. 8—23.

there, although for the most part broken up and thrown aside. It is not of Roman, but of ancient Israelitish make; the large stones plainly indicate this, for the Roman causewaying of the roads in Palestine may be generally distinguished by their smaller quadrangular stones. Perhaps, indeed, the abandoning of this road, and the laying down of a new one from Samaria to Ginea, in the days of Josephus, has been the cause of the preservation of so much of the old highway from Samaria to Jezreel. Here, then, it was that Elisha led away the Syrians when struck with blindness to Samaria. Here came Ben-hadad once and again to attack the chief city of Israel with his terrible army;* along this road was Israel led away captive, when the King of Assyria came up against Israel's last king, Hoshea, and took Samaria,† that the city might never more be exalted to what it had been since it was built by Omri;‡ and also along this road must the greater part of the captives of Judah have passed when Nebuchadnezzar had taken Jerusalem, and them that had escaped from the sword carried he away to Babylon.§ Ahab and Jehu, Elijah and Elisha, must often have passed along this road; and it must also have been trodden by the blessed feet of our Lord Jesus Christ, in journeying from Galilee to Jerusalem, and from Jerusalem back to Galilee.‖

Both in the broad vale that runs down from Dothan to the south-west, and in the narrow wadi some way farther on in the direction of Samaria, I saw the coun-

* 1 Kings, xx. 1; 2 Kings, vi. 24.
† 2 Kings, xviii. 9.
‡ 1 Kings, xvi. 24.
§ 2 Chron. xxxvi. 20.
‖ Luke, xvii. 11; John, iv. 4.

try everywhere cultivated, giving ample testimony to the high fertility of the district. Still among the luxuriant fields there were some spots to be seen quite bare. On asking my guide what was the cause of this, he replied, "that it was a worm that gnawed off the stalk from the root."

"And as this worm is so prevalent and so destructive, are no means taken for its extirpation?"

"What means should a man take to turn the hand of God?" he said, with a growl.

Here you have in two words the key to the decline of all the Mohammedan nations: the doctrine of fatalism. God is represented by the false prophet as the author of all the evil that affects mankind. "Call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me, saith the Lord;"* but it is hidden from the poor Moslems. And again the Lord says, "As I live, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but that the wicked turn from his way and live;" † but the sound never reaches his ear. To them, accordingly, is the love of God who reconciled the world to Himself, through the sacrifice on the Cross of His only begotten Son, and the love of the Saviour, who, as the Lamb of God, took on Himself and bore away the sins of the world, a stumbling block and an offence, which they cannot receive as long as they judge God according to their own depraved heart. They see God's almighty power revealed only in the visible creation. They find by experience that His hand renders fruitless the operations of their industry; under it they bow, not with the love of the child who kisses the

* Ps. l. 15. † Ezek. xxxiii. 11.

father's hand even when it beholds the rod uplifted, but with the stupid despair of Cain, when he said, "Mine iniquity is greater than that it may be forgiven. Behold, thou hast driven me out this day from the face of the earth, and from thy face shall I be hid, and I shall be a fugitive and a vagabond, and it shall come to pass that every one that findeth me shall slay me." * Mohammed proclaimed a God of man's invention: behold, from field to city, from the brute beast to the immortal human creation, decline and desolation follow in the footsteps of his religion of lies. O let us be watchful, lest we should nourish a Mohammedan principle in our own hearts, while the God of heaven has bestowed on us His revelation, the revelation in Jesus Christ, the revelation of God as He truly is.

The road to Samaria ascends gradually but steadily. The valley which, as far as the villages which we have just named, is not very broad, opens again into a plain, and running athwart it, of smaller extent, however, than that of Dothan. On a hill at the outlet of the valley on the right, stands the village of Adja, fully two hours and a quarter to the south of Kefr-Kûd. Advancing a little farther, you see, at a short distance to the west of Adja, Fahmeh and Rameh, both with ancient relics, lying on isolated knolls, while Atara, a considerable village, is seen about an hour farther to the south-west. This Rameh to me appears to be the Remeth of Joshua xix. 21, and thus to have formed the southmost frontier town of Issachar's inheritance. The learned rabbi Schwartz of Jerusalem has been at great pains to prove that this

* Gen. iv. 13, 14.

was the Rama of Samuel,* but a little consideration of the Bible narrative† convinces us at once of his mistake. According to Joshua xxi. 29, compared with 1 Chron. vi. 73, Remeth, Ramoth, and Jarmuth, seem to have been different names for the same town. It was given to the Levites.

Jeba and Fentakomieh come subsequently in sight, upon a ridge that is ascended by a winding path, leaving these two villages on the left. Jeba is the Geba formerly mentioned, and Fentakomieh has been already recognised by travellers as Pentacomia. As soon as you reach the summit you see the picturesque Sileh, with its white cupola roofs, lying before you in a valley richly studded with olive-groves. Here the slopes of the hills are all laid out in terraces, and thus afford more shade than would otherwise be the case. On the east side of the village is the fountain that supplies the inhabitants with water. The hills form a kind of basin, in the hollow of which the village stands, and which runs down with a deep valley towards the west. The greatest elevation of the hills lay immediately on our left, and quite intercepted our view. I now obtained a distinct idea of the knot of the mountains of Samaria which are here twisted together, and between Sileh and Samaria present a wide rocky rampart, which one has only to cross, in order to see the far-famed vale of Samaria in all its extent and magnificence. The sight of the Mediterranean may well

* A descriptive and brief Historical Sketch of Palestine, by Rabbi Schwartz. Philadelphia, 1850.

† 1 Sam. i. 1, 19; ii. 11; viii. 4; ix. 6, 10, 11, 14; x. 2-5, 10, 14; xv. 34; xix. 18, 22, 23.

rivet the attention for a moment at Sileh, while, a full half hour farther, on your gaining Samaria's northern mountain-ridge, an enchanting view keeps the eye fixed on the prospect to the south-east.

And you ask, perhaps, what urged me to pass Sileh, where I had at first intended to spend the night? Why, in the course of the journey I had begun to feel myself better, and having advanced so far, I felt eager to get to Samaria.

There I stood, on the spot where of old Omri must have stood, when he cast his eyes round the amphitheatre of mountains, full of the idea of purchasing the hill from Shemer, and making it the site of his royal residence;* for the palace at Tirza had been burnt, and the situation of the mountain merited a decided preference to the hill on which Tirza had been built. I do not agree with Dr Robinson, and other writers who follow him, that the mountain of Samaria presents so admirable a combination of strength, fertility, and beauty, that the like is hardly to be found in Palestine. Thus it might have seemed to that traveller, on his coming to Samaria from the barren rocky mountains of Judea; but the valley of Samaria suffered, in my case, from the high expectations I had been led to entertain from this exaggerated eulogy, and still more, from my having entered the rocky mountains of Ephraim from the much finer and truly noble Galilee. I was particularly struck with the stony character of this basin, and the relative barrenness of the terraced slopes around me. True, these slopes are partly covered with olive trees; but the trees are old, bare,

* 1 Kings xvi. 24.

and stunted in growth, plainly pointing to a deficiency of water. Nevertheless, I can readily imagine that these hills, in the days of their prosperity and blessing, may have formed such a paradise as might well have excited the covetousness of such a king as Omri. In his days, before the invention of artillery, the site of Shemer's hill, on the east side of the amphitheatre, with its ample circumference, must have seemed most inviting to the king, on account of the strong position which it promised for his capital. From those mountains was his expectation, and that of all Israel with him. Therefore is it so remarkable how the Lord utterly destroyed that confidence. "Woe," he pronounced, "on them that trust in Samaria;"* and that woe has been fearfully fulfilled. Samaria, from her first being built, to her downfall under Hoshea, the last king of Israel, was the nursery of the worship of Baal. Therefore do we thus read in Micah:—"What is the transgression of Jacob? Is it not Samaria? Therefore will I make Samaria as an heap of the field, and as plantings of a vineyard, and I will pour down the stones thereof into the valley, and I will discover the foundations thereof."† And in Hosea, "Samaria shall become desolate; for she hath rebelled against her God."‡ Well does Samaria inculcate the lesson, as we remember the choice made by Omri, and as we behold the fulfilment of the threatening against confiding in the strength of hills, instead of in God alone: that "truly in vain is salvation hoped for from the hills, and from the multitude of mountains: truly in the Lord our God is the salvation of Israel."§

* Amos vi. 1; see also iv. 1. † Mic. i. 5, 6. ‡ Hos. xiii. 16. § Jer. iii. 23.

I stood for a long while gazing at the mountain amphitheatre before me, with its cultivated terraces, its villages, and the blue hills of Shechem in the distance. The scene was beautifully illuminated by the now declining sun. I thought of the hosts of Syria and Assyria when they advanced against Samaria, and from this very height first beheld the city. As the mountains around the hill of Shemer are higher than that hill itself, the enemy must have been able to discover clearly the internal condition of the besieged Samaria. What a condition must that have been! The inhabitants, whether they turned their eyes upwards or downwards to the surrounding hills, or into the valley, must have seen all full of enemies. At one time the whole of Ben-hadad's army: thirty-and-two kings, and horses and chariots, so that he boasted that the dust of Samaria would not suffice for all the people that followed him. Yet this terrible army was ere long deeply humbled. Not by the cowardly Ahab, but by the two hundred and thirty-two young men of the princes of the provinces, and the seven thousand of Israel that followed them. But Ahab, highly as he had been favoured by God, at the return of the year, when Ben-hadad a second time came up against him,* made small account of his deliverance. He was little concerned about the contempt put by the king of Syria on the God of Israel; enough, he had vanquished him; accordingly he spared his life, and said of Ben-hadad, "he is my brother," while he allowed him to return to Damascus with a covenant of peace. Ahab justly behoved to suffer for the king of Syria; his life behoved

* 1 Kings xx.

to go for that of the Syrian whose archers slew him before Ramath in Gilead. The Syrians assaulted Samaria with amazing obstinacy. Once more, in the days of Jehoram, all their military forces were assembled around the hill of Samaria.* The mountains and the adjacent circle of hills were so densely occupied by the enemy that not a man could push through to bring provisions to the beleaguered city. Frightful is the account we have of the famine in Samaria! The Syrians on the hills must have been able plainly to distinguish from where they stood the famishing inhabitants of the city. Once more, however, the idolatrous capital was spared by the long suffering of God. Terrified by an imaginary army, the Syrians quitted their camp in the after-part of the night; they fled by the shortest road, that is, by the valley of Thebez (now Tûbas) to the Jordan, that they might get to the other side of its waters, and Samaria was delivered wondrously!—delivered for some time longer, till the patience of the Lord was exhausted. For nearly two hundred years did the Lord tolerate this city, which exhibited, from her founding to her fall, an almost unbroken series of idolatries. Her measure was now full; it was not the Syrians that were to rule over Samaria; Damascus was their head, and Samaria was the head of Israel;† but Shalmaneser, the king of Assyria, came up against Hoshea, besieged the city during three years, and carried Israel away captive to Halah and Habor, by the river of Gozan, and in the cities of the Medes. Strangers from Babylon and Cuthah, and from Ava, and from Hamath, and from Zepharvaim, were placed in

* 2 Kings vi. and vii. † Isaiah vii. 8, 9.

these hills and valleys; foreigners who, in compliance with the instructions of an Israelitish priest, worshipped the Lord, but their own idols also; "they feared the Lord, and served their graven images, both their children and their children's children: as did their fathers, so do they unto this day." *

The Samaria of the strangers was again destroyed by John Hyrcanus, and, according to Josephus, lay in ruins until the time of the Roman governor Gabinius, who rebuilt the city on its original hill. Herod, the great architect of Israel's desolate cities, once more made Samaria to be a queen, sitting on the mountains of Ephraim. The description given of her by Josephus almost touches on the marvellous: so nobly and so excellently had Herod rebuilt her, that he did not think her unworthy of taking her name from his Emperor Augustus. Sebaste is that name in Greek, and at this day it survives in the form of Sebuste or Sebustiëh.

But what is this Sebustiëh?

A pitiable hamlet, consisting of a few squalid houses, inhabited by a band of plunderers, notorious as thieves even among their lawless fellow-countrymen. The city of Herod has dwindled quite away; the shafts of a few pillars only remain standing, to indicate the sites of the old colonnades. Had these ruins not been described already so often, I should have thought myself in your debt for fuller information with respect to them. This is now unnecessary; and as little need I describe the beautiful ruin of the choir of the church of St John the Baptist, which had stood on the east side of the hill of

* 2 Kings xvii.

Shemer. You doubtless know already that travellers are shown, in a vaulted chamber under this church, five niches, the middle one of which, shut in with stone doors, is said to contain the body of "the greatest of the Prophets," a fable, as other travellers have remarked; for Josephus informs us that John was beheaded at the castle of Macherus, on the east side of the Dead Sea. I have no doubt, therefore, that the exhibition of this locality has little else to rest upon than a baksheesh speculation; and as anything so remarkable as the grave of John the Baptist is a lasting source of income, the people of Sebustiëh seem inclined to make every thing else give way to this. My guide demanded, on our reaching the hill of Sebustiëh, that I should be shown the interior of the ruins and the tomb of St John without paying a baksheesh. He produced the written order of the Metzellim of Jenîn, and insisted on compliance; but the insolent villagers threw the letter on the ground, and even showed the utmost contempt for the Sultan's firman, saying that they acknowledged no man on earth as an authority but themselves. But would I pay a "ghazi"—a gold piece worth twenty-one piastres—the church door would then be thrown open to me. If not, then the sooner I was gone the better.

I should have been more struck with the insolent conduct of the Sebustiëh people had not other travellers already prepared me for it. It must be numbered among the peculiarities of Palestine, that the inhabitants of the Samaritan mountains are at the present day in the same ill odour as in the times of our Lord, and, as I now saw from experience, not without good cause. As for the church ruins, I had a sufficient view

of the outside, and I knew all about the inside from the descriptions of Robinson, Bonar, and others. It was thus no loss my not seeing the pretended grave of John the Baptist, for I felt little disposed to let these rogues have all their own way. But as I had hitherto found everywhere respect shown for the commands of the Turkish authorities, I was amazed at the way in which this authority was insulted here. And it was no feigned disrespect; for the looks of hostility we witnessed could leave no doubt as to the genuine hatred and spite that lurked within; so that I judged it prudent not to remain a minute longer than necessary. Meanwhile Abû Monsûr did not take quite so coolly this insulting tone of the Sebustiëh people: he scolded and cursed them as only an Arab can do. Had he had his own will, we should not have quitted Sebustiëh. He would have compelled them, he said, not only to give up the key of the church door, but also to give us a night's lodging in the best of their houses. How he was in a condition to do this, came out afterwards at the village of Nakhûrah, lying on the hills a long half hour to the east of Sebustiëh, where we resolved to pass the night, and where we happened to meet no better reception than we had at Sebustiëh. The people had already marked our approach from the heights. On our entering their small village, some old shechs sat smoking long pipes outside their khân. All of these intimated plainly enough, by their sulky looks, how they felt disposed to us, before we had exchanged a word with them. But scarcely had we dismounted, and Abû Monsûr had told them that he wanted night's quarters for me, when there began such a shouting and bawling

as might have been heard by the deaf. Shechem lay two hours farther on. I thought it would be best for us to push on thither, although, from excessive fatigue, I hardly felt myself in a state to make the exertion. But, no! my guide had no idea of consenting to this. The villagers on either side would have nothing to do with either sultan or metzellim; they refused to take us in, and to sell food for ourselves and our horses. Abû Monsûr begged that I would only have a little patience. He took out his tobacco-pipe, and seated himself with the utmost composure by the side of the incensed shechs. Thereupon the uproar began afresh; they against him, and he against them. I understood little of what passed, but lost nothing thereby. This alone I observed, that the voices of the shechs gradually softened down. Abû Monsûr smoked a second pipe amid the never-ending din. When the pipe was done, his imperturbable patience had gained the day. The villagers rose in high wrath, opened the khân door, sold us bread, eggs, and oats; and had you looked in upon us an hour after, you would have seen us surrounded with a large company, seated round a faggot fire, without perceiving any marks of the hostile feeling that had so obstinately repelled us. You must by no means suppose, however, that I found myself comfortably lodged at Nakhûrah. How could I possibly be so, in that filthy hole, blackened with smoke, and swarming with vermin? But a cold spring night among the mountains makes it no small matter to be under a roof.

The long-suffering patience and forgiving love of the Redeemer were strongly brought before my mind by

this occurrence. "And he sent messengers before his face: and they went and entered into a village of the Samaritans, to make ready for him. And they did not receive him, because his face was as though he would go to Jerusalem." Thus his disciples seem to have been repelled with as much churlishness and hostility as we. The disciples? Nay, the Lord of heaven and of earth, the Almighty! Intolerable insult, thought James and John! "Lord," they said, "wilt thou that we command fire to come down from heaven, and consume them, even as Elias did?" But he turned and rebuked them, and said, "Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of. *For the Son of Man is not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them.* And they went to another village."* O Lord Jesus! such are men's doings to thee! such thy doings to men! On man's side base wickedness; on thy side, toward the basely wicked, a love that passeth all understanding.

Happy were my meditations in that rude khân while I felt as it were lost in the love of the Redeemer. How true is it that with Him every place becomes a heaven!

Many things were associated in my mind with Samaria. The Gospel was betimes preached among these mountains; for Philip went down into the city of Samaria and preached Christ unto them;† and when the apostles which were at Jerusalem heard that Samaria had received the Word of God, they sent unto them Peter and John, who also, after baptizing them in the name of the Lord Jesus, laid their hands on them, and they received the Holy Ghost. They who had previ-

* Luke ix. 52-56. † Acts viii. 5, 14-18.

ously refused to receive Jesus, and who now came to understand what a Redeemer they had rejected, may well have been melted into tears. What a state for these men to be placed in! What unutterable love must theirs have been toward Jesus! And though there was grief at their having deprived themselves of the inestimable privilege of seeing Him, and serving Him by granting *the place* which the disciples wanted *to prepare for Him* in their village, yet the time will soon come when they shall see Him "as He is" in all His glory, for He is "gone to His Father's house to *prepare a place for them*, and so after His having gone and *prepared a place for them*, He will come again and receive them unto Himself." *

I thought also of the fulfilling of the prophecies spoken against Samaria. Their fulfilment I had this day had before my eyes. Samaria, a huge heap of stones! her foundations discovered, her stones thrown down into the valley! Her streets ploughed up, and covered with corn fields and olive gardens! The Scottish missionaries have made some striking remarks in the account they published of their journey in 1839, on the literal manner in which the Word of the Lord has been fulfilled in the contrast betwixt Samaria and Jerusalem.

The prophecies concerning the two places are strikingly different, and not less different is the manner in which they have been fulfilled. Of Jerusalem it is said, "The city shall become heaps;" † and again, "The city shall be builded upon her own heap." ‡ Concerning Samaria the word runs, "I will pour down

* John xiv. 2, 3. † Micah iii. 12. ‡ Jerem. xxx. 18.

the stones thereof into the valley, and I will discover the foundations thereof."* Jerusalem has been destroyed, but her rubbish is heaped up upon her foundations. Samaria has also been destroyed, but her rubbish has been thrown down into the valley; her foundation stones, those grayish ancient quadrangular stones of the time of Omri and Ahab, are discovered, and lie scattered about on the slope of the hill. What has been preserved in Jerusalem—the rubbish—has disappeared in Samaria; what in Jerusalem is concealed under the rubbish—the foundations of the ancient city—is discovered in Samaria and scattered about.

Concerning Samaria's mountains, there remains yet a prophecy to be fulfilled, "Thou shalt yet plant vines upon the mountains of Samaria: the planters shall plant, and shall eat them as common things, for there shall be a day, that the watchmen upon the Mount Ephraim shall cry, Arise ye, and let us go up to Zion unto the Lord our God."† Some there are who think that this prophecy found its fulfilment in the return from the Babylonish captivity. I need scarcely say that this interpretation of prophecy is given only by those whose eyes are closed against the great and glorious promises which the Lord has given to His people Israel. I would ask such at what time the promises contained in the eighth, tenth, and thirty-fourth verses of this chapter were fulfilled. No! there was a partial fulfilment of prophecy in the return of the Jews granted by Cyrus after the seventy years' captivity; but much that is fulfilled yet remains, for the scattered flock of Israel has not yet been saved and

* Micah i. 6. † Jeremiah xxxi. 5, 6.

gathered from the ends of the earth, and restored to the land promised to the fathers. Partly there was fulfilment in the coming of the Saviour, but that great and precious promise is still to be performed, "I will be to them a God, and they shall be to me a people." The eleventh chapter of the Epistle to the Romans speaks distinctly concerning this mystery. We will therefore wait, implicitly believing, for "all Israel shall be saved; as it is written, There shall come out of Zion the Deliverer, and shall turn away ungodliness from Jacob." *

Before the morning had dawned, we rose from our filthy place of repose. It was Sunday, and I had laid down the rule that I was not to travel on that day. Yet Nakhûrah was not a place where it would have been safe to remain beyond that one night. The villagers had become a little more compliant, but they still bore us no good-will. We required, after a whole week's laborious travelling, a suitable place in which to rest ourselves and obtain some refreshment. Nakhûrah supplied neither. For these reasons, and also from the attractiveness of Shechem, where the Lord abode two days, after the remarkable conversation He had with the woman at Jacob's well, I resolved to start early, so as still to enjoy my breakfast at Shechem, and spend the remainder of the day in perfect repose.

The morning was refreshing. Following the slope of the vale of Samaria, we soon reached that of Shechem. The sun had not yet risen, and the cold under the shade of the mountain-ridge was piercing. But in proportion as we advanced the warmth became more and

* Romans xi. 26.

more sensible, so that at last the shade of the noble olive groves of the vale of Shechem was welcome. I was ravished with the beauty and loveliness that here surrounded me on all sides. Nothing that I had seen as yet in Palestine appeared to me so charming as that dale. The awful gorge of the Leontes, with its eagles' nests and leopards' dens, is beyond all description grand and bold; the hills of Lebanon at Roum, over against Sidon, are magnificent and sublime; the valley of the hills of Naphtali (the Belad-Besharah) is rich in wild oak forest and brushwood; those of Asher, the wadi-Karn for example, present a beautiful combination of wood and mountain stream, in all the magnificence of undisturbed originality, for there nature is allowed to bring forth and to throw down at will, ever since the hand of man has been withdrawn. Carmel, with its wilderness of timber trees and shrubs, of plants and bushes, still answers to its ancient reputation for magnificence; but the vale of Shechem differs from them all. Here there is no wilderness; here there are no wild thickets, yet there is always verdure, always shade; not of the oak, the terebinth, the garoub tree, but of the olive grove, so soft in colour, so picturesque in form, that, for its sake, we can willingly dispense with all other wood. Here there are no impetuous mountain torrents, yet there is water; water, too, in more copious supplies than anywhere else in the land; and it is just to its many fountains, rills, and water courses, that the valley owes its exquisite beauty. Wherever there is water in Palestine, there you will find material blessing; the vale of Shechem was, from the very earliest mention of Canaan, blest with this

extraordinary abundance of water.* Therefore did the sons of Jacob go from Hebron to this place, although it must have cost them near twenty hours' travelling. But the herbage here is so rich and nutritious, that they thought it well worth the pains of so long a journey, even to the neglect of the grazing district of Ziph and Maon, where the way turns off to the wilderness, although these are in the immediate vicinity of Hebron. Nor do I think they would have exchanged the vale of Shechem for the pastures of Dothan, but that their name was held in detestation by the Canaanites of that quarter, on account of the horrible massacre they had committed on the men of Shechem.†

It struck me also, that if, somewhere in the neighbourhood of Shechem, hereabouts in the valley, the oak grove of Moreh stood,‡ it is no wonder that Abram, on seeing the place, thought it good and inviting for pitching his tent. The oaks were afterwards superseded by the more useful olive trees, as we see at the present day, so that we may rest assured that, when the Lord Jesus journeyed through Samaria, He must have seen the valley of Shechem in the same condition as that in which we see it now, with the exception only of things built by the hands of men, such as villages, water-courses, and mills, all which were unquestionably in a better condition then than now. There is a singularity, also, about the vale of Shechem, which I must not forget to mention, and that is the peculiar colouring which objects assume in it. You know that wherever there is water, the air becomes charged with

* Genesis xxxvii. 12, 13. † Genesis xxiv. 30.
‡ Genesis xii. 6; Judges vii. 1; Deut. xi. 30.

watery particles, and that distant objects, beheld through that medium, seem to be enveloped in a pale blue or gray mist, such as contributes not a little to give a charm to the landscape. These are the so-called atmospheric tints, so highly prized by the painter. But it is precisely these that we miss so much in Palestine. Fiery tints are to be seen both in the morning and the evening, and glittering violet or purple-coloured hues where the light falls next to the long deep shadows; but there is an absence of colouring and of that charming dusky haze in which objects assume such softly blended forms, and in which, also, the transition in colour from the foreground to the farthest distance loses the hardness of outline peculiar to the perfect transparency of an Eastern sky. It is otherwise in the vale of Shechem, at least in the morning and the evening. Here the exhalations remain hovering among the branches and leaves of the olive trees, and hence that lovely bluish haze. The valley is far from broad, not exceeding in some places a few hundred feet. Thus you find yourself enclosed on all sides; thus likewise are the vapours enclosed. And so you advance under the shade of the foliage, along the living waters, and cheered by the melody of a host of singing-birds—for they, too, know where to find their best quarters—while the perspective fades away and is lost in the damp vapoury atmosphere. The distance from Samaria to Shechem is two hours. The hum of a populous town makes you aware of your approach to it, though you can see nothing of it, owing to the thickness of the foliage, until you are at the gate. For the last quarter of an hour you pass through fruit gardens.

Here there are walnut, mulberry, apricot, almond, fig, and pomegranate trees, among the branches of which clusters of grapes hang down in wreaths and festoons. Brooks gurgle through these orchards from all sides. And those hills to the right and left of the valley that raise their highest summits around the town—what are they? They are the Ebal and Gerizim, the mountains from which Israel's curses and blessings were pronounced. The town lies nearest the side of Gerizim; the best view of Shechem, accordingly, is enjoyed from Ebal, standing over against it on the other side, and from the eastern slope of that mountain.

Delightful advent of an early Sunday morning! There is but one painful feeling attending it. For outside the gate lie divers wretched objects, as in the days of our Lord, to ask alms of the passers by. Here were the blind, the maimed, and the leprous, who no sooner were aware of the approach of travellers than they set up a heart-rending din to excite compassion, showing, at the same time, their maimed, half-consumed limbs. What a strange feeling of mingled loathing and compassion this aroused in me! As respects the lepers, of indignation also, at the carelessness of the Turkish magistracy, which leaves them at full liberty to mingle with other persons, whereby this frightful malady is allowed to spread in all directions. Alas! the help bestowed by the passing traveller, in the way of alms, reaches not to the seat of the deadly disease. I thought, how often have I read of the circuits made by the Lord in this country, when by the word of His almighty power He healed all manner of sicknesses and diseases; and how poor an idea have I had

of the lamentable condition of those needy ones, and of the greatness of the benefit done to them! I thought of the halt and the lame, the maimed and the withered, "the ten men that were lepers, which stood afar off, and which lifted up their voices, and said, Jesus, Master, have mercy on us!"* And of that other leper, who prayed that he might be made clean, saying, "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean."† Luke calls him "a man full of leprosy."‡ And of blind Bartimeus, at the gate of Jericho.§ Here, at the gate of Shechem, I saw their very images. What words shall ever adequately express the greatness of their deliverance! No wonder that a great multitude followed Him from Galilee, from Judea, from Decapolis, and from beyond Jordan. But inconceivable wonder that the heart of man is so hardened, as to pass by that Saviour with indifference; some, like the nine lepers, to forget the benefits they have received; others to deny them, or to attribute them to the power of the devil.

"Where would you like to lodge?" asked my guide.

This I had never thought of. Little apprehending, when I left 'Akka, that I should so soon after visit Shechem, I had neglected to inform myself as to the best means of obtaining lodgings. Accordingly, I committed it entirely to Abû Monsûr's judgment to settle where I might best be provided for. But the Arabs have different conceptions of comfort from the Europeans of the West. He thought I should find myself

* Luke xvii. 12-19. † Matth. viii. 2-4. ‡ Luke v. 12-14.
§ Matth. xx. 29, &c.; Matth. x. 46-52; Luke xviii. 35, &c.

exceedingly well off in a small, filthy upper room, in the house of one of his acquaintances, a Greek merchant, who was also most obliging to us. But, happily, I first took a view of my proposed quarters, before having the small caravan unsaddled; for they seemed to me so filthy and inconvenient, that I took the freedom of begging to be excused from occupying them.

"Does the English consul from Jerusalem never lodge here, in winter?" I asked.

"O yes! often."

"Well, then, take me to the house where he usually puts up."

We now rode through several streets, and stopped at last at the house of a certain Jurius, Machayïl-es-Sajich, one of the Greek merchants in the town, who offered me a large and spacious upper chamber, where I quickly perceived, from the medley of European and Eastern furniture, that I would be all right.

It may appear to you, perhaps, a mark of a small mind, when I tell you that I felt heartfelt satisfaction at having again come to a place where I could enjoy refreshment and repose. But, my friend, recollect how much need of both you felt, after travelling for thirty hours from ——— to Paris, and how you complained of the vile dust that covered you all over in consequence of your having had no opportunity, for more than four-and-twenty hours, of making your toilet. Can you wonder, then, at my need of cleansing and repose, after travelling on horseback for four weeks, over hill and dale, through town and village, in short through thick and thin, without any farther inter-

mediate halts than those at Tyre, Tibnin, 'Akka, Bussa, and Kaifa? During the whole time, body and soul were constantly on the stretch. Although almost ill at Jenin in consequence of the heat I had been exposed to, yet next morning I was again on horseback. The weather, to be sure, was favourable on the whole, yet I had not escaped either showers of rain or scorching sirocco winds. For some few days I had a travelling friend at my side, who shared in my sensations, and inspired me with fortitude, when patience and forbearance had to be practised; but those days were few, and I felt all the more after his departure the want of a fellow-traveller. My researches and surveys have been greatly forwarded by all manner of circumstances, and I have made many discoveries of ancient localities; but what an effort have they cost me; what inconveniences, privations, fatigues, and dangers have I not undergone; what bad conduct have I not encountered from the people, mule-drivers, guides, and servants. I might, indeed, have every night laid down my head to rest, but it was not till long afterwards that sleep ever closed my eyes. Not a night had I spent, too, without suffering frightfully from vermin. Imagine, then, how I must have longed to breathe awhile out of the atmosphere of this wild desolate life. Now, I may thank the Lord I can here rest and refresh myself. The sickness from which I suffered for a short time was the cause of my steps being directed thither. But for it I should have spent this day in one of the Moslem villages of the plain of Sharon, without enjoying the breathing time that now awaits me, and the want of which might likely have

proved fatal to me. So perpetually does an ever-loving Hand lead me, although I cannot always see it; nay though, I must add with shame, it has often been thought to be far from me, and wholly forgetting me, when it was doing most for me.

But such is man, and such is his God!

Meanwhile winter travelling is coming fast to a close. The season advances, and ere long I shall be able to pitch my tent in the evening, without having to ask for a night's lodging in smoky filthy houses. You must therefore not make yourself uneasy about me when picturing to yourself the hardships of my travels. "The Lord cares for me." * This you see confirmed by every step of my course.

Of all that is attractive about Shechem, there is certainly nothing that can be compared to the fountain or well which Jacob dug in the parcel of a field on which, on his safe return from Padan-aram, he pitched his tent, and which he afterwards bought at the hand of the children of Hamor, Shechem's father, for an hundred pieces of money.† "And he drank thereof himself, and his children, and his cattle," as the woman of Shechem told the Lord Jesus. Jacob's well, however, has become to us what it is, not so much on that account as on account of the conversation of the Saviour of the world with the poor sinful woman.‡

I can imagine that you have already anticipated me in thought, and have fancied me sitting at the side of the well with my Bible turned up at John iv. Perhaps you are even somewhat jealous of the privilege I might

* 1 Cor. ix. 9; Heb. xiii. 5; 1 Peter, v. 7. † Gen. xxxiii. 18–20.
‡ John, iv. 1–42.

enjoy in reading and meditating upon the Saviour's words at the very well itself. You doubtless imagine me quite absorbed in holy contemplation. There, on that spot, you will be saying to yourself, must the words of Jesus powerfully penetrate the soul—the very spot where they were spoken. In the repeated perusal of that important chapter, you must have often experienced, that in these words there is a depth of meaning which you have never been able completely to fathom. It has often been to you, when you have affirmed with the Samaritan woman, "When He is come He will tell us all things," that the Lord has opened your eyes, and you have perceived His voice in your heart; "I that speak unto thee am He." But however much you may then have experienced that He verily gives the water of everlasting life to every thirsty soul that cometh unto Him, still thou wast never satisfied with drinking to the measure of thy desires. Thou didst come to the living water; He gave it thee freely and gratuitously; thou didst again and again return, and the oftener thou camedst, the oftener didst thou, even as the woman of Jacob's well, testify that the source of the living water is deep, and that the deeper thou drawest, all the more powerfully does the water spring up, yea spring up into everlasting life.

And,—think you,—if that chapter has already so often and so greatly revived me, what then would it be when those impressions were all strengthened by sitting at Jacob's well! . . . . . .

Such, also, were my own thoughts, my friend! and my heart leaped with joy when I stepped forth to pay a visit to the holy spot. O, said I to myself, the dry

and thirsty soul shall be abundantly refreshed. For you will not wonder, that with all the distractions and irregularities of my travels, notwithstanding the sanctity of the places I visited, I had experienced little that could be called the life of the soul. How could it have been otherwise, considering the uncommon hardships with which travelling is accompanied in this country, and, still more, the annoyances and provocations which its barbarous inhabitants throw in the way of the traveller at every step? I have often to myself accused Madam de Gasparin of great want of consistency, for having allowed the tone of her mind to vary so much during her journey through the Holy Land, now soaring aloft as if borne up on the wings of the cherubim, now troubled, impatient, and angry, under the vexations caused by the Arabs. But I must now completely exculpate that noble woman, after the experience I have had myself, and cannot enough admire the moral worth that carried her through this journey with so little deterioration of her temper and inward life. On comparing her volume with a whole series of other works of travels, what I especially note with regard to the latter is, that they appear to me to be a tissue of impressions, not of the places themselves, but produced at the writing-table, where the writer has allowed himself to go back from the realities of life to the regions of fancy. Not that I would wholly deny that the holy places of Palestine *can* fill the traveller's mind with holy impressions, but I begin to learn daily more and more, that such is not generally the case, and this being so, that it were well for people to examine themselves and see whether some holy sentiments are not rather carnal feelings than the

work of the Holy Ghost. So easily and so willingly do people deceive themselves in regard to these. So willingly do they indulge in religious emotions. So hard is it for them to understand the living and walking by faith and not by sight.* And while people do not find in themselves what they should so readily have found, they then forget that the work of the Holy Ghost is independent of places or localities. Mental emotions have no necessary connection with His work, although we often confound the one with the other; and mental emotions are subject to, or rather are, the consequence of the influence exerted on us by whatever objects surround us. How, then, should we have religious emotions excited in places, where in former times, it is true, much that is important and holy has taken place, but which at the moment of our being at them, have nothing holy about them, but, on the contrary, are desecrated by all sorts of offensive occurrences? A journey, therefore, through the Holy Land can then only promote our sanctification when we are enabled by the Holy Ghost to learn patient endurance under the more than ordinary trials to which such a journey exposes us; or when we acknowledge God's watchful and protecting hand in the extraordinary dangers we have to surmount—dangers with which precious lessons for faith are associated; but as respects the localities mentioned in Bible history, these are earth and stone, dumb and voiceless, incapable of teaching us anything more than what James says of Elias, that the men that lived, prayed, wrought miracles, and lie buried there, were men of like passions as we are.

* 2 Cor. v. 7.

But come now and allow me to take you along with me to Jacob's well. You will all the better be able to understand me on our return home. As for the town of Shechem, which we have to traverse in its whole length, passing through the crowded bazaar-streets, now full of all descriptions of people, but principally Mussulmans, who are strangers to this day as a day devoted to God, we shall take another opportunity of speaking about it. We now go out at its eastern gate, under the shadow of an olive-grove, that extends a full half-hour farther to the east. Among the rest, there are some old trees that have already seen many centuries pass away; and among their roots you here and there recognise the regularly shaped stones of still earlier foundations. It seems as if Shechem, in Jacob's time, had stood here; for we read that "he pitched his tent before (in sight of) the city," and it was a parcel of the ground on which he had encamped that he bought as a possession, and where he dug the well for himself, his children, and his cattle. That well now is at the distance of a full half-hour from the town, beyond the proper vale of Shechem, that is, not between, but past the Mounts Ebal and Gerizim. Here a valley, three hours long from north to south, and nearly three quarters of an hour broad, called Wadi-el-Mokhna, runs athwart the opening of the vale of Shechem. On the opposite side of this valley rises another range of hills, with villages and glens, that on the east side descend to the Jordan. Coming from Succoth, which lies on the Jordan from eight to nine hours to the north-east of Shechem,* and which seems to have been the

* Gen. xxxiii. 17.

first place where the patriarch pitched his tent after crossing the river, he journeyed through the Wadi-el-Mokhna southwards, until he saw the dale between Mounts Ebal and Gerizim opening. From this point it begins to ascend, so that Jacob was placed many feet lower than the city. Now had Shechem not stood at the very entrance of the dale, he could not have discovered it from his tent. Thus, I think we may with certainty conclude, that the foundations that we can perceive among the olive-trees indicate the site of the original city. And if this be so, then we get rid of the difficulty that has been started by some travellers, who think that perhaps the old well ed-Defna, half-way between the present Shechem and Jacob's fountain, may be the right well, and not that which is generally represented to be it; for it is said that the well ed-Defna lies so very near the town, and has such excellent water, that it is not likely that the woman (in John iv.) would have passed by it, in order to take her water from the deep well of Jacob, which is so much farther from the city. But if Shechem ever stood so much more to the east as Scripture seems to prove, and as the foundations would lead us to suppose, then the well ed-Defna was formerly within and not outside of the city. On the other hand, it may further be alleged that it appears from the historical narrative of John, that the well was at a certain distance, and that the ancient Shechem had already changed its site in the Saviour's time to where we find it at the present day. But the identification of Jacob's well is not hereby weakened; for even were it an unusual thing for the inhabitants of Shechem in those days to fetch

their drinking-water from so great a distance from the city, it may nevertheless be plainly seen, from the words of the Samaritan woman, that she cherished a high regard for that well, and it would not have been extraordinary had such a superstitious respect for the well led the woman to go a quarter of an hour's distance farther than was absolutely necessary, in order to obtain the supply she required. These insignificant objections have already been so often refuted, that I will not detain you with them anew.

Let us rather take our places by the side of the well.

Is that hole in the ground there, formed of three or four large rough stones, leaving an opening of less than two feet across,—is that, say you, the well of Jacob?

Yes, my friend, that same hole. Don't allow it to disappoint you too much. In the days of Jesus the well probably had a different aspect; perhaps it was covered over with a vault, or at least furnished with a raised wall of masonry built round it. But two causes have been since that time in operation, and these may have wholly altered the form and fashion of this well, as they have done those of so many other consecrated spots in this land. I refer to the long series of wars and desolations, and to the idolatrous worship paid to such places. If the former of these causes threw down every thing, the latter built all up again, but in a manner altogether different from the original. From the moment people departed from the true doctrine of the Gospel, and, strangers to the fear of God, who teaches

us that obedience is better than sacrifice,* forgot the commandment:—"Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth. Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and shewing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments;" † from the moment that men proceeded to serve the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ according to the caprices of their own depraved understandings, instead of according to the directions of God's commandment—from that moment the Holy Land became full of all sorts of idolatry, under the awful delusion that this was honouring God and His saints. Foremost in this respect stood the pious Empress Helena and her son Constantine. Never were those spots, with which one or other incident of Bible history had been associated, so much sought out, honoured, and covered with altars and oratories, as by them. Jacob's well had to share in this destiny. Some other opportunity may occur for saying more on this subject. I must drop it for the present.

You see, to your satisfaction I trust, nothing more of Helena's chapel, which once stood over Jacob's well, than some column pieces and building-stones scattered far and wide. You are not now at least scandalised by any superstitious altars. But why do I speak to

* 1 Sam. xv. 22. † Exod. xx. 4–6.

you as if you were at my side? No; at this spot one would be all alone—here where Jesus sat and spoke words of eternal life to a poor sinful woman. I must confess that these thoughts wholly and entirely took possession of my mind. The actual fact that the son of God had come down among men, having taken upon Him the form of a servant, to seek them, the unrighteous, the sinful, the depraved, to display love, suffering love, suffering for their sins, yea, even to the death of the cross, that He might redeem them, give unto them everlasting life,—this actual fact came for a moment with overwhelming force before my mind.

It was now about eleven o'clock. It was an hour later in the day that Jesus sat down there, "being wearied with his journey." According to the 35th verse of John iv., it must then have been the month of January, for the harvest comes on here in May, and "there were yet four months" until harvest. The flat portion of the valley, ploughed and sown in the days of the early rain, in November and December, was already covered with a very promising green carpeting of young corn-stalks. If the well was not at that time covered over with masonry, then must the Saviour, on account of his fatigue, have had his back turned to the sun, and his face towards the north, to the side of Mount Ebal and to Joseph's tomb, standing at the foot of that mountain about 800 paces distant from the well. I placed myself in the same position, and could well figure to myself the woman with her pitcher on her head, coming down out of the valley. He who knows all things, and whose free sovereign love has chosen His own to eternal life from the foundations of the world,

He beheld her, the poor sinner, for whose preservation He had come down from heaven, He saw her as she came along under the olive-trees, long before she was aware of His being there. And when she saw Him, she hesitated, perhaps whether she should approach Him, perceiving that He was a Jew. But what should she be afraid of, she the lost, who had lost all, for whom there seemed to be nothing but despair? Therefore she came on, and . . . . . .

Thus was I musing with myself, as I sat alone at the side of the well, and had just begun to read the 4th chapter of John, when I was suddenly roused by the blustering voice of a gigantic Arab, who had come up without my observing him, and addressed me thus, with all the characteristic repulsiveness and loathsomeness of the Arabs:—

"Marhhabah chawadja! baksheesh, baksheesh!"

This disturbance was most unwelcome. Think what a contrast! To be lost, as it were, in heavenly thoughts, and then all at once to be aroused by such a thief-like clamour for baksheesh. He was a fellow with a face enough to frighten one, filthy and disgusting; so filthy and disgusting as none but an Arab can be. I replied to his salutation, and begged him to leave me alone.

But no, he had no idea of doing that.

"Baksheesh, baksheesh!" he roared, and sat himself down at the well-side, opposite me, at the same time taking out his pipe and lighting it with such composure as to convince me that he had not the smallest intention to leave me for some time at least.

And before five minutes had elapsed, half a dozen of his fellows appeared, who forthwith placed themselves

all round me in a very social circle, so that I had to abandon all thoughts of proceeding with my meditations on the favourite chapter.

A chorus of "baksheesh!" with all sorts of variations on the same theme, was now raised about my ears. I asked them through Philip on what pretence they wanted a baksheesh, begging at the same time that they would withdraw. Their answer was to this effect: "The land and the well belong to us, and no foreigner has any right to come here without paying us a baksheesh. Would you like to go down into the well? Here is a rope that we have brought with that view. We will let you safely down; you can see the well from within, and on coming up again pay us a baksheesh."

"But what makes you suppose that I want to examine your well? I know quite well the appearance of the well from within, and thus have no need to go down into it. Be, then, so good as take your rope home again, and leave me alone."

I had almost added, "then I will give you a baksheesh;" but I thought if these rogues see that a baksheesh is earned by merely allowing a stranger to be left alone at the well, then there is every chance that as soon as they are gone, another similar party will come down on me, and give me still more molestation than these.

"If the chawadja will not go down into the well, then will we go down instead of him, and tell him how it looks on our return; but anyhow we must have a baksheesh!"

"I have no need of that either. Believe what I have said. I know all about the inside. Leave me alone.

I want nothing else. What can make you suppose that I want either myself or you to go down into the well?"

"Why, travellers have been here whom with these same hands and with this same rope we have let down into the well. Some of our folk went down along with them, and we were well paid for it. We will let you down as carefully as we did them."

Oh, thought I, Dr Wilson, is your generous reward the cause of the disturbance I experience? No wonder, after having given these money-wolves such a baksheesh as they probably never received before, and no wonder when other travellers after you, overborne by the vociferations of the Arabs, have paid them as much, that they expect to get the same from me, and from all others that visit Jacob's well. But thus it ought not to be. We are greatly obliged to Mr Bonar and Dr Wilson for the examination they made of Jacob's well; but now as we know that whereas in Maundrell's time it had a total depth of 105 feet, with 12 feet of water, according to Dr Wilson's measurement its depth is only 75 feet, with very little water, proving how careful travellers, from Maundrell's to Wilson's time, must have been to convince themselves, by dropping stones into it, of the truth of what Scripture says, "the well is deep;"—as we know, chiefly from Dr Wilson, the appearance of the inside, namely, a shaft cut through the solid rock, of about nine feet in diameter, covered over with a cupola-shaped vaulted roof, of which the small hole now seen on the ground above forms the entrance;—as, too, Mr Bonar's Bible that had fallen into the well has been brought out again by the Samaritan youth Yakûb, whom

Dr Wilson had let down into it—one of the most interesting incidents told us in the "Lands of the Bible"—now is it high time for these troublesome Arabs, who live in the ruins at the foot of Mount Ebal, to learn that travellers from henceforth can do without them, and that they must do without extorting baksheesh from travellers. Once more only will there be any need for people going down into the well, and that will be when the children of Jacob shall again inherit the ground that belonged to Jacob, and when they will have to clean out from the well the rubbish that has fallen into it.

Meanwhile my troublesome company kept by me. Now and then, indeed, one would go away muttering with a sigh, "Insh' Allah!" (as God will), as if he would say, "Well, as it cannot be helped, I must go without baksheesh;" still, for one that went, there sometimes came two in his place. In short, they remained about me, sitting smoking and talking, clamouring and yawning, over the never-ending repetition of "Baksheesh, chawadja, baksheesh!"

Great was my disappointment, and my patience was sorely tried. I had hoped that they would weary of their fruitless efforts, and leave me in peace. But the heart of an Arab seems tougher than leather, and knows nothing of concession. For four hours and a half I held out, and remained quietly sitting at the well; but then I gave it up to them. The "speaking with Jesus" at the well of the woman of Samaria, was not granted to me. I had enough to do to restrain my resentment at these troublesome Arabs, and returned homewards with a

very oppressed mind, while disappointment on their side led them to send not a few curses after me.

After my return, I once more turned up the chapter in John's Gospel. Nothing disturbed me now. And though cast down at first by what I had met with at Jacob's well, I could now better comprehend what the Lord said: "The hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth: for the Father seeketh such to worship Him. God is a spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." Not at Jerusalem, not on this Mount Gerizim, not at Jacob's well, not on any of the holy places of Palestine, does God desire to be worshipped. The "God, that made the world, and all things therein, seeing that He is Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands; neither is worshipped with men's hands, as though He needed anything, seeing He giveth to all life, and breath, and all things."* "Am I a God at hand, saith the Lord, and not a God afar off?"† No; "in spirit and in truth" is the condition He lays down; and what that implies, is shown in many passages of Scripture. Isa. xl. 1, 2; liii.; lv.; lviii.; Ps. xl. 7–10; Matth. xi. 28–30; John xiv. 6; vi. 37; &c., leave us not uninformed with respect to that.

The lesson I had at Jacob's well will, I trust, be salutary to me. I learn from it, that with all the aversion which may be cherished for the gross idolatry of so many of the tourists in Palestine, our own hearts may be filled with a refined but not the less dangerous

* Acts, xvii. 24, 25. † Jer. xxiii. 23.

sentimentalism in religion, which seeks for a foundation for a holy and godly life, and for a touchstone of the genuineness and sincerity of one's faith, in pious impressions and sensations. Oh, the heart of man! Who shall fathom it? Deceitful above all things! And for nothing so unfitted, so indisposed, as for the believing, acceptation of, and trust in, what God hath spoken for our everlasting redemption! We often fancy to ourselves, especially after some one or other strong proof of God's grace and strong love, that nothing thenceforth shall be able to shake our faith. But no sooner does the lively idea or feeling of that love decline, than it soon appears, from our anxiety and depression, how far we are still removed from that "walking *by* faith and *in* faith, and not by sight."* And thus with respect to the holy places in Palestine. We condemn the worshipping of such places by the Greeks and Latins; but we cherish, at the same time, a secret notion that the visiting of these places cannot fail deeply to impress us. The occurrences that happened there must, we think, come vividly before us, when thus transferred to the very spot, and such lively conceptions of them must soften our dead stony hearts. The Redeemer's love will thus, we imagine, come more plainly and more powerfully before our eyes, and the return of love, on our part, towards Him, will be awakened even to tears of gratitude! In the awakening of that feeling, we will love the very ground that once was trodden by the Saviour's feet, and it will be a blessed thing for us to be able to pray on such a spot. Call not this any worship of the dust, we further argue;

* 2 Cor. v. 7.

for the dust is endeared to us only through Him by whose bodily touch it was sanctified—and in the dust it is thus He alone, not the dust itself, that is worshipped. Who can be scandalized at this?

Oh, lamentable self-deception!

How very different is the language of the Apostle:—"Wherefore henceforth know we no man after the flesh; yea, though we have known Christ after the flesh, yet now henceforth know we him no more.* Had enjoyment of religious impressions, and a life of holy sensations been dependent on the visitation of such holy places, God's word, instead of the oft reiterated and express command of the Lord Jesus, to pray to our Father which is in heaven for the Holy Ghost,† would have contained an injunction, ordering us to make pilgrimages to Palestine; and, alas! for those who either from remoteness of residence while living at the ends of the earth, or from sickness, or from want of money, should not be able to undertake such pilgrimages. Bitter, soul-corrupting invention of men! No; such is not the doctrine of Jesus. The life of communion with God, the secret converse with the Saviour, are quite independent of place and country. "He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them," saith Jesus, "he it is that loveth me; and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and manifest myself to him." "If a man love me, he will keep my words; and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him."‡

* 2 Cor. v. 16. † Matth. vii. 7-11; Luke xi. 9-13; James i. 5, 6.
‡ John xiv. 21-23.

You will not, then, my dear friend, grudge your not having, like me, had it in your power to visit Jacob's well. For my part, I must look back with gratitude on the disappointment I experienced there. May I not likewise recognise in that experience the accomplishment of what the Saviour said to the Samaritan woman: "The Father seeketh such to worship." Truly it was a seeking, that appointment of the Arabs at the well, which prevented my wandering into the error of an excited religious sentimentalism.

And here I lay down the pen, wearied with travelling, and wearied with this long letter. Weariness and exhaustion are painful, when they become extreme; but they afford us also a precious opportunity for learning to appreciate the love of Jesus, as revealed to us in John iv. 6, and Hebrews iv. 15. He, the Almighty, the Creator of the heavens and the earth, sat down, being *weary*, on the well. He, "the man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief," is "not a high priest, who cannot be touched with a feeling of our infirmities, but one who was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin."

FROM SHECHEM TO JOPPA (JAFFA), AND THENCE TO JERUSALEM.

JAFFA, 10th *March*.

MY not sending you this from Shechem is in consequence of my unexpected return from thence the morning of the day before yesterday. Certain it is that I would wish to have passed some days in that important town, in order to obtain a thorough understanding of all the occurrences connected with it which are mentioned in Scripture. I wished to visit Ebal and Gerizim also; but all this is now deferred. It was no place to tarry in long, at a time when one could not leave the house. Monday morning had a threatening look at daybreak. Thick clouds were seen advancing from the west; and as I could not foresee how long the rain would last, I thought the safest course was not to wait for its coming, but to hasten with all speed to Jaffa, and there seek shelter from the spring rains. Hereafter, I trust, my journey will take me back to Shechem, and what I miss now I will then have an opportunity of being able to make amends for.

When I set off, it was still fair. The rain came somewhat later, about noon, first in flying showers, afterwards more continuously; no small disappointment for my surveys; all the more, as the way from Shechem to Jaffa lies out of the course of ordinary tours, and hence it was well worth my while to make some accurate

surveys there. I believe, however, I have not neglected much that is of importance. I send you here, in a few words, what is most worth relating.

Our path went along the foot of Mount Gerizim, over a broad projecting spur at the side of Jacob's well; it then threaded round south-westwards, always along the south-western prolongation of that mountain, past the hamlet of Kefr-Kelîn, and a half hour farther on past the ruins of 'Ain-Mokhna, which gives its name to the plain of el-Mokhna. That plain I have already said something to you about, and we passed along it as it lay on our left. The reasons of the importance of this Mokhna, which was sufficient to have had that large vale called after it, have not, so far as I know, been discovered. As one proceeds, there are to be seen successively the villages 'Awertah, Azeir, and Sbûba, on the other side of the vale. According to the Jewish travellers collected together in the work of E. Carmoly, Awertah contains the graves of Ithamar and Eleazar, the sons of Aaron, of Phinehas, the son of Eleazar,* and of the seventy elders of Israel spoken of in the Talmudic writings.† The two last villages on the western side of the vale of Mokhna are Hawarah and 'Ain-'Abûs; at the latter of these, which is two hours distant from Jacob's well, the valley is shut in by a moderately high hill that takes you by a zig-zag path to the Jerusalem road, but at the same time leaves a narrow glen open on the west, and by that glen you can ascend another high range of hills lying to the west of the highway to Jerusalem. Through this narrow glen we advanced until we reached

* Exod. vi. 22–24; Josh. xxiv. 33.

† See E. Carmoly, pp. 386, 387, 445, &c.

a very high point, from which we had an excellent view of the sea and the surrounding country. This mountain ridge lies two and a half hours south-south-west of Jacob's well. The ground then begins gradually to slope downwards again. Here I was much struck with a tomb of very ancient construction, under the shade of a clump of olive-trees on the left of our path; but my guide could tell me nothing about it, and could not give me even its name. Hard by stands Jemâ'in, a considerable village, with many ancient remains. The road threads along, making a bend towards the west, through well cultivated olive-gardens; in the midst of which, at only a quarter of an hour's distance from Jemâ'in, lies the village of Zeita, which again has lying over against it two other villages, Hârith and Kefr-Hârith. These stand, each on its respective elevation, on the south side of a shallow stony glen, which is all that separates them from Zeita. The population of the Shechem mountains now begins to grow thin, and the country passes into a desolate stony region, with but few villages and very little cultivation. Rocky, however, as is the nature of the soil, still it has qualities that make it admirably adapted to the cultivation of the olive, and it may plainly be seen from the ruins of garden-walls and watch-houses, and from the short knotty olive stumps, probably the last relics of better days, that this district was at one time covered with luxuriant olive-groves. Nowhere else throughout the country have I observed such an extensive cultivation of the olive; but neither have I anywhere seen such a desolate state of things. The very trunks of the olive-trees seemed here to bespeak a greater antiquity than elsewhere. In about

five hours we reached Kerawa, which was the object of our journey for that day. It stands nearly an hour beyond Deir-Istia, the only village met with after Zeita. Deir-Istia and Zeita both bear traces of the ancient Israelitish epoch. At Deir-Istia there are to be seen cut out of the solid rock large tanks and caves that have served for human habitations. How pleased should I have been to have travelled all round this seldom or never visited district during a few days of fine weather!

Abû Monsûr rode some way ahead, in order to have matters so far prepared for my arrival. On reaching Kerawa I saw a number of men standing round him, still busily occupied in listening to the letter—that of instructions from the Metzellim of Jenîn—which he was reading aloud to them. Well it was that the people here showed great readiness to give effect to it, for Kerawa lies far beyond the territory of Jenîn; and at Nablous (Shechem), to whose jurisdiction it properly belongs, I had neglected to ask for a letter from the governor to his subordinate shechs. But here my reception was particularly cordial; after having seated myself high and dry in an upper chamber of Shech Halil, and the firman had been brought out and read, the people seemed not to know how they might best shew their hospitality. A large fire was kindled, while outside a storm began to rage; but the enjoyment of warmth was accompanied with the discomfort of smoke. According to Eastern custom, the chiefs of the village soon appeared with their pipes. Shech Halil had coffee beans roasted, pounded, and prepared, according to the usual method of having coffee served to a guest; but

whereas, in general, there is a certain frugality shown in a reception of this kind, Shech Halil strove to keep the servant that brought the coffee busy the whole evening with his little copper coffee-pot. The firman, he said, enjoined him to give me no mere half welcome—a point that seemed to press more heavily on his heart than on that of any other shech or governor that had as yet perused that document. He would not even allow me to depart on the following morning until I had first given him a certificate, testifying to his anxiety to give effect to the commands of his high master, the Sultan. Here I again found myself in one of those remote spots where one meets with mankind in their primitive simplicity. My night's quarters were filthy and bad, as could not but be expected in one of the poorest villages of the country; but where we see around us on all sides friendly looks and kindness, much is made amends for, and much is forgiven.

Kerawa must have been in earlier times a noble place. At present it is in a great measure in ruins. "What is the cause," I asked Shech Halil, "of your being here in such a state of decline?" "War and earthquakes," said he, "have desolated this village for years past, and have at the same time deprived us of the means required for the restoration of what has been thrown down.

"Nobody cares a fig for us," he added; "our affairs are a matter of concern to no one. Would you like to buy Kerawa? I will willingly make you a present of it."

His lamentations over the decline of Kerawa were excessive. But when I wished to shew that there was

a much more likely means of restoring what was lying waste than selling it, namely, the cultivation of the soil that lay all around uncultivated, he altered his tone, and soon left the subject. I saw plainly that people like laziness better than work.

The following morning was cloudy, and threatened foul weather. The good folks of Kerawa pressed me to remain with them until the storm had spent itself. But I did not judge this advisable, and preferred the risk of getting wet, to remaining shut up for some days in this filthy village. I should willingly have made one more crusade from this into the plain of Sharon and back again; but all this had to be relinquished on account of the rain. So we left the village, and directed our course to Jaffa.

It proved one of the most dismal journeys I had ever yet experienced. The rain impeded us the whole way. At first, matters were not so bad. Hardly had we passed Bedia, a village fully an hour and a quarter from Kerawa, when the clouds burst, and the rain came down in torrents. Half an hour farther on, we met with another village, where we tried to find shelter; but an Arab village is not provided with stabling, such as we are accustomed to in our country. This village, at least, seemed for nothing so little adapted as for sheltering pack-horses and mules from a pelting rain. The streets are little better than narrow gutters, and form such short declivities, that after having, in the perplexity always caused by a deluge of rain, ridden round and round the houses several times without observing any convenient entrance, or finding any one out of doors to put us right, I thought it better, now

that we were wet through, to ride on to Jaffa, and get there as soon as possible. In the confusion I left the village without ascertaining its name. Surveying in such weather is, of course, out of the question. Not much even of the general appearance and condition of the country can be seen. I only observed that Kerawa lies on the northern declivity of a long valley studded with olive groves, and which, with some windings, runs from east to west. Also, that our way continued to follow the steady descent of the day before over a remarkably rocky soil, only here and there overgrown with brushwood, and little or not at all cultivated. In calculating distances, we fared even worse than with all the rest for acquiring a knowledge of the ground we were traversing; for every now and then we were delayed with the mules: now a cord would break; then a poor brute would come down; then, again, the whole lading would slip from the back of another, so that it was impossible to measure our progress with any exactness by the watch. Finally, we came to the last western declivity, that which slopes down to the plain of Sharon. A miserable village, Kefr-Kâsim, possessing, nevertheless, some important old ruins, lies on this last height. After we had passed it, the great plain came in sight, together with the castle Ras-el-'Ain before us, the village Medjdel on the edge of the same hill that we were passing over, but at a short distance to the left, and, further, a number of villages in the plain itself. Had the weather been favourable, I suppose we should have seen Jaffa. As near as I could guess, Kefr-Kâsim must have lain about three and a half hours from Kerawa.

The view of the plain cheered our spirits. In four hours, thought I, we shall have reached Jaffa; there we shall find good lodgings and a good reception; and after having exchanged the wet clothes that now cling so disagreeably to us for dry, we shall erelong forget all the miseries of our journey thither. But matters fell out quite otherwise.

The rain moderated a little as we approached the old castle, which received the name of Ras-el-'Ain from the principal sources being found here of the Nahr-el-'Aujeh, which flows into the sea close to Jaffa, and to the north of it. This fort is of a quadrangular form, with a high embattled wall and corner towers, quite in the Saracen fashion. Its site, on the highest part of the plain, and near the sources of the river just mentioned, and, as it were, over against Jaffa, although at a distance of three hours and a half from it, must have completely prevented any free passage through the plain. I believe the Rabbi Schwartz is right in supposing that the Me-jarkon of Joshua xix. 46, in the territory of Dan, stood here. Not far from the castle there is a hamlet with a few water-mills and a khan.

Here the ground, marshy enough at any time from the nearness of the waters, had become completely saturated. We could advance only by slow degrees. Abû Monsûr rode ahead to show the way; for the ordinary footpath had been quite obliterated by the flood. In the end we came to a place where the windings of the Aujeh prevented our advance to the coast. The bed of the river was full, and seemed deep; but over we had to go. The question now arose, who should be the first to attempt crossing? Abû Monsûr

growled out, that to pass was impossible. The muleteer would not commit himself to the water. Ferez and Philip I dared not risk in it, and as little had I myself any desire to stake my life on such a venture. There, then, we stood! What was to be done? We were already half way betwixt Ras-el-'Ain and Jaffa. To return to the hills, to Medjdel, which as seen in the distance seemed to me the principal village of the district, and now lay two hours behind us, was what I had no fancy for. This only was evident, that we could not remain here looking about us, but must either go forwards or backwards. I determined, therefore, myself to attempt the passage of the river, and rode forward; but scarcely had I advanced a few steps into the swollen waters than my horse sank so deep, that swimming must have been instantly necessary, had not the beast instinctively sprung back. I need not tell you I was soon on the bank again. Abû Monsûr's advice was that we should try the passage at another place, where the water, to the best of his recollection, was not so deep. Good. We patiently followed him to that place, but the stream did not promise much better there.

"Well now, Abû Monsûr," said I, "this time it is but fair that it should be your turn to try the depth of the water!"

The old Mussulman looked at me with a pair of eyes that spoke volumes, without, however, adding a word. He saw that what I proposed was only fair, and, whatever reluctance he might feel, still he was ashamed to refuse the challenge. So, taking up the skirts of his cloak, and laying them across his saddle-bow, he stept

down into the water. Three, four, five, six steps! Here the water rose above his knees, as he sat on the saddle. One step farther—he was getting into the stream—when down he went, and nothing was seen but his horse's head and the upper part of his own body! His horse was swimming! My agony, for more than a full minute, was indescribable, not less, perhaps, than his own! But, thank God, he approaches the opposite bank; his horse again touches the ground, only a step or two more—it stumbles—Abû Monsûr struggles to keep himself up—one last effort, and the beast, with its precious lading, has safely reached the bank!

And what, think you, was the first thing Abû Monsûr did, as soon as he stood again on *terra firma?* Did he offer up a prayer of thanksgiving? No; he could think of nothing but revenge for the trick, as he called it, that I had played him. One could hardly keep from laughing, it is true, at seeing him standing there, with his dripping clothes, scolding, cursing, threatening he would take my life, as if he had lost his senses. All my sympathy, all the anguish I had endured on his account, were dissipated by the ridiculous sight of the raving, yet utterly impotent Arab; but the best of it was, that when I called out to him to take care that with his scolding and his cursing he did not lose the baksheesh I had purposed giving him on my arrival at Jaffa,—

"Baksheesh!" he exclaimed; "where, when are you to give me a baksheesh?"

"To-morrow at noon, when we shall have got to

the English Consul's at Jaffa. And the baksheesh will make you soon forget the 'Aujeh."

His expression was instantly altered, as if by magic. Sullen wrath disappeared, and keen avarice sparkled, as before, in the glance of his falcon eyes. With great composure he now began to wring out the wet from his clothes, telling us to make the best of our way to Medjdel; for he was now well convinced of the impossibility of our passing the 'Aujeh to-day. I would have taken this course, whether he had recommended it or no. First, however, I wanted to see him safe and sound on horseback again, and starting for Jaffa. I then sent my parting blessing after him, to which he returned the usual "ma salame!" "peace be with you."

Again the rain began to come down in torrents.

Two hours, two long hours after, shivering with cold, on horseback, in clothes wet through, and with empty stomachs,—for we had eaten nothing since breakfast at Kerawa, and it was about six o'clock in the evening—we dismounted at the large imposing residence of the shech at Medjdel.

And now you suppose, perhaps, the sufferings of this dismal day will be doubly compensated for; a noble house, promising a noble reception; and what more delightful than a hospitable welcome, after a long day spent on horseback, in soaking wet clothes? Jump not too fast, my friend, to conclusions. Yes, here too my reception was hospitable and noble, but too much state and gravity made it burthensome. The poor shech of Kerawa, in his dilapidated small house, would

have made me feel somewhat better off. As soon as I had dismounted at Shech Mûsa's castle, I sent him, by my servant and dragoman, the Sultan's firman, whereupon the signal of welcome, the word "tfaddel," was not long of being returned. But this "tfaddel" implied first some time spent in the inner area of the building, where it was crammed with camels, horses, and cattle, all the rich man's goods. There I had a mat spread out for me in a gallery, while preparations were being made for me in the reception-hall. Almost fainting from hunger, and benumbed with cold, I spent a full quarter of an hour in this court. Then one of the shech's sons came to me, with a second "tfaddel chawadja!" and I had the honour to be led up into the presence of my exalted host.

Fancy a man near seven feet in height, well built, of a noble presence, with a hook-nose, large eyes, ample beard, and huge turban—such is Shech Mûsa of Medjdel. Seated in a small and tolerably clean apartment, yet furnished with nothing but a Turkey rug laid over the mat next the fireplace, a quadrangular hole in the wall, and surrounded with a half-score of sons, almost all of them as tall as their gigantic father—such was Shech Mûsa when he welcomed me to his house. Great was my need of dry clothes, and my servants were equally ill off; but etiquette required that I should take my place next my host. How long this painful position may have lasted, I know not; but luckily Philip took a fit, by which the conventional forms of society were broken. The poor youth was quite benumbed. After having given him a good mouthful of brandy, and having washed his stiffened

hands and feet with the same liquid, he came somewhat to himself again. Under these circumstances I was obliged to take the liberty to make him put on dry clothes, which, as Arab manners require that the host should never separate himself from his guests, took place in the presence of all. It was now perceived how much we needed to get ourselves warmed; so a fire was lighted, at which I began gradually to dry myself, and to revive. Therewithal I gave fortifying drams of brandy to Ferez and the mule-driver. More it was not in my power to do for them, for the shech was but half pleased with these freedoms. And now, had I been but permitted to get my own dinner prepared, our hunger would have been appeased in half an hour. But such a breach of all the rules of common decency was not to be thought of. The newly arrived stranger now got coffee, and after that a pipe; the supper would follow in due time. Alas! what a painful evening! What is an Arab cup of muddy coffee, or rather coffee mud?—a spoonful of liquid and no more. And what is a pipe of tobacco, after fasting for a whole day? But people are for ever measuring others by their own standard; and I am convinced that it never entered into Shech Mûsa's thoughts how faint we must have felt, accustomed as he was to remain fasting during the thirty days of the Ramadan, and during that period to taste neither meat nor drink from sunrise to sunset. This waiting for supper was actual torture. Yet of this I durst not give the slightest hint, and had even to conceal it under a brisk conversation that embraced all kinds of things. The usual questions, what I had come to measure, and why!

were as little left out here as at other places. By the exhibition of my maps and the instrument, I generally on such occasions satisfy my questioners best; inquisitive persons are none the nearer their object by looking at these; but a map, and still more such a surveying instrument, are strange things for them, and draw away people's thoughts from the person to his wonderful apparatus. Thus at Medjdel, as elsewhere, I remained on a good footing with the shech and his sons, a matter of indispensable importance for obtaining information respecting the localities, ancient and modern; and the consequence was, that my memorandum-book was again filled with notices of old ruins of the towns in the inheritance of Dan. I am quite astonished to find the people so willing. If a foreigner from the states of any other power were to be found in our country going about making surveys, what should we say? I believe that the newspapers would soon denounce him as a spy, and that he would speedily be sent across the frontiers. It is very true that I was powerfully backed by my firman; but my firman states that the surveys are to be executed not for the behoof, but only under the protection of, the Turkish government. Then it is quite a common thing for people to say to me, "You are coming to survey the country, because your nation will ere long take it away from the Sultan." I answer this with a smile of incredulity on my lips, and then endeavour to shew them that the land, in accordance with God's Word which cannot lie, will be given back again to the Jews. They then rejoin—"No, but you Christians will ere long make a conquest of it; all of you, you travellers, come here, not so much to perform

pilgrimages to your sacred places, as to visit the territorial possessions of your forefathers, and to see the condition they now are in."

Marvellous presentiment in this people! and yet it is very common. Other travellers have already spoken of it in the accounts of their tours through this country. They mention this also, that these people always think when travellers ask about ruins, or visit ruins, that they come to look after treasures that their fathers have buried there. Nothing can banish this feeling from their minds. What a remarkable state of things! Their own consciences tell them, the land that you inhabit is not yours. Your fathers took possession of it as robbers and plunderers. God has thus far borne with you, that His own purposes might be accomplished; but the time will assuredly come that He will visit you for the iniquities of your fathers, and will drive you out from before His face, in order that the land may be restored to them to whom He had given it. Unacquainted with Holy Scripture, they know nothing of the gracious promises of Israel's restoration. They know Israel only as the "despised." Therefore they do not believe what stands written there: "Thou shalt no more be termed Forsaken; neither shall thy land any more be termed Desolate; but thou shalt be called Hephzi-bah, and thy land Beulah: for the Lord delighteth in thee, and thy land shall be married." * Thus far only goes the obscure prophetical presentiment of the present inhabitants of Palestine, that they see the hand of the Christians who shall wrest from them the land which they unrighteously possess. And far from

* Isaiah, lxii. 4.

arming themselves against this, so as to prevent it to the utmost, their own doctrine of the disposal of all things by destiny has the effect of making them passively wait for it. Therefore, too, do they, some of them at least, clearly perceive that a survey of the country helps towards forwarding a future conquest, and yet, in their impotent bowing before destiny, they co-operate towards the completing of the survey. With the slavish and stupid, not with the child-like and believing "Insh-Allah," the will of the Lord be done, or, as it pleases the Lord, the Mohammedan under the blows that fall upon him lays his hand on his head, and says no more!

About ten o'clock the long expected supper at last appeared. A large tin tray, of about three feet in diameter, covered with a smoking pyramid of rice, in which the fragments of a kid had been stewed, was placed on a low pedestal. The father and his sons pushed near. Each got a small parcel of thin Arab flat cakes, which, from their flexibility, serve as instruments for forking up food, we can hardly call them spoons. The honour was great to be allowed as a Christian to share with Moslems in a family meal. But as my travelling canteen stood at only a few feet distance, I begged that I might take the liberty of making use of a plate, and what farther, according to our manners, is requisite for the eating of a meal. Naturally this was not refused. Again I was addressed with the "tfaddel chawadja," and I availed myself of the superabundance of the pyramid of eatables. Not, however, to Shech Mûsa's satisfaction. The portion of rice, he insisted,

was much too small for me, and the piece of kid on my plate more bone than flesh.

"Let me help you to more for once," said he, and scooped at the same time from the mountain of rice, with the hollow of his hand, a quantity which he then transferred to my plate. He next, without much difficulty, wrenched off a piece from the best portion of the meat, and with both his hands tore it into shreds over my plate, and these etiquette would not allow me to put aside. Repellent as it was, good breeding compelled me to submit, and to eat up my share, which had thus passed through the hands of the shech, while my ceremonious host looked at me with an expression that seemed to say:—"Well, what say you now to that? Have I not helped you properly?"

Perhaps you think, heaven keep all travellers from ever dismounting at Shech Mûsa's! Yes, I too might have thought as much, but, intercepted by the flooded stream of the 'Aujeh, and far from all better quarters, I could not but congratulate myself on having obtained the shelter of a roof.

And do you farther ask how we fared in regard to the night's rest?

There was still the same etiquette. Father and sons stuck closely to me. Their own sleeping apartment was offered me, in order that they and I might not part company, even in the night. They threw themselves down on the ground on quilted mattresses of cotton-wool, even as the traveller and his dragoman did, until the dawning of the morning put an end to their suffering.

"How! suffering!—that sweet sleep!" I think I hear you ask.

What name, then, should I give to a night spent among a dozen snorers, without being able to close my eyes owing to the torture inflicted by vermin? Such a night after such a day!

But now all is forgotten.

The morning broke with a friendly look. On the roof of the house we had coffee, while Shech Mûsa, in the kindest manner, gave me the names of all the villages to be seen from that tolerably high point. The highest houses of Jaffa glittered opposite me, over their surrounding downs. Ramleh and Lud on the south-west, Kefr-Saba, which is held to be the same as Antipatris,* although not with common consent, and the Carmel range on the north, Mounts Ebal and Gerizim on the north-east, and a great many places besides, mentioned in Scripture as in the plains of Dan and Judah, are all visible from Medjdel.

Eli Smith has already, in the *Bibliotheca Sacra*, spoken of Medjdel as an important ancient place. It is also called Medjdel Yaba, a circumstance that suggested to him the doubt as to whether Antipatris, which of old was actually called Kafr or Kaper-Saba, ought not much rather to be looked for here than where it is now expected to be found in the plain of Sharon. I will not detain you with any discussion of this question. Meanwhile, it is certain that the stones in the shech's house have not always been placed as at present. At the unlading of the mules, my eye fell upon a large stone with an ancient Greek inscription, at the entrance

* Acts xxiii. 31.

of the outer court. I should not wonder that a monastery has stood here in the earlier days of the church. But where are the documents that testify to the fact?

The plain of Sharon smiled in the rays of the sun. The sky was bright, and thick tiers of clouds, that hung over the Mediterranean, alone indicated the approach of fresh storms. Our way led us past the small village of Melebbis, and afterwards through a broad track of soft sandy downs, which traverses the fertile clayey plains along its greatest length from north to south. Amid the undulations of these weary downs, one sees little of the surrounding landscape. They seem to be the favourite resort of gazelles, great numbers of which were frisking around us. The swallow and the stork remind me of spring, and of my native land. Wild roses and mallows also, in large masses, greeted me as old acquaintances. Here and there I saw fields of lupins, the seed of which forms part of the food of the natives. The lupin is not only cultivated, but grows wild also in Palestine, and is found in great abundance in the plains. We passed the 'Aujeh, not far from Shâneh. The river, though fallen considerably, was still rather high, and the passage could not yet be accomplished without some danger and difficulty.

The bustle on the road soon betrayed our approach to Jaffa. A large forest of fruit gardens lay before us. On entering it, you find a small village called Sekhna. From this the road runs down between tall cactus hedges, right into the city. The gardens lie concealed behind those hedges, to the right and left. You recognise their existence only here and there by the lofty date-palms, whose graceful boughs wave in the

wind above the cactus hedges. These gardens are quite a miracle of fertility: they have an unfailing supply of water, and are always kept moist by irrigation from the rivers, or from springs. I would speak of their oranges, did they not already appear on the tables of the royal courts of Western Europe. But Jaffa's gardens you must be already familiar with, from the descriptions of them in many books. One circumstance only is sometimes forgotten, and that is, the neglected and wild condition in which these paradises are left. See these cactus hedges — see these roads — see that tillage—all are stamped with the present character of Palestine, even amid the richest blessings. What, then, shall it be when the day of salvation shall have dawned on this land? Oh Israel, what a glorious destiny is reserved for you!

The closer one approaches to the cities of the living, the greater is the noise and bustle. Thus also is it here. And by no means the least share in this movement is borne by the asses laden with building-stones, gathered from the ancient ruins lying round the city, and destined for the construction of new houses. Passing by coffee-houses, fruit-stalls, camels and other beasts of burthen preparing to start, and receiving their fresh lading, amid a din and bustle of all sorts, you ride into the city by the gate on its north side. Through a few bazaar streets I was shown the way to H. B. M. Vice-consul's, Dr Assaad Yakûb Kayat, and a few moments later I sat in his drawing-room, contemplating the sea as it dashed against the rocks in the harbour.

15th March.

It is still early in the morning. All is quiet around me. I hear nothing but the dashing of the sea on the rocks right beneath my windows. I have risen, that I might avail myself of this quiet hour for the purpose of writing you a few lines, being in hopes, as soon as breakfast is over, of being on my way to Jerusalem.

I have been five days here doing nothing—much too long in my opinion; but I have been kept a prisoner by the rain, and thus I have reason to congratulate myself on having lingered no longer at Shechem and Kerawa. The sky is still lowering; yet I am in hopes that the showers will keep off, so as to enable me to reach Jerusalem by to-morrow evening.

To behold Jerusalem — to go up to Jerusalem — the very thought of this wonderfully impresses me. As long as I was still far from "the city of the great King," a visit to Jerusalem appeared as something beyond my reach, and that lay hid in the clouds. But now it is a reality. Mine eyes shall behold Jerusalem! and a solemn respect for the very name of Jerusalem takes absolute possession of my soul. The highway from Jaffa to Jerusalem has been duly and amply examined. Thus I shall have none of the drudgery of surveying, and can allow myself to be wholly and entirely absorbed in the solemnity of the journey. I feel as if I were far too guilty, too sinful a being, to see Jerusalem. I feel a shivering sensation at the very thought that *I* . . . shall behold Jerusalem.

I would first prepare myself for this; or, let me rather say, the preparation that I would desire for the going to

and the beholding of Jerusalem has already taken place, without having myself been conscious of it; but I could wish to have been *better* prepared for it! I feel a sort of oppression at the thought of treading the streets of Jerusalem *such as I am.* Ah, in that very name—*Jerusalem*—what an unutterable solemnity is involved! I ask myself, whence arises this holy fear? And from within there comes a voice, that replies,

"Jerusalem is the place where God's only begotten Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, for *your* sins underwent the shameful and terrible death of the cross;

"From pure, compassionate, everlasting love;

"A love that surpasses all knowledge and understanding.

"There 'He was wounded for *your* transgressions, and bruised for *your* iniquities.'

"He thereby delivered you for ever from the punishment of your sins, and from their destructive dominion;

"And thus reconciled you with the Almighty God of heaven and earth;

"Moreover, He has obtained for you everlasting life, as an inheritance to be enjoyed in His own presence;

"God adopting you as His own child, and bestowing on you privileges so great, as that no tongue nor speech can express them;

"Of all this he has given *you* by his *Word* the most sacred and solemn assurance; well, then,

'*Come, see the place where the Lord lay.*'

"Come: *although* all this you have hitherto but very lightly taken to heart;

"Come: *although* all this you have so little believed,

as having the most immediate and the closest relation to you;

"Come: *although* all this has never as yet been an actual reality to you;

"Come: for the world's sin-offering, the death on the Cross of the Lord Jesus Christ, is no vain imagination; it is not a matter with which you have no concern; no, it is a fact, *done* and *completed;* it is a fact, that He hath *so* loved us, and hath obtained for us *so great a salvation,* even everlasting life;

"Come: for Jesus Christ came to be *your* Saviour. To whom are you more nearly related than to Him? to what place on earth more than to *Jerusalem,* where He accomplished your everlasting redemption?"

The reality is no longer, then, to be placed at a remote distance, as our dull hearts are ever wont to place it. Here must the mist of uncertainty, in which scepticism and unbelief envelope it withal, give way. In material contact with the place of the Lord's passion, resurrection, and ascension!—never have I so closely approached the actual fact!

Yes, my heart beats at the thought: how little have I believed, how little have I hoped, how little have I loved!

There is something very delightful, it is true, in going up to Jerusalem; but when my eyes shall to-morrow gaze upon its walls, I shall feel how much cause I have to blush at the sight.

Oh, what a call "to have our loins girt about and our lamps burning;" for unforeseen and unexpected shall be our going up to the heavenly Jerusalem. That we may not be ashamed when we appear at its gates!

Your letter of — February came here to hand. It appears that you had not then heard of the theft committed at Hâsbeiya. You suppose me to be already in Jerusalem, it having been impossible for you to know that my work has been so interrupted; and you send me a number of important queries and remarks on the Holy City. These I hope ere long to answer on the spot; but without having yet been in Jerusalem, I can already foresee that my answer on various points will be very different from what you had anticipated. But this is a matter that will explain itself.

And now I have still something to say to you about Jaffa.

The approach to the town through the gardens, for people coming to it from the east, you already know. Few travellers, however, on their way to Jerusalem, arrive in Jaffa by such a zig-zag course as the one I had followed hither; on the contrary, Jaffa is for many the first landing-point in Palestine. Others who land at Beirût, travel hither along the shore-road, *via* the Carmel monastery, and past Cesarea. To them Jaffa seems like a heap of houses huddled together, more confused and more densely heaped on one another than in any other town in Palestine. Moreover, it is but a second edition of Sidon, less extensive perhaps, but more built upon a hill. The highest point of Jaffa, the ruined Turkish castle, is about 190 English feet above the level of the sea. Jaffa, however, far exceeds Sidon in activity, in the amount of its trade, and in bustle. This is the natural result of the relation in which it stands to Jerusalem. Jaffa is not only the principal station from which most of the pilgrims to the Holy City take their

departure, but it is the port also where many of them disembark, and where their effects, and the provisions and other necessaries they require, are landed, taken charge of, and forwarded to Jerusalem. Dr Kayat's commercial talents have given a remarkable impetus to Jaffa. According to what I hear, many a merchant there has to thank him for his subsistence.

That Jaffa has at all times been an important commercial city, and a port of some consequence, is proved at once by sacred and by profane history. 1 Kings, v. 9; 2 Chron. ii. 16; Ezra, iii. 7; and Jonah, i. 3, speak of it in a manner not to be misunderstood. True, this maritime city had to submit to its share in the general devastation of the country; and there are travellers who describe the Jaffa of three hundred years ago as nothing better than a wretched village. But the progress made by the town within the last twelve years has been such as forcibly to recall its ancient importance; and what has especially suggested itself to my thoughts while residing here, is the future part that Jaffa will have to play as the sea-port of Jerusalem, whenever the dispensation of the promised blessing shall dawn upon this land. Then will the harbour, now filled up with sand and choked with rubbish, and presenting a small basin hemmed in by a circle of sharp ridges and rocks, highly dangerous to the sloops and boats that enter it, and much too small for the admission of any larger vessels than the Arab coasting craft —then will this haven, I say, be cleared, deepened, enlarged, and made secure, and the ships of the nations will be able to unload their cargoes with the utmost safety. I cannot believe that Jaffa could ever have

been so great a maritime city, had the harbour, in the days of old, been as dangerous and inconvenient as it is now. No: owing to neglect while subject to the Turkish sceptre, it has become what it is; and no sooner shall another people—a people full of industry and energy—come to possess it, than hundreds of hands will be set to work, and Jaffa, among the rocks of whose harbour hundreds have been engulphed in the waves, even Jaffa will become a safe haven, a new and principal, if not the very first, mart of the Jewish land.

The present commerce of the place consists in the export of a few native productions, of which soap may be mentioned first, chiefly to Egypt, and the import of all sorts of manufactured articles from England. Articles of food for the pilgrims in Jerusalem are likewise imported; in a trifling proportion, too, from the Netherlands. Dr Kayat was of opinion that the Jaffa market might consume a much larger amount of Dutch produce were it only brought thither. But the Dutch trade with the Levant, once so prosperous and profitable, has fallen like the craft employed in it, brigs and galliots, at least half a century behind the age. As to it we may well say, "Oh sleeper, arise!" Our credit still stands high in the East; the name of Netherlander is still held in honour; but this is almost all that remains of the old commercial prosperity here.

It ought to be, it *might* be otherwise.

Will it be otherwise? A question.

With respect to the history of Jaffa, you will find it fully given in almost every book that has been written on the Holy Land. And it comes to be of very little consequence which you turn up on the subject of Jaffa,

for I observe that the one follows the other with tolerable exactness. Buckingham relates the fable of Andromeda somewhat varied from Dapper; Bachiene and Reland give Pliny's assertion, that Jaffa was built before the Deluge, in somewhat different terms; Wilson brings together particulars found here and there in a number of authors; Ritter is somewhat more copious on this point, Raumer on that, and Winer gives you a great deal in little compass; but, generally speaking, the one is but a copy from the other. And even Kitto, the great compiler, finds the subject so exhausted by various other writers, that he seems tired of relating it once more, for he says almost as much; and for these reasons is extremely concise in his description of Jaffa, Japho, or Joppa. Why, then, should I tire out your patience, and lose my own time, with another repetition of what authors have written on Jaffa? If you have any desire to make yourself acquainted with the details of the conquests and devastations of the city—conquests or devastations by Judas Maccabæus, by Jonathan and Simon Maccabæus, or by Antiochus—then turn up 1 Macc. x. 74; xiv. 35; xv. 28, &c.; or Flavius Josephus; and they will give you a full account of them. Or would you prefer to have a condensed account of the whole in one volume? Well, then, Buckingham or other travellers will give you the fullest information, whether you are concerned to know about the conquest of Joppa by Cestius, or that by Vespasian; or by Omar, by the Crusaders, or by Saladin; by Napoleon, or, last of all, by the British.

I have no call to make this subject more elaborate.

And then the awakening of Tabitha, the kind-hearted

Dorcas, "full of good works and alms-deeds!"* And how it came to pass that Peter, after that, tarried many days in Joppa with one Simon a tanner! And how Peter, on the roof of his house by the sea-side, saw the heavenly vision, whereby it was made known to him that God accepteth not only Abraham's children according to the flesh, "but in every nation he that feareth Him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with Him;"—and that "WHOSOEVER," not only the man of the circumcision, the man according to the letter of the law, but WHOSOEVER believeth in Jesus Christ, shall receive remission of sins through his name!"† Well now, what shall I further add towards the elucidation of the narrative of the Evangelist? Shall I describe the house that is alleged to have been that of Simon the tanner? That would avail you nothing. But, moreover, this house, according to my conscientious conviction, belongs to the manufactory of legends and traditions in Palestine, in which, you are aware, I put very little faith. Dr Kayat took me there, and, to judge by what he said, he seems to put faith in what men say about it. But although this alleged house of Simon the tanner is by the sea-side, and has an ancient well, this proves nothing for its identity; for there are many houses by the sea-side, and many have ancient wells. You see, indeed, a large stone cistern, in which it is said the skins were washed; but these arch-deceivers, excuse me the word, think nothing of dragging a stone cistern here from elsewhere, while the house itself at least has nothing in common with that of Simon, but is quite a modern erection. On the other hand, I believe, there

* Acts ix. 36-43. † Acts x.; and xi. 5-17.

are grounds for holding this so-called house of Simon to be a pure delusion, quite of a piece with so many other pretended holy sites, and, like them, exhibited to credulous pilgrims for a baksheesh of a few piastres. The remark has already been made by other travellers, that, tanning being an unclean occupation, it would have been inconsistent with the Jewish law to permit the exercise of such a craft *within* the city. Add to this, that in the expression of Scripture, "by the sea-side," something more is involved than that the house was in the common range of houses that runs along from the side of the harbour. To me it appears that we ought much rather to understand, a house emphatically by the sea-side, or out of the city by the sea-side, in contradistinction to out of the city on the land side. And in point of fact one sees on the south side of Jaffa the ruins of three or four houses that must have stood by themselves, and that, to my apprehension, agree much better with the description of Simon's house than the one which people make out to have been it *in* the town. In earlier times there was an oratory erected on the spot where Simon's house was supposed to have stood. No trace of it is now to be found. There is no need for our knowing the identical spot on which the house once stood, in order to our picturing to ourselves in what manner Peter prayed upon its roof. It was a flat level roof, just as the roofs are at this day. In one of the recent books of travels in Palestine I have seen some highly poetical allusions to Peter's praying on that spot, with his face turned towards the sea, and towards the islands of the sea (which last, however, are not here within sight), and how, in the earnest longings

of his heart for the conversion of the island-world, he was led to behold the vision of the "great sheet, knit at the four corners, and let down to the earth; wherein were all manner of four-footed beasts of the earth, and wild beasts, and creeping things, and fowls of the air," &c. I believe that it is in all respects permitted to us to fill up, or to link together, the Bible narrative in our thoughts, with such accessories as are naturally suggested by the occurrences that are told us; nevertheless, this ought to be done with great circumspection, and so that what we put in by way of complement shall not supplant the original text. How far the fanciful representation I refer to keeps within these necessary bounds, I leave it to your own judgment to decide. This, however, I believe, that we in our days, when the simple truths of the Gospel are assailed in such innumerable ways, cannot be too cautious with respect to authors possessed of great powers of graphic description, but whose gifts are too apt rather to lead to the reader's thoughts being confined to them and their talents, than to direct them to the subject that they have in hand. In writing on the truths of the Bible, this is in the highest degree dangerous. And sweet is the poison by which the hapless reader, even while reading on matters taken from God's word, is drawn off from the truths of God's word to the more engaging sayings or picturesque fancies of the author. The reader, accordingly, reads something out of, or upon the Gospel; he is also moved and affected; his sense of the beautiful is highly gratified, but his poor soul is not fed.

But enough of this.

I would now willingly tell you this and the other

particulars with regard to the family of my host, who was so kind as to grant me a small apartment in *his* house, seeing that the convent of the Maronites, as well as the large hospitium of the Latins in connection with the convent of St Salvator at Jerusalem, and the Greek convent too, were all full of pilgrims. But when I perused the narrative of the American Jordan and Dead Sea expedition of Lieutenant Lynch, U. S. N., I fancied that Mrs Kayat, a highly respectable native lady, who with her husband has visited England, could not have been much pleased to see put down in a book so many details respecting her toilet and other things. And I should find it difficult to say anything with respect to Dr Kayat's domestic life, without running into the same indiscretion. My letter, though written to you in confidence, may come to be lost. This only will I say, that the Kayat family have treated me with the utmost kindness, and courtesy also. I have spent some very agreeable hours in their company, which I shall ever remember with feelings of gratitude. Not that I think it right to put this down in my host's album ;— others may do this from principles which I willingly respect; but, for myself, there seems to be something mercenary in such a mode of expressing one's feelings of obligation for the kindness he has received, the politeness of the host being thus made too much to appear as if it were a branch of his consular duties. Dr Kayat had no sort of call to exercise his hospitality to me as Consul; he did so from his own unfettered kindness.

And what shall I say about the population of Jaffa? It presents a medley of Moslems, perhaps to the number of 4000, of Greeks say 2000, of Armenians 1000,

and about 500 Maronites, Latins, Greek-catholics, and Jews.* A pitiable population, living in darkness, without the knowledge of the Gospel! The American missionaries were at one time actively employed here, when they still retained an establishment at Jerusalem, but under the pressure of nearly insurmountable difficulties they have gone back into Syria. And the English Jerusalem mission among the Jews has been unable to accomplish anything here beyond having a Bible depôt, now under the management of a Mr Hanover, a converted Israelite. The information I had from him with respect to the opportunities of presenting Bibles to the Jews arriving at Jaffa from Europe, was not very cheering. This should make us Christians more in earnest in taking to heart, more than we have hitherto done, the necessities of these many thousands of Jews.

JERUSALEM, *17th March.*

YES, indeed, I have spent a night within the walls of "the Holy city." Seated as I now am in a good room, somewhat oriental in form, but otherwise provided with the "comforts" of the West, it is with difficulty that I can realise the idea that I am in Jerusalem. But come! I will once more transfer myself in thought to Jaffa, in order briefly to relate my journey to Jerusalem. The distance of the two places from each other is not great—only from twelve to thirteen hours, or about thirty English miles. But the last eight of these hours are among the most fatiguing in the whole

* Lynch makes Jaffa to contain 13,000 inhabitants, but, in so far as I can ascertain, has obtained little accurate information in this respect.

country. The road passes through the mountainous tract which, with three successive ascending ridges, keeps Jerusalem shut in on its west side. The path is narrow and bad; here and there it is steep and rugged; ever over shelving rocks or through mountain gorges. Add to this the scorching rays of the sun, reflected from the naked cliffs. Jerusalem does not come into sight until you are within a quarter of an hour's distance from its walls; and the disappointment experienced in climbing the various heights, people always expecting that the one immediately before them is to be the last, and that on reaching its summit they will have a sight of the city, instead of having another and another hill to climb—makes the traveller more than once apprehend that he may have gone out of the right track. In order to lighten these difficulties, two days are taken for the journey. People usually leave Jaffa on the first of these at noon, and lodge at night in one of the convents at Ramleh; starting very early next morning for Jerusalem. This plan I too followed, and rode out of the gate of Jaffa at about one o'clock. Had I had my own wish, I would have been earlier on the road; but I was delayed by my troublesome mukhari. The spring had arrived, and I had bought a tent, intending for the future to be able to prosecute my travels with a moveable house. A tent, though not large, was an extra load, and required an extra mule; and for this extra mule the mukhari demanded an extra high price, well knowing that I should be compelled to pay it to him. Still I did not feel quite inclined to comply at once, and sent accordingly for another mukhari; but the mukharis form a sort of guild among themselves,

and take care not to hurt one another's market. I saw at last that I had no alternative but either to remain at Jaffa and to have done with the tent, or to yield to the mukhari's demands; and hard as it was to be compelled to give way at last, still it was of many evils the least.

From the many extant descriptions of the road from Jaffa to Ramleh, you cannot fail to be acquainted with it. True it is that the travellers who pass along it, have once and again been mistaken in identifying the villages and towns with places mentioned in Holy Scriptures, or in profane history; and the correction of these blunders might afford matter enough to detain you awhile in this vast plain. But I spare you for the present this geographical-archæological lesson, and would rather communicate my researches on some other occasion. I must pass over too the general character, the fertility, and the productions of the plain, as matters that you will already find copiously treated of elsewhere. I have therefore only to mention, in few words, that I followed the highway that traverses this sandy and low-undulating plain. The weather was fine, and the lately fallen rains had so far moistened the ground, that the barrenness otherwise characteristic of this tract was now greatly diminished; here and there even small flowers and short grass were to be seen where large shallow pools had not been dried up at once, and the soil had remained for some days saturated with the wet. Gradually as we got farther from Jaffa, the plain underwent a change; it becomes more fertile, and the soil, without ceasing to be sandy, has a mixture of clay, and is clothed with grass and flowers.

At the distance of an hour and a quarter from Jaffa,

we come to the village of Yasûr; on its east side there is a fine fountain arched over with a dome roof in the style of the Moslems. Three quarters of an hour farther on, the villages Kaukab and Beit-Dejan lie at a short distance to the left. At three hours' distance from Jaffa, there lies on the way the small village of Surafend; and just there the road branches off in two directions—on the right hand to Ramleh, on the left to Ludd. On my arrival at these diverging roads, it was still early; I would fain see the place where the ancient Lydda had stood, and accordingly followed the track that led thither. Erelong I found myself betwixt the broad cactus hedges, enclosing to the right and left the beautiful gardens of Lydda. It was quite refreshing to find myself among the trees, and certainly the olive grounds and fruit-gardens of Ludd are among the very finest I have seen in the country. A tall minaret showed itself among the shadows; I rode through a pleasant shady burying-ground, and then sat for a few moments on the side of a tank, with my sketch-book open before me, for the purpose of taking a drawing of the fine ruin of St George's Church. The sketch will save me the trouble of a written description of this monument of the times of the Crusades; and as for the history of St George, who is said to have been born at Lydda, and of whom so many wonderful things are told, my visit to the spot has thrown no farther light on the subject than you will find in the books on Palestine with which you are familiar.

Ludd or Lod of 1 Chron. viii. 12,* and Lydda of Acts ix. 32-38, is not only remarkable as a town of

* See further, Ezra ii. 33; Neh. xi. 35; 1 Macc. x. 30; xi. 34.

Benjamin, and as the place where Peter preached the Gospel in the name of the Lord Jesus, and restored to health Eneas, who had been palsied for eight years, but also as the Diospolis (Jupiter's town) of the Romans, destroyed (as Josephus relates) by Cestius, and afterwards rebuilt, and raised to be an episcopal see. It was then also famous for its Jewish academy. The church over the grave of St George, erected by the early Christians, and destroyed by the Saracens, is said to have been built by Richard Cœur-de-Lion in 1191. The still extant ruin is the last remnant of that restored church.

The cities and small towns mentioned in Scripture as in the neighbourhood of Ludd, have been almost all rediscovered. The site of Saron only, as mentioned in Acts ix. 35 (perhaps the same as the Lasharon of Joshua xii. 18), is quite unknown.

About sunset I at last reached Ramleh, about an hour to the south of Ludd, and likewise embosomed amid extensive gardens. It is not built on an eminence, as some travellers have said, but lies in the middle of the great plain, and answers exactly to its name, "sandy" (Ramleh), for the soil here can be likened to nothing so much as to our own tracts of low sandy downs at home. Do you ask me how it is possible that travellers should maintain that the name Ramleh is a corruption of Rama or Rameh, that is, *height*, as if the town were actually built upon an eminence? then I must answer, that imagination has played its part in this. Such travellers may perhaps have come quite fresh into the country, and may have seen nothing more than Jaffa, surrounded by its flat

tracks. Having got no clear notion, as yet, *how* the towns and villages of Palestine are situated on their *heights*, they have mistaken the gently ascending, and at Ramleh somewhat undulating ground, for a *hill*; while I feel fully convinced that travellers that have entered Palestine from some other quarter—for example, by the desert of Egypt—or who have come down from the mountains of Judah to Jaffa, would never suppose the *low* downs of Ramleh to be a height. But something else must be taken into account. Some are eager to make all sorts of things serve to accredit tradition. Now, tradition holds Ramleh to have been the Arimathea of Joseph,* and the name Arimathea is a form of Rama (height), not of Ramleh (sandy). A striking proof how cautious one should be in identifying places. Arimathea, "a city of the Jews," is still unknown to us.

Dr Robinson has been at great pains to prove, from *historical data*, that Ramleh is a town which was first built long after the death of our Lord. He considers that he has sufficient grounds for ascribing the founding of it to Soliman, in the beginning of the eighth century. Methinks that learned traveller has fully decided the question; and you, my dear friend, can have no desire that I should dress up his arguments anew, to be presented in another shape. Enough: we hold it as demonstrated that Ramleh is a Saracenic city, that played an important part in the wars of the Crusaders; and after having been repeatedly destroyed and rebuilt, has now for centuries past been the principal station of pilgrims on their way to Jerusalem.

* Matth. xxvii. 57; Mark xv. 43; Luke xxiii. 50; and John xix. 38.

It was a splendid evening as I approached Ramleh. In the distance lay the mountains of Judea, ever becoming more and more blue as the sun sank over the horizon. The country was green with grass, and dappled with flowers; the bean-fields perfumed the whole air with their fragrance; the olive-trees resounded with the churm of singing birds of various sorts; the lark, with unwearying wing, still soared and sang high over head; and the stork proudly stepped along its way. Ramleh's minarets made their appearance among the trees: there are many of them, and one stands apart, at some little distance from the town. Looking at them from a distance, no one would suppose he was approaching an Eastern city, for those minarets are either of an original or an imitated Western architecture; and some even of the mosques prove by their sloping roofs that they were not built by Orientals, but must once have been Christian churches, in the days when Christianity still had the upper hand in Palestine.

The agreeable impression made by Ramleh, as seen at a distance, was soon removed. Through a number of leprous mendicants on the road, along streets that might better be called sewers, between heaps of ruins and dilapidated houses on the right and left, I reached at last the Latin convent. I had heard it highly spoken of at Jaffa, and accordingly, as recommended by Dr Kayat, I had laid in no stock of provisions before starting for Jerusalem. The lean superior received me, too, with all politeness; but my experience in that convent, the first I had ever entered, has made me resolve that it shall also be the last. I was

taken into one of the cells—a neat enough little room, entering on an upper gallery, and furnished with a good bed, chair, and table. Good and well. But whereas it is the custom of this country to take dinner or supper at sunset, I saw with surprise the shades of night close in, without any one coming to intimate, "chawadja tfaddel" (as much as to say, "supper is on the table"). I waited an hour longer, almost fainting from want of food; then the bell rang. Oh, thought I, that is the supper bell; but one, two, three, four of the fathers ran by in haste, not to the refectory, but to evening service.

"When may I look for something to eat?" I asked at last, of a monk who was lodged in a cell beside me, and who was now hastening to prayers.

"Eat!" he replied with amazement; "eat! No man eats at present. These are fast-days!"

"And must all travellers join in fasting?"

He made no reply, but hastened away from the heretic. Perhaps he thought me a horrible creature: on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem; in the time of Lent at Ramleh; and yet indisposed to fast!

I now sent my servant to market; but he, too, came back having fared no better. The bazaar was shut. No bread was to be bought after sunset. He had been wandering about for an hour, and had to return without accomplishing his object. All that my canteen could offer me to-day, were the remaining contents of the coffee-box and a small quantity of rice. With these, then, I kept my compulsory fast on that day, well resolved never again to seek lodgings in a monastery with an empty provision-chest.

As soon as the morning dawned I was again on my travels. The road through the plain had been converted by the rains into a bed of mud, that allowed me to advance but slowly. I thought of all the difficulties attending the journey to Jerusalem: the level ground is the best part of it, and that, nevertheless, so toilsome!—difficult to traverse in winter owing to the mud, and in summer owing to the heat. The plain ends at the village 'Anabeh, which is left on the left, fully an hour and a half past Ramleh. Here one is at the outermost base of the mountains of Judea. Nevertheless the ascent is not immediate, but gradual, so that after riding for some little time in a wide valley, you find yourself among isolated hills, one knows not well how. Here and there, to the right and left, poor villages appear, whose names and Bible identifications have been repeatedly mentioned by other travellers. One of the chief of these is Amwâs, or Emmaus, called by the Romans Nicopolis. Reland speaks at great length of this place, remarking that it must not be confounded with the Emmaus of Luke xxiii. 13, which lay at a distance of 60 stadia from Jerusalem, while that here referred to is 176 stadia from it. Amwâs lies to the north, or the left of the road, at the distance of about an English mile. One can plainly distinguish, in the distance, some ancient ruins belonging to it. Over against it, to the right of the road, another ruin is seen, on a hill-top called Latroun, formerly a castle, as people will have it, of Roman architecture. The monks consider it to be the "*Castellum boni latronis*" (the castle of the good malefactor). Not far past this begins the so-called wadi-Ali, a narrow gorge with a wearisome winding

path among rough fragments of rock and brushwood, where the reflection of the sun's rays enhances not a little to render still more fatiguing the steady ascent, in itself sufficiently so. Yalo, the Ajalon of Dan's inheritance, is left at the entrance of the wadi lying on the left hand. Your progress now becomes very tedious; the ascent becomes steeper and steeper; the hours slowly steal away; five have already elapsed since we left Ramleh; already have we rested awhile under the shade of the garoub trees, at the side of a fountain, on a flat plot of ground about midway to our journey's end; already have we passed Saris, lying on the height, and Kuriët-el-'Enâb, likewise on a hill-top; Kalonieh, too, which, as well as Saris and Kuriët-el-'Enâb, shows some ancient remains; but of Jerusalem we as yet see nothing. We are aware that the city is not to be seen until one has arrived at a short distance from its walls: but, flattering ourselves that we shall accomplish the distance from Ramleh to Jerusalem in a shorter time than travellers are wont to take, we hope that the height we are now climbing is to be the last. The body is exhausted with the fatigue of travelling, and the mind worn out with the unwonted strain on its faculties—the thought that the dream of so many bypast years is about to be realised: TO GO UP TO JERUSALEM! . . . TO BEHOLD JERUSALEM! But, courage: this height is the last. There we reach the summit, and . . . . still no Jerusalem is to be seen. Yet one steep path more, and another, and another! Can we have missed the right road? No; we meet more and more passers by; and this proves our approach. "How far are we still from Jerusalem?" we ask once and again; and the answer

is, "You are close to it." Such a journey! From the plain of Sharon past Ajalon, through the valley of Ajalon along Kirjath-Jearim (at least people, following Robinson, suppose Kuriët-el-'Enâb to be that place), and now probably on the way by which the Lord walked with his two disciples to Emmaus! Such a day! and now a few minutes more and our eyes shall behold Jerusalem!

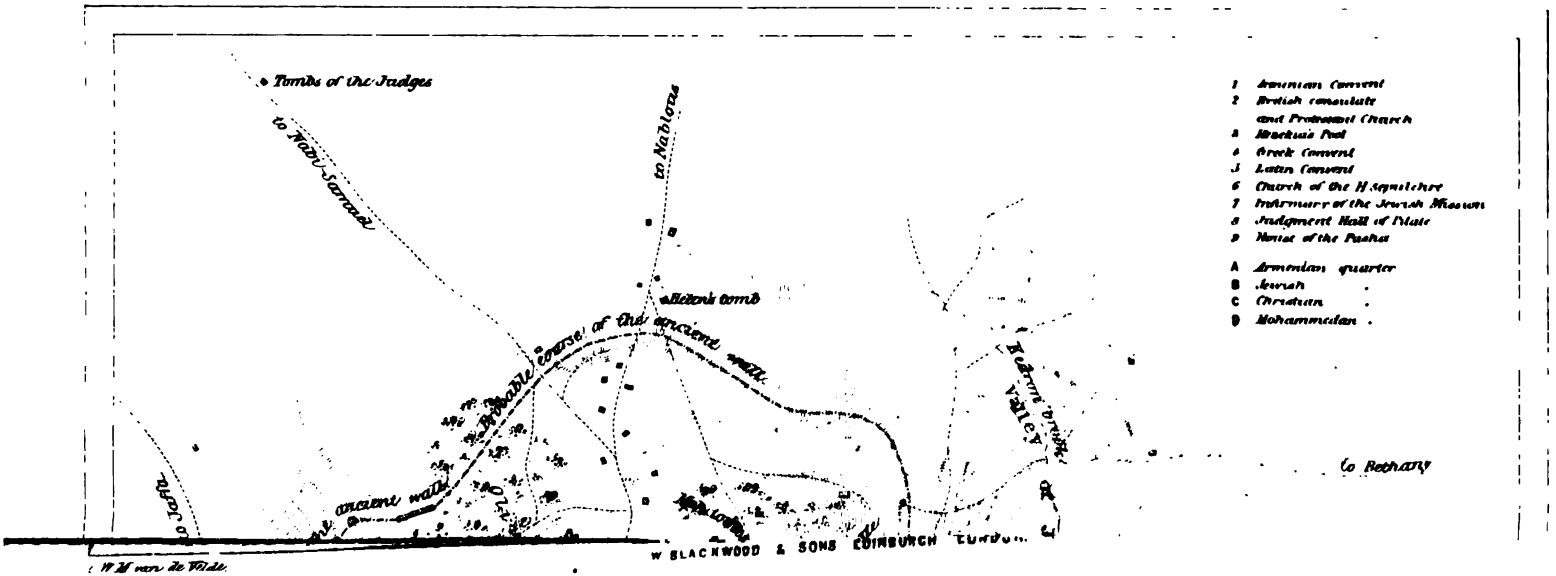
Is it a dream, or is it a reality?

I can well suppose that you, my friend, are longing to learn what passed in my mind when I beheld Jerusalem. But I cannot gratify you. I myself know not. I felt a sort of dizziness come over me. The greatness of the fact, the sanctity of the place, the *new* face of the *ancient* city, the high walls, the minarets, the provoking Omar's mosque, with its blasphemous crescent, where once "the House of the Lord" stood; the lowly Mount of Olives, with its few olive-trees, and crowned with a Turkish mosque; yonder, in the distance, the hills of Moab, on the farther side of the Dead Sea, with the transparent light blue tints; and, last of all, within, a heart which would so willingly dissolve itself in prayers and tears, but which, under the pressure of so MANY and SUCH MIGHTY things, is as it were lost to thought and feeling—how, how should I ever be able to place all before you?

Many travellers have put down in books what were their first impressions on beholding Jerusalem. I

declare myself incapable of doing so. Do you ask what, then, it was that had the uppermost place in my thoughts—love to Jesus, respect for the Holy City, or bitterness of grief at the present state of Jerusalem? I cannot answer this. And though I could, still I would hold my peace. The heart has its own secret chambers, sanctuaries into which even the friend cannot enter; and into which that friend, even if he could enter, would grope about in the dark, see nothing, understand nothing,—could only injure himself, and do harm.

To you it may seem to have been wrong; but though that might be, I dismounted, from an instinctive feeling of respect for the "City of the King," as I entered by the Jaffa or Bethlehem gate. I will say nothing, on this occasion, of the disturbing effect of being asked for a baksheesh by the Turkish sentinel. It would scandalise you. Neither will I say anything at present of my progress through the streets to the house of a certain Max Ungar, a converted Israelite, recommended to me as a good person to apply to for the hire of a lodging. Enough for you to know that I am comfortably housed here, near the Damascus gate. I close this, accordingly, with my cordial prayers for your happiness. Farewell!


Tombs of the Judges
to Wady Samuel
to Nablous
Helena's tomb
Probable course of the ancient wall
ancient wall
Old Wall
Kidron Valley
to Bethany
1 Armenian Convent
2 British consulate and Protestant Church
3 Hezekiah's Pool
4 Greek Convent
5 Latin Convent
6 Church of the H. Sepulchre
7 Infirmary of the Jewish Mission
8 Judgment Hall of Pilate
9 House of the Pasha
A Armenian quarter
B Jewish .
C Christian .
D Mohammedan .
W. H. van de Velde.
W. BLACKWOOD & SONS EDINBURGH LONDON

A FEW DAYS AT JERUSALEM.

MY WORTHY FRIEND,— JERUSALEM, 20*th March* 1852.

IT was needful that I should allow some days to pass before I again took up my pen. To describe Jerusalem is no small affair; nay, I may well say that in my case it borders on the impossible. With all the studies with which I had prepared myself beforehand on the topography of Jerusalem, and with all the books and ground plans that lie around me, I don't yet half know my exact local bearings, far less do I find myself in a condition to pronounce a decisive verdict on localities on which the learned have published such widely differing communications, or have formed such mutually conflicting theories. I am well aware that there are travellers who, with an eye that looks only at the surface, and a mouth that speaks great things, pretend to talk decisively on what they only see in passing; but I would rather confess to ignorance than increase the obscurity that hangs over the confused accounts of travellers to Jerusalem, by adding to them some of my own. I observe, moreover, from the letter of yours I lately received at Jaffa, that you are by far too sanguine in your expectations from my visit to the Holy City. You put queries to me with respect to the position of many points, which it would require a longer stay than that of a day or so, in order to my being able competently to answer. Some of your questions I fear I shall be

wholly unable to resolve, and it is only under another dispensation of Providence than the present that we can ever expect them to be fully met. Be not therefore too exacting. Fancy yourself to be in Jerusalem; what else could you communicate but your own individual experience, your own individual impressions there? Be, then, equally fair to me, my friend! ask nothing from me beyond my strength, beyond what you yourself, were you in my circumstances, would be able to accomplish. I will faithfully communicate all my adventures here, and all my impressions; but let this be enough. If all goes according to my wish and purpose, I hope shortly to leave Jerusalem, in order to make an excursion to the Dead Sea, the south of Judea, and the Land of the Philistines, and afterwards once more to take up my residence here. What, then, is wanting now, I shall perhaps have it in my power to make up hereafter. For the rest, I am happy to think that you have already made yourself in some measure acquainted with Jerusalem from the accounts of various travellers. I feel therefore all the greater freedom in referring you to such books; and while I am speaking of Zion and Acra, of the valleys of Hinnom and Jehoshaphat, of the outer-wall and the Tyropeon valley, I know that I am not leading you about in the dark. For your gratification I send you along with this a small sketch of Jerusalem, according to the survey made by Messrs Aldrich and Symonds, R. E., in the year 1841. A copy of the original of this ground plan was published in Williams' "Holy City," and afterwards in some other works. Should you not have any of those books at hand, this small plan may serve for your

guidance. Would that I could as conveniently send you my own sketches! But you must be content with this until my return home.

You would fain learn what were my first impressions in the *holy city*. I will now comply with your request; I will try to do so in all the simplicity of truth. You will find yourself disappointed, and that disappointment will be a proof that I have given you a faithful representation of the case; for disappointment is precisely what I myself experienced. Yes, you say, perhaps, I am well aware of that; people are disappointed when, instead of the mourning Jerusalem, bending and bowed down under her curse, they see a city more cheerful in appearance, more pleasant to the eye, than any other in Palestine; people are disappointed when, instead of an old Jerusalem, half converted into heaps of rubbish, they see a new city surrounded with walls and bastion-towers, and adorned with white plastered cupola roofs and lofty minarets; they are disappointed when they see, rising aloft, the blasphemous crescent of Omar's mosque, and that of el-Aksa, not to speak of others; they are disappointed at many other peculiarities of the Jerusalem of the present day, new, Mohammedan, and foreign to the Jerusalem with which we have been familiar as it appears in Holy writ. But it is not so much this disappointment that I refer to. The descriptions of travellers have prepared one to expect all this. No! when, for the first time, I entered the Jaffa gate, I experienced a disappointment that struck deeper, disappointment at the state of my own mind. All solemnity and sacredness of feeling vanished! All spiritual contemplation, all pious reflection, was dissipated at

once by a most unholy reality. It was about five in the afternoon. The busy part of the day was in the city drawing to a close; the handicraftsmen were gradually shutting up their workshops, and the shopkeepers their shops. People were bent on recreation; the time for a walk had arrived. Hence that motley multitude of Christians, Jews, Mohammedans, natives and pilgrims, people from all parts of the earth. The Oriental dress, with its long flowing robes and turban, predominated; yet in endless variety, according to the religion, rank, and nation of the wearers. Nevertheless, the costume of the West was also to be seen, and much more frequently than my eye had been accustomed to in Palestine; nay, it struck me immediately that Jerusalem is a more European city than any other in the country.

Thus I found myself in the midst of a dense throng that, methought, had little in common with the solemnity we associate with Jerusalem. I paused for a moment on the small plain next the citadel, after having come within the gate, to bethink myself which way to go. Many stood gaping at me; many passed on. A troop of laden camels, that had entered shortly before me, stood with their peculiar expression waiting patiently for the driver to direct them in the way he wanted. Different natives, well dressed, and speaking a medley of English, French, and Italian, fell upon me with hotel cards; while one of the passers-by made me notice that I must make way for a well-dressed European lady who was taking her daily ride, seated on a donkey, and defended by a kavas. What a confusion!

"Where does Mr Max Ungar, the tailor, live?" I asked of one of the bystanders that spoke English.

"Here, sir, hard by to the left. That first house is the French Consul's; next to it you see two Maltese shops; then there is another house; in the house beyond that Bishop Gobat lives; and next comes Mr Max."

I found the industrious tailor busy at his work. The rooms in his house at the Damascus gate were not occupied; a little lad showed me the way. I had to pass for about ten minutes through some of the most crowded streets of the city. First, a short way through a street that went down eastward; after that, turning round to the left, through a long street called that of the Patriarchs, where I could with difficutly make my way through the crowd of foreigners who were here busily engaged in providing themselves with all sorts of Jerusalem keepsakes, rosaries, crosses, porringers, cups, scented soap, &c. It is the chosen lounge of pilgrims. At the north end of this street, on the right, stands the so-called church of the Holy Sepulchre. I had to go round there to the right, had again to descend a few feet, and then had to go northwards along the long street of St Stephen, which runs north and south, until I got near the Damascus gate. St Stephen Street is partly vaulted over. At some places the footpath was literally blocked up with ancient and modern rubbish. Close to the Damascus gate this street has native shops, in which household articles chiefly are sold. St Stephen Street, together with three or four others, runs into a small piece of open ground close to the Damascus gate. The gate, as viewed from this, stands on a rising ground, although it is really in a valley. The streets to the right and left all run upwards from this piece of ground, and thus form a sort of basin of which

the Valley Street, running down to the south-east, is a continuation. However otherwise the ground of Jerusalem may have been changed, raised, and filled up with rubbish, or thrown down and lowered, that valley seems to me to have formed at all times the chief division between the heights on which Jerusalem is built. The lad now brought me into a steep small street on the right, leading up by steps to his master's house.

The letting of apartments for lodgings forms one of the speculations of the few European colonists at Jerusalem, especially during the pilgrim season, the seven weeks preceding the festival of Easter. I have much cause for satisfaction in Max Ungar's furnished rooms. The comfort I here enjoy, and of which I have been altogether deprived since leaving Sidon, is most acceptable. Privation is sometimes a positive good, and it is miserable to be enslaved to all sorts of conveniences and luxuries. Nevertheless, every thing has its measure; and it would be folly to maintain that a person brought up in the midst of civilized life, and accustomed to have the wants that such a life brings with it satisfied, can make himself comfortable, or, as we say, feel at home, in the rough savage life of the present inhabitants of this country. The fatigue arising from my painful journey from Ramleh to Jerusalem, made me highly appreciate the reviving influence of a nice clean lodging; and not less welcome was a dinner of soup, good mutton, greens and potatoes, after the sober commons I had had with the fathers of Ramleh.

It soon grew dark, and nothing farther remained for me to do that evening than to pay a few visits to friends to whom I had brought letters of introduction. It was

a great pleasure to see again the Crawford family, more than five weeks after I had spent so solemn and profitable an hour with them at Tyre. Much had I already heard of the other members of the small Christian circle at Jerusalem. My expectations were not disappointed; and as I proceed, I must, my dear friend, introduce these friends to your acquaintance. First, however, let me propose to you that you should accompany me in a walk round the walls of Jerusalem. Thus it is that I hope best to transport you in thought to the place, commencing with a survey of the city as it stands upon its heights, and surrounded by its valleys, next proceeding to make ourselves acquainted with the various localities within the walls. Practically, too, I have found this the simplest way to familiarise one's-self with Jerusalem.

Fancy yourself, then, to be one of the party as we walk out of the city by the Jaffa gate—Mr and Mrs Crawford, Mrs Finn, whose husband, the British consul, is just now absent (at Nazareth), and a few other members of the English Jerusalem community. It is the day following my arrival. The description I now give you is thus derived from a first superficial impression. I must avoid fatiguing and distracting your mind by overloading you with particulars. It is early spring, at least in the hills, where winter always lingers longer than in the plains. It has been raining hard the whole forenoon, but since that has brightened up, and a clear atmosphere now promises us, with the declining sun, the finest colours and effects.

Over against us, as we pass out by the gate, there is a rising ground, but separated from us by a valley, which begins to be formed on the right, or to the north-

west and with a constantly increasing descent, becoming narrow and steep, runs forward to the left or southwards. This valley is the vale of Gihon, and the ascending high ground on the other side is the hill of Gihon. You see how that hill is covered with Mohammedan graves; and in the middle of it you recognise, in that large oblong quadrangular tank, 200 feet in breadth by 310 in length, the *upper pool*. A footpath with several side branches winds about among the graves, over the rocky soil, and leads the pedestrian to the Convent of the Holy Cross, the valley of Roses, and the Convent of St John in the wilderness, all places which we hope ere long to visit. We shall see, on our return home, how the valley of Gihon turns round to the south-east and the east, away round Mount Zion. We leave it for the present lying on our left, and keep Gihon hill on that hand too while passing some newly built coffee-houses outside the gate (they are of the Eastern fashion, not at all like the *Cafés* of the West); we follow the foot of the city wall, the direction of which, towards the north-west, is determined of itself by the course of the valley of Gihon. Look well, now, at this wall, of Saracenic construction, and built by Soliman in 1542 and 1543. Nevertheless, you remark anon that the wall is not *throughout* his workmanship; the undermost parts in particular plainly show, by their old, peculiarly shaped large stones, still retaining their original position, that they have existed there for ages before the time of Soliman. At other places you perceive the same sort of old stones, but not in the position originally assigned to them. It is plain that the wall is built of ancient materials, while at the same

time it is not the ancient wall itself. Elsewhere all appears modern,—that is, of the date of 1543; the stones are smaller, differently formed, and of a different colour too. Well, then, we follow the wall, and its salient quadrangular towers, and come ere long to the extreme north-west angle, distant 878 English feet from the Jaffa gate.* Here the wall turns towards the north-east, with an irregular line of bastions projecting at various angles, to a short distance beyond the Damascus gate, where the course it takes is more towards the east, till it reaches the angle above the valley of Jehoshaphat.

At the north-west angle, a moderately elevated point, the wall ceases to follow the conformation of the valley of Gihon, and we follow its foot at the distance of a few yards only, over the highest part of the undulating plateau over which the city in former days extended. At this corner it is said that the so-called corner-gate formerly stood. On the left we leave for the present an important field for exploration untouched; we hope to revisit it ere long, and must now be content with the view of the olive-trees that here extend their grateful shade, grateful although they are few in number, and are planted widely apart. Descending, we come to the Damascus gate, 1990 yards from the north-west angle, and here we cross the highway to Shechem. It is the finest looking of all the city gates, and the strongest also in appearance. The Arabs call it Bab-el-amûd (the gate of the columns). Formerly, at the time of the Crusades, it was the St Stephen gate, which it was

* Robinson's Biblical Researches, vol. i. p. 395; see the same author for the subsequent measurements of the city wall.

though better afterwards to place on the east side of the city. Your thoughts are now directed to a broad rocky height on the left, where the so-called grotto of Jeremiah stands, being the place where tradition will have it that the Prophet wrote the Lamentations. The position of this rock, at no great distance from the wall, 600 feet more or less, attracted me. Much about the same must have been the appearance of the "Place of a skull" (although I had no thoughts of looking for it here). The rock of Jeremiah's grotto is at present a Turkish burying-ground. On a farther close inspection of the wall here, we again see parts of it composed of ancient stones, not only retaining their ancient position, but founded also on the massive natural rock, which has been wrought with hammer and chisel in order to make it suit with the wall. This, then, say you, must have been part of the original wall, of the date of the kings of Judah. Precisely so; and all the learned theories and hypotheses on the subject of the wall of Jerusalem, are not enough to deprive me of this conviction. I have seen elsewhere, in this country, how the ancient inhabitants built their fortified walls on rocks, and here there is no mistaking the peculiarities of their architecture.

This is the wall called by Josephus *the second wall*, and in all probability the same that went round Jerusalem on this side in the days of our Lord; went round, but did not form its outer boundary, for the space lying to the north of it was probably covered then with houses and gardens. Twelve years after the Saviour's death Herod Agrippa caused this piece of ground to be enclosed within a wall, which had the effect of greatly extending

the circumference of Jerusalem on the north side. Josephus calls it the third wall. In his account of the siege and conquest of Jerusalem by Titus, he makes very express mention of the position of this wall, but not with sufficient clearness to enable us to ascertain its exact course. It is only at the north-west *corner* or the *corner* gate that the track of the ancient wall can now be accurately traced. The foundations of the wall-towers are still visible there, in a somewhat irregularly waving line in the direction of the north-west, to the distance of about 2000 yards from the present wall. Some will have it that the PSEPHINOS-tower stood at the extreme north-west point of this line of foundations. However this may be, so much is certain, that it was an important point in the fortified wall which turned here round to the north-east, but which can now be hardly traced beyond 1000 yards farther, where every vestige of its ancient course disappears. Josephus says, indeed, that the wall ran close by Helena's monument; but as the exact position of that landmark also has been lost, we are little the better of this definition.

Meanwhile, what we are now occupied with is the wall of the present day. Here we stand opposite to Jeremiah's grotto, and our attention is drawn to an excavation in the rock close to the wall. What can this be? A pool? Probably so. But which, I cannot tell you.

Much, no doubt, may yet be elucidated by future excavations. The wall-tower which we are now passing is said to have been the gate of Herod. You see how the masonry has been added to, or rather altered. Here, again, the ground forms an ascent; observe how

low the Damascus gate lies; it is the lowest point of the whole north wall. But here we see the Mount of Olives, crowned with its three elongated domes! We are now passing round the north-eastern corner of the wall, and . . . the whole Valley of Jehoshaphat, that memorable valley, opens at once upon our sight! O, do you say, let us pause here for a moment! No, my friend, it is unnecessary; for, by gradually going forwards, we see the valley in all its details, keeping, meanwhile, to the path that runs along the wall. This other foot-path to the left, which runs down along the valley northwards, and then turns on the other side up the hill, is the way to Anata (the Anathoth of Joshua xxi. 18; 1 Kings ii. 26; Jer. i. 1; xxix. 27, &c., the birth place of Jeremiah). The olive gardens down in the hollow there, present at this moment a picturesque effect from the contrast of their light with the dark shade on our side of the valley. We must put off to another walk the commencement of the valley of Jehoshaphat; at present it would take us too far from the city. But here there is a foot-path, methinks I hear you remark; shall we not follow it? It leads down southwards to the valley, there, among the twilight tints under the olive-trees. No, my friend; neither can we go thither now, although your feelings would incline you to advance along the bed of that mysterious brook, the Kedron, to the olive gardens in the bottom of the valley. We must continue to follow the wall. From the Damascus gate to that of Herod, Dr Robinson measured 1200 feet, and from the gate of Herod to the north-east corner of the wall 1000 feet. From that corner to the gate which we are now passing, there is a

distance again of 1062 feet; and the farther length of the eastern wall, which you now see before you as a straight line, amounts to 1728 feet. Various objects here arrest your attention—the Turkish graves along the wall, the dry pool on the north side of the gate, called the Pool of the Holy Virgin's bath, just as the gate also is called after Mary (the former Birket Hammam Sitti Maryam, the latter Bab Sitti Maryam), although better known as the St Stephen's gate, because tradition asserts the hollow of the valley here to have been the place of the stoning of the first martyr for the faith in Jesus. I point out to you the huge old stones in the wall, but your eye quickly glances in another direction. I point out to you that building there in the valley, on whose flat roof you cast your eye, and inform you that that is the subterranean church of the Holy Virgin's grave; but as little are you struck with this particular. You make no reply; your gaze is at once drawn to the olive gardens there below. I know what is occupying your thoughts. You are measuring with your eye the narrow valley, the 200 feet of descent, and the 400 feet of ascent on the other side up the steep slope of the Mount of Olives. You behold that city wall, which, perhaps, has undergone little change since the days of our Lord; that path which goes downwards round from the south-eastern corner of the wall along the steep declivity of Moriah northwards, and crosses the now dry bed of the Cedron by the stone bridge which you see below. Close to the bridge on the farther side, you observe a white plastered wall, 620 feet in circumference, and within that wall eight old olive trees. You say nothing. You ask no questions. All this

you behold for the first time in your life. You are quite a stranger to it, and yet you are quite familiar with it. You fully recognise all that you have heard from books and narratives—all that you have seen in prints and descriptions. It is true, every thing appears to you marvellously confined; for your own previous conceptions, and perhaps the incorrect sketches of others, may have represented the whole scene as far more extensive and wider in its range; nevertheless you are no stranger in this region. And now you have obtruded on you the dissonant voice of superstitious and lying tradition. Could that small spot with the wall round it be it? you ask. Can these eight olive trees be really so old? Oh, why should you now perplex yourself about it? is the answer of a voice within you—it can never matter much either way; granting that *that* walled-round enclosure was not it, and that *those* old olive trees are not of such antiquity, yet it was a garden situated thereabouts, and there were olive trees, too, of such-like growth, and leaves, and shadow. No; here no disavowal, no unbelieving putting away from us of a fact from which the natural heart ever seeks to keep itself alienated, any longer avail us. Here is Gethsemane! Here is, here your eye beholds, the place to which Jesus, the Son of God, went down, laden with *your* guilt, *all your* guilt; went down, that *in your stead* he might bear the righteous curse of God for *your* guilt.* Here it was that He suffered for you the most unutterable mortal agony, so that "His sweat was, as it were, great drops of blood falling down to the ground."

* Matth. xxvi. 36-56, Mark xiv. 32-52. Luke xxii. 39-54. John viii. 1; xviii. 1-12. Heb. v. 7, 8.

Here it was that "He offered up prayers and supplications, with strong crying and tears unto Him that was able to save him from death;" and although "He was heard in that He feared," and "though He were a Son," yet He was obedient in all that He had undertaken for *your* redemption, according to His own free love and that of His Father.

Oh! . . . . . .

Yes, my friend! I can well understand your silence. The reality brought so very near you! the love of Christ, the suffering of Christ for you, a fact and no chimera! your everlasting redemption and heavenly calling, a fact! —and ah! your unbelieving doubts, and your turning away from Him as if with a shake of your head, are also facts! Should not this call for solemn and silent reflection? The friend who accompanies you on your walk is even too much for you; you desire to be alone with Jesus. Alas! why should I now be surrounded with men, with sinners, with coarse Mohammedans, hardened Jews, and superstitious Christians? Why should I not, you complain, go down to the garden, there to commune in silence and in solitude with the Lord? Why? Because the Lord, in His divine love and wisdom, will not allow you to make shipwreck on the rocks of superstition. You have been favoured with a view, in their general contour, of the local features of the scene of the sufferings of Jesus, in order that they may aid you in having a clearer idea of the *fact;* up to a certain point your unbelief may thereby be met and counteracted. But to expect more from the mere locality would do you harm. You feel, with a legitimate compunction, that hardness of your heart which hinders

your believing. You desire nothing more ardently than to have that hardness taken away. All good; this God also desires, but He will do it by his Holy Spirit, to whom alone belongs the re-creating and the spiritual renewing of the heart; while you, on the contrary, will have it that the vivid impressions produced by the localities of the sufferings of Jesus will assist you. No, my friend: although these local scenes could place the Lord most vividly before your mind's eye in His *humiliation*, although they might move you to floods of tears, it would avail you nothing; all this is "of the will of the flesh and of the will of man;"* the regeneration of the heart, the permanent renewal of the heart, a power known in its consequences but not seen in its origin or in its operation,† is from God alone. "That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit."‡ Were it to be obtained by the visiting of holy places in Palestine, then must poor lost sinners have had to repair thither in crowds on pilgrimages. Thousands actually do so in their erroneous belief; but let us at least be warned by their example. What can earth and stone do for us? The lesson truly is hard for flesh and blood, so readily influenced by the religious emotions; but it is a necessary lesson, and that you know from experience. Nor is it in a day that the lesson is learned. Jerusalem will more than once disappoint us, will more than once make us silent, before we have visited all its important points. Enough for the present; we are in hopes of paying Gethsemane a closer visit on another occasion. Let us now proceed with our walk round the wall.

* John i. 13. † John iii. 8. ‡ John iii. 6.

The stones you see here are among the largest in the whole wall; they have been quarried out of the light yellow hard limestone, and belong, judging by their form, to the time of David or Solomon. Some are 18, 20, and 24 feet long, and 6 feet thick. But you can perceive at once that they are not lying in their original position. Here the wall embraces in its circuit not only the city, but in particular the ancient temple area, the Haram-el-Sherîf. The "Sheep gate" of John v. 2 must have been hereabouts. The walled-up gate we are now passing is the "Golden gate" Its double entrance is of Roman architecture. Tradition relates that the Lord Jesus here made his entry sitting on "the foal of an ass;" and some think that here the Lord will again make his entry, in order to his reigning as king of the whole earth. The Mohammedans too have their prophecy respecting the "Golden gate," or Bab-ed-Daharieh. According to this, the Christians will one day enter Jerusalem as conquerors by it; and in order to prevent this happening by surprise, the gate has been closely walled up, and a sentry-post is constantly kept on the inner side. Here and there you see the remains of the splendid temple (of Herod) built into the wall; at least the column-shafts of verd-antique marble that have been here and there introduced between the other stones, seem to me to have belonged to the temple. The superstition of the Moslems has attached to a long piece of a pillar which projects close by the south-east corner of the wall, pretty high up, the prophecy that Mohammed will judge the world at that place, and seated on that column. We do not envy him the position.

Our walk here is indeed in the kingdom of the dead.

Graves appear on all sides; not only the Turkish, along the footpath we are following, but the more important, beneath, in the valley at the foot of the Mount of Olives. You need not ask if the monument yonder is Absalom's pillar.* You easily recognise the original, after having seen so many views of it in all sorts of books. A traveller somewhere remarks, that in all the accounts we have of travels in Palestine, we read of the Jews never passing Absalom's pillar without throwing a stone at it; and notwithstanding this, no one perceives near the monument anything resembling a heap of stones, flung down there out of spite. It is certainly hard to suppose *all* Jews passing that way to be so mischievously disposed; but it cannot be denied that a great many large and small stones lie scattered about the stately monument, which itself is hewn out of the solid rock. Behind Absalom's monument is the so-called grave of Jehoshaphat. According to 1 Kings xxii. 50, and 2 Chron. xxi. 1, we know, nevertheless, that the pious king was buried, not in the valley, but "with his fathers, in the city of David his father." How, then, has that tomb been assigned to Jehoshaphat? The learned in the antiquities of Jerusalem have not resolved this question, any more than that other, why the valley has been called after him "the valley of Jehoshaphat?" This name occurs, it is true, in Joel iii. 2 and 12; but the learned will have it that what is intended there is not any precise place, but a play upon the word Jehoshaphat (that is, "the Lord will judge"). In the days of the primitive Christians, nevertheless, the name of the valley of Jehoshaphat for

* 2 Samuel, xviii. 18.

the valley of the Cedron was already in use, and has remained so ever since. Robinson, who sometimes, in his rejection of all that is not in conformity with his own ideas, goes pretty far, is here, too, rather precipitate, in refusing to identify the valley with the King's dale of Scripture. Williams* rightly refers to the connection between the King's gardens at the south end of the valley, and the King's dale itself, and to the sufficiency of the grounds for holding the identification to be decided. He speaks on this occasion of a discovery that took place in 1842-43, in the so-called grave of Jehoshaphat, when a certain pilgrim priest, in passing that way, saw a fresh-made opening, probably intended for a grave. He entered the grave-vault, and found a Hebrew manuscript, written on beautiful parchment. The damp sepulchral air had, however, very much damaged, and even partially destroyed it. In this state a piece of it fell into the hands of the father superior of the Latin convent at Jerusalem, while Mr Young, the British consul at that time, contrived to make himself master of another fragment. This parchment roll contained a part of the Pentateuch, and exactly resembled, says the relater, one of the same sort that had been found before among the Jews of Cochin, and presented by Dr Buchanan to the University of Cambridge.

This discovery, however, threw no sort of light on the grave of Jehoshaphat, and as little on the tombs of James, and Zacharias the son of Barachias, that lie beside it on the south.† These tombs I need not de-

* The Holy City, 2d Edition, vol. ii. p. 448, &c.
† Matth. xxiii. 35.

scribe to you, as you must have seen them so repeatedly mentioned elsewhere. The monument of Zacharias is inscribed all over with the names of many hundred Jewish visitors. In disagreement with Holy Scripture, Jewish tradition points to the spot hard by, as that where the prophet was slain.

The region of the dead does not terminate with these tombs, belonging to times long gone by. From Absalom's pillar down to the village of Siloam, the base of the Mount of Olives is covered with graves—graves belonging to later, and even to the latest times, seeing that for centuries past it has been ever the great, if not the greatest of all the desires of the Jew who comes to Jerusalem, to find on this spot a final resting-place for his dust. Deliverance from a state after death having much akin to that spent in the purgatory of the Romish theology, and the securing of an interest in the resurrection to glory, is what the poor erring Jew promises to himself from a tomb at the foot of the Mount of Olives. The stones of the Jerusalem of former days supply him with a covering for his bones.

Yet other tombs come under our eye as we proceed with our walk. What are those dark caves, some with small quadrangular openings, and side walls cut perpendicular in the rock?—are they dwellings for the dead or the living? Both, my friend! Originally a series of tombs, now for the most part used as houses, no less than the much dilapidated houses interspersed among them. This is Siloam, at present a veritable lurking-place of blackguards of all sorts. In proportion to the security within the city walls, which are from thirty to forty feet high, is the want of security without.

This, too, makes it so dangerous to pass the night in a tent outside the city, unless with a numerous party and an adequate number of guards. Is not this very sad? The gates are closed at sunset, and already we must quicken our pace, in order to escape being too late; yet how willingly would we have sauntered here some while longer, in the solitude of the evening, unseen, and sheltered by the twilight! See, we have now reached the south-east corner of the eastern wall, along the slight gradual descent that has brought us southwards from the St Stephen's gate. We have the south end of the Mount of Olives now right over against us. The road you see down below there, from the bridge over the Cedron, along Gethsemane, and away behind the tombs of Absalom and Zacharias, winds round the base of the Mount of Olives, eastwards to Bethany, which is not more than a half hour distant from this point. It lies hid behind the Mount of Olives. The elevation, with Siloam at the foot of it, is called the Hill of Offence, it is said, because Solomon offered incense there to his idols. Round by the back of that hill the valley of the Cedron takes a winding course, after having joined the valley of Gihon, or, as it is there called, the valley of the son of Hinnom, which comes down from the north-west, round the Hill of Zion. The Dead Sea was the basin into which all the offal of Jerusalem was formerly washed down by the brook Cedron. In these times no blood, no ashes from the temple, are thrown out from the Hill of Moriah into the valley of the Cedron; and Gehenna (the valley of Hinnom) presents no more dead carcases, or other impurities. Neither does the Cedron flow any more,

except during the heavy rains of winter. Nevertheless, from the elevation on which we are standing, we can clearly perceive how the sewerage of Jerusalem was carried away, and can fully appreciate the value of the brook of Cedron in this respect.

The point at which the valley of Jehoshaphat, and that of Hinnom, merge into one, is here out of sight. It lies beneath, yonder, behind that long projecting spur of the hill on which we stand, well known as Ophel, but perhaps, since the first mention of Ophel, much increased in height and circumference, inasmuch as it was chiefly here that in the devastations of Jerusalem most of the rubbish from the temple was thrown out. It strikes me that from the same cause the whole Moriah side of the valley of Jehoshaphat now differs much in form from what it once was.

We now, with an ascending path, withdraw to a certain distance from the wall, which turns with a right angle to the west, runs on in that direction a distance of 630 feet, then again makes a right angle to the south for 290 feet, and subsequently threads 500 feet to the west, to the so-called Dung gate. This gate has nothing but its name in common with the Dung gate of Scripture. It is closed up, and lies just where the Tyropeon valley leaves the city, to fall with a precipitous gorge between Zion hill and Ophel. The bluish-black dome, with the crescent, that you here see overtopping the wall, belongs to the mosque el-Aksa, formerly the church of the Holy Virgin, built, as people will have it, by the Emperor Justinian. You must be content with Richardson's and Catherwood's descriptions of this mosque, as well as of the Omar mosque, and all the

other sacred things within the area of the Haram-el-Sherif, all which no "infidel" is permitted to see. Meanwhile that provoking crescent, placed atop of one of the principal churches of early Christendom, may well suggest painful reflections.

At the Bab-el-Mogaribeh, or Dung gate, our ascending footpath, as it passes over the highest summit of Ophel,* again approaches the wall. We follow towards the south the irregularities caused by the bastions, to a point where people suppose the Valley gate to have stood, and so on, westwards, close along the foot of the wall, to the Zion gate, which is situated 1700 feet from the Dung gate. We are now on Mount Zion, and have a distinct view of the site of the King's gardens, and of the fountain En-Rogel, generally called the Fountain of Nehemiah, also Joab's fountain. The footpath that runs down from the Valley gate passes along the Pool of Siloam,† but owing to the steepness, you cannot see that ever-memorable spot from this. The declivity of the hill is planted with scraggy olive-trees; the lower you descend, however, the fuller the foliage; figs too, and other fruit-trees, that unfold their leaves in this month, may be seen in the valley. The wheat along our path is still young: it is yet early in the season; but when we again come this way, farther on in the year, we must not forget to pluck a few ears, that we may let our friends at home see how literally the Lord has fulfilled his Word, "Zion shall be plowed as a field."‡ The Word says, farther, "Jerusalem shall become heaps;" and where can we put

* 2 Chron. xxvii. 3; Nehemiah iii. 26; Isaiah xxxii. 14.

† John ix. 7. ‡ Micah iii. 12.

our foot without finding that terrible saying fulfilled? Zion hill has on its south-eastern slope been literally enlarged, by the addition of a hill of stones and rubbish. Zion rises, nevertheless, as of old, steep and high, above the valleys of Hinnom and Gihon, immoveable, unshaken; and in this we find a confirmation of that other passage in Scripture, "They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth for ever."*

At the Zion gate our path again deviates a little from the wall, and turns away between corn fields inclosed with low stone walls round the Armenian convent, which stands here, along the north side of a cluster of buildings, among which are the sepulchres of David and most of his royal successors. At the south-west corner of the city-wall we again walk along its foot. Before advancing farther, we must pause here for a moment, in order to take a last look of the valley of the Cedron, for it disappears behind the Mount of Offence; and the eastern rocky projection of that other hill now opposite to us, on the other side of the Valley of Hinnom, the Mount of Evil Counsel, conceals it more and more in proportion as our steps are turned towards the west. On the Mount of Evil Counsel you see the ruins of a house; tradition calls it the country house of Caiaphas, where the chief-priests and the scribes and the elders of the people met to take counsel how they might lay hold of Jesus and put him to death. And on the steep rocky northern side of that hill, among those scraggy olive-trees, is the Aceldama, the field of blood, where the wretched Judas strangled himself, and where,

* Psalm cxxv. 1.

in consequence thereof, strangers were buried. What think you of the effect of the evening sun on this landscape, that gloomy gorge, and those clearly defined illuminated walls of rock, and the rose-coloured and pale blue hills in the distance? Yonder lies Bethlehem behind the swell of the Mount of Evil Counsel; a little farther to the right is Beit-jala (the Zelzah of 1 Sam. x. 2); and where the remote hills rise highest betwixt Bethlehem and Zelzah, lies Hebron. Let us now proceed onwards behind the Armenian convent. It occupies the place where, as tradition will have it, Caiaphas had his residence, and where the first examination of Jesus took place. In the field that lies between this building and the mosque of the tomb of David, a piece of a column is shewn, on which the cock stood and crowed while Peter denied the Redeemer. It is painful to hear these legends of the monks, but we are not yet done with them. That cluster of houses to the left covers not only the tombs of Judah's kings; the room likewise, in which the Lord ate the last passover, and instituted the Holy supper, is shewn under their dome-shaped vaults. So early as in the 4th century a Christian church stood here, known by the name of the Church of the Apostles, although the *Itinerarium Hierosolyma*, in 333, identifies the place with the house of Caiaphas, with this addition, that at the door there stands a pillar at which the Saviour was scourged. Be this as it may, the so-called Cœnaculum (the church of the Apostles) was the object of an idolatrous worship on the part of the Christian pilgrims, just as the adjacent mosque of David's tomb was by the Mohammedan pilgrims. The respect which the latter show to their sanctuary is

great; for such is their dread of sacrilege or desecration, that none but genuine Moslems are permitted to enter the mosque. As a proof of the depth of their contempt for Christians, I may further add, that not many days ago there was a dispute among them about the Christian burying-ground adjoining it. Some fanatical Moslems had remarked, that at a certain hour of the day, the shadow of their mosque reached the graves that lay nearest; and this honour enjoyed by dead Christians appeared to them so great, that they made the most strenuous efforts to have the burying-ground removed elsewhere. Fortunately, Protestant influence at Jerusalem, as well as throughout the whole Turkish empire, has become powerful enough, backed as it is by the British, American, and Prussian governments, to exercise a decisive preponderance where the antiquated slavish subjection of the other Christian communions to the tyranny of the Mohammedans would fall short.

What would we not willingly give, could we but once have it in our power to examine Zion hill both internally and externally; internally, in its sepulchral chambers of Judah's kings; and externally, in order to discover as far as possible the ancient form of the hill and the course of the walls. This is not quite a hopeless idea. When Jerusalem shall cease to sigh beneath the iron hand of the bigoted Turks, and people are allowed to make excavations and to carry away rubbish without let or hindrance, then no doubt a great deal will be brought to light which is now involved in so much darkness. And if this be true as respects the whole of Jerusalem, nowhere does it apply so much as to Mount Zion, where the rubbish lies piled heap upon

heap. The hill is in a great measure left outside of the Jerusalem of the present day.

A few steps farther, and we have reached the south-western corner of the city. The distance from the Zion gate along the wall to this point amounts to 600 feet. Here a new scene presents itself. Mount Zion slopes down suddenly with a steep and deep descent, and at our feet runs the valley of Gihon, which loses the name of Hinnom after it has left the southern foot of the hill. A foot-path leads downwards in a south-western direction, then goes over an embankment across the valley, and runs up again on the farther side, there to merge in the road leading from the Jaffa gate to Bethlehem and to Hebron. Some hundred feet farther to the north, a second embankment is seen crossing the valley; but you are not long in recognising in that portion of the valley of Gihon which is shut in betwixt these two embankments the oblong quadrangular form of a pool, the waters of which have been dried up. This is the Birket-es-sultan (the King's pool), probably "the pool that was made over against the sepulchres of David," of Nehemiah iii. 16, at least the ancient construction of the side walls seems to indicate as much. In Isaiah xxii. 9, as it appears to me, it is spoken of as "the lower pool," in opposition to "the upper pool" of chapter vii. 3. This, however, is very far from being generally acknowledged by archæologists. Why not? This we shall examine on another occasion. Dr Robinson has measured the pool, and found it 592 feet in length, with a breadth of 245 feet along its northern, and 275 along its southern edge, and with a depth of 45 feet. The city-wall

stands about one hundred feet above the edge of the pool. Along the west side of this water-tank runs the conduit that supplied Jerusalem with water from the large ponds near Bethlehem, but which has now for a long time been useless. On the north side of the tank the aqueduct is carried along a bridge of nine arches to Mount Zion, along whose southern slope it makes a long circuit to the south-eastern part of the city. On this bridge there is an Arabic inscription, which speaks of the Egyptian Sultan Mohammed, the son of Kelawûn (1294–1314) as the builder—meaning surely restorer. On the south embankment a fountain is seen built in the style of the Saracens. The Lower pool in ancient times received its water from the Upper pool, by a conduit which followed the course of the valley of Gihon. All this, however, has lain for ages waste and in ruins; and it is precisely this waste condition that makes it so difficult for one to picture to himself the ancient state of things. I quite agree, however, with Drs Robinson and Wilson, that there are no other pools extant about or near Jerusalem to which the description of the *uppermost* and the *lowermost* pools of Isaiah so well applies, as to the pools of Gihon above and below. By "the conduit of the upper pool, on the highway of the fuller's field,"* we are then to understand the channel by which the water was brought from the pool above to that below. Even the great work of Hezekiah in 2 Kings xx. 20, and 2 Chronicles xxxii. 30, "how he made a pool and a conduit, and stopped the upper watercourse of Gihon, and brought it straight down to the west side of the city of David,"

* Isaiah xxxvi. 2.

is now quite clear to us. As soon as we shall have come within the city, along the tower of David, we shall, when close behind the residence of Bishop Gobat, be able to see Hezekiah's pool. It is an oblong quadrangular tank 240 feet in length by 144 in breadth, but which, as appears from recent excavations, seems to have extended still farther towards the north.* This pool is to the present day fed by means of Hezekiah's conduit, as long as there is water left from that collected from the rains in the Upper pool. It was not from the rains, however, but from the springs on Mount Gihon, that the city was supplied with drinking water in those times. This waterwork is now destroyed; not a trace is to be seen of the channels by which the water from those springs was collected into the Upper pool; nevertheless, Hezekiah's operations seem to have been a following up of the great waterwork of Solomon at Bethlehem; and here, too, the future will probably receive much light from excavations that may be made. In order to that, however, Jerusalem must be under a very different dispensation from the present.

We have yet to go over a distance of 1400 feet from the south-west corner of the city to the Jaffa gate before we complete the entire circuit of the wall, and find that as we have not lingered too long at any particular points, we have spent an hour in the walk; while Robinson informs us that the entire circuit of the wall, according to the above quoted measurement, amounts to 12,978 feet. It is plain that this last part of the wall stands almost on the same place along which the wall of the city of David ran. The valley of Gihon in

* Robinson, Bibl. Researches, vol. i., p. 487, etc.

ancient times, as at this day, gave its peculiar direction to the wall; and whatever may have been destroyed or dispersed, the grand features of the valleys around Jerusalem have undergone no change. Notwithstanding it is evident at the same time that here, on this side of the city, we have not the ancient original wall before us. No doubt we here again meet with the old bevelled stones, cut after the manner of the roughest rustic work, but not in their original beds, for they lie intermingled without rule or order with stones belonging to a much more modern epoch. The natives have taken it into their heads to give to this mass of wall, with its bastion towers, the singular name of Abrash Guzzeh (that is, the towers of Gaza), probably because you look out from it towards Gaza, at least if you have your eye directed a little to the south-west. According to 2 Samuel, v. 6–9, it appears that David, with his men of war, on coming up from Hebron against the fortress of the Jebusites, had hereabouts addressed these insulting words to him, "Except thou take away the blind and the lame, thou shalt not come in hither." How intelligible does this become when we contemplate the depth and steepness of the valley of Gihon, and think of the lofty walls of the ancient Canaanitish fortress! "Nevertheless, David took the stronghold of Zion: the same is the city of David. And David said on that day, whosoever getteth up to the gutter and smiteth the Jebusites, and the lame and the blind, that are hated of David's soul, *he shall be chief and captain.* Wherefore they said, The blind and the lame shall not come into the house. So David dwelt in the fort, and called it the city of David. And David built round about from

Millo and inward."* What is intended by this Millo, is not clear.† It is elsewhere called "the house of Millo."‡ But it occurs to me that probably we are to understand by Millo, a row of stone bastions placed upon the northern edge of Mount Zion, and built by David, in order to secure himself on that side from the Jebusites, who still lived in the lower part of the city. The house of Millo was perhaps the principal corner tower of that fortified wall; and if that be so, then I believe we may look for it on the spot now occupied by the largest of the four citadel towers, next the Jaffa gate, the same that Robinson holds, and I with him, to have been the tower Hippicus of Herod the Great. The style of the lowermost masonry of this work dates as far back as the times of David and Solomon; the learned traveller, and others who have augmented his researches with their own, have fully demonstrated this. People consider they have ample grounds to be satisfied that the fort or stronghold of David is still extant in the citadel, although only in the foundations of it. That the house of Millo was one of the principal defences of the fortress, is evident. I believe, accordingly, that we can safely make the hypothesis that Herod laid the foundations of his Hippicus, with its royal halls and colonnades, on the ruins of this corner-tower. The architecture of the present citadel is acknowledged to be Roman.

Meanwhile, the loungers are coming in from all quarters. Some come along the wall, where we began

* 1 Chron. xi. 4–8.

† 1 Kings, ix. 15, 24; xi. 27; 1 Chron. xi. 8; 2 Chron. xxxii. 5.

‡ 2 Kings, xii. 20.

or walk from the Bethlehem road, which runs close by us here, over or through the valley of Hinnom; and yonder group of asses and horses between the Turkish graves there on the hill of Gihon's terrace, coming from an excursion to the Valley of Jehoshaphat, or the Convent of St John. Let us here wait a moment, and that long train of camels from Jaffa before we enter the gate: a camel is only a camel, and if there be a little space between a laden camel and a wall along which I must pass, I would rather be out of the way than have myself crushed between the two. Meanwhile, we may find occasion in contemplating the motley throng. Those who are so gaily attired, are probably rich users of Jerusalem: after the labours of the day they put on their goodliest clothing, in order, while holding up their heads with no little self-complacency, and with no small pride in their step, to repair to their chosen lounge outside the Jaffa gate. The others are pilgrims: you recognise them as "foreigners" by the inferior attention bestowed upon their dress. Who would give himself any trouble about his dress in a strange place? Yonder careworn physiognomies are those perhaps of poor pilgrims just arrived, still full of that restless longing for something which the lifeless Jerusalem cannot give them. They have never yet understood the force of these words: "Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here, but is risen."* Others, again, by a residence of some days in Jerusalem, have become already identified with the place. Jerusalem is familiar to them.

What think you, my friend, now that our walk is

* Luke, xxiv. 5, 6.

over? If you ask me this question, I must candidly admit that I am fatigued, not with the walk, but with the amazing multiplicity of objects which that one walk calls before the mind. I need to think over them all in stillness and solitude. You, surely, not less. And so, if I lay down the pen for a time, I hope it will not be unwelcome to you.

. . . . . .

It is evening. I have just returned from a visit to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and sit down to communicate to you the impressions of the moment. In order, however, that you may rest satisfied that my impressions are not the result of an excited imagination, or of a preconceived opinion, I must add, that I have perused almost all that has been written on the subject of the Church of the Sepulchre; and if you are no longer a stranger to the works of Korte, Strauss, Krafft, Robinson, Tobler, Schultz, Williams, Ritter, Gadow, Wilson, Fergusson, and others, you will readily understand that contradictory and conflicting writers, as it were, compel the reader to form his own independent opinion.

Of the external appearance and internal embellishments of the church, of the Turkish watch who sit in the porch smoking and taking coffee, but ready, should any disturbance take place in the crowd, to spring forward with whip and sword,—of the hours when access is open or shut, and other farther particulars, I shall say nothing. As little shall I give you any descriptions of the objects, the relics, and the sanctuaries, exhibited and worshipped there; for all these you

our walk; others from the Bethlehem road, which runs close by us here, over or through the valley of Gihon; and yonder group of asses and horses, between the Turkish graves there on the hill of Gihon, is probably returning from an excursion to the Valley of Roses, or the Convent of St John. Let us here wait for a moment, until that long train of camels from Jaffa has entered the gate: a camel is only a camel, and if there is little space between a laden camel and a wall along which I must pass, I would rather be out of the way than have myself crushed between the two. Meanwhile, we may find occupation in contemplating the motley throng. These, who are so gaily attired, are probably inhabitants of Jerusalem; after the labours of the day they put on their goodliest clothing, in order, while holding up their heads with no little self-complacency, and with no small pride in their step, to repair to their chosen lounge outside the Jaffa gate. The others are pilgrims: you recognise them as "foreigners" by the inferior attention bestowed upon their dress. Who would give himself any trouble about his dress in a strange place? Yonder careworn physiognomies are those perhaps of poor pilgrims just arrived, still full of that restless longing for something which the lifeless Jerusalem cannot give them. They have never yet understood the force of these words: "Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here, but is risen."* Others, again, by a residence of some days in Jerusalem, have become already identified with the place. Jerusalem is familiar to them.

What think you, my friend, now that our walk is

* Luke, xxiv. 5, 6.

over? If you ask me the question, I must candidly admit that I am fatigued not with the walk, but with the amazing multiplicity of objects which that walk calls before the mind. I want a little time to turn all in stillness and silence. For, surely, rest is sweet. And so, if I lay down my pen for a time, I hope it will not be unwelcome to you.

It is evening. I have just returned from a visit to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and am now to communicate to you the impressions of the moment. In order, however, that you may not conclude that my impressions are not the result of an entire examination, or of a preconceived opinion, I must tell you that I have perused almost all that has been written on the subject of the Church of the Sepulchre; and if you are no longer a stranger to the works of Korte, Pococke, Krafft, Robinson, Turner Bonnin, Williams, Hutton, Gadow, Wilson, Fergusson, and others, you will readily understand that examining and studying writers, as it were, compel the reader to form his own independent opinion.

Of the external appearance and internal embellishments of the church which sit in the porch smoking and taking coffee, but really, should any disturbance take place in the crowd, to spring forward with many and sword, at the hours when access is open or shut, and other further particulars, I shall say nothing. So little shall I give you any descriptions of the objects, the relics, and the sanctuaries, exhibited and worshipped there; for all these you

must have found described so often, that should I do so, you might well add, that the time thus spent might have been much better employed. In this respect, accordingly, I must content myself with a general review. Well, then, let us suppose that we enter the Church of the Sepulchre together. A feeling of profound respect, a holy shivering, overpowers you; for you think, if it can indeed be true, that this is the place of the crucifixion, then on what a spot do my feet now stand! Moses, standing with his shoes taken from his feet on the holy place of Horeb, and those warning words, "draw not nigh hither," powerfully impress themselves on your mind! But see, turn your eyes upwards, and all is maze and movement around you: hundreds of lamps illuminate the building: there is a multiplicity of pillars, and of salient and retiring angles in the walls, and the dome that forms the roof is lofty; the light, or rather the multitude of lights, in the dark church, have in their flicker something quivering, something unsettling, that does not harmonise with the tone of our feelings. Yet what signifies all this, in comparison with the hundreds, perhaps the thousands, that are sauntering about here? Anything more motley or restless you cannot imagine. The costume is motley; you have oriental dresses, and those of the west, the north, and the south, all intermingled; the sort of people are motley, great and small, men, women, children, the poor and the rich, and not confined to Christians, but even some Mohammedans. Their language too is of all kinds; it is like a Babel. Their attitudes are subject to no order; some are kneel-

ing, and saying their prayers; others are kissing the holy places, or bedewing them with their tears; others, again, are running carelessly about, looking at the ornaments, the images, and the paintings, all attended with such a buzz, and din, and gaiety, that you are almost afraid of being driven stupid by it. Every one seems to pursue his own course, and to be occupied with his own penances and prayers. Yet here and there you may see a group who, in a certain order of sequence, by way of procession pass along through the crowd. These are pilgrims, who perhaps for the first time are going through their pilgrimage routine, and making the round of the consecrated objects on Mount Calvary, under the guidance of a monk from one of the Jerusalem convents. See, there they are kissing the pretended stone of the anointment. See them weeping as they mount the nineteen steps of the so-called hill of the cross; and how the monk expounds everything to them, and how at each of the holy places they repeat their long series of prayers. See, now, some wax candles are put into their hands, with which they go down some steps into the cavern in which it is asserted that the pious Helena recovered the cross of the Redeemer, and those of the malefactors who were crucified along with Him. See here the procession stops at a broken pillar, enclosed within an iron railing. What are the pilgrims doing now? Their conductor hands them a small staff, with the end of which they touch the pillar while they kiss the other end. It is the pillar of mockery, and the kiss of respect or of worship gliding along the staff, is transferred from the pilgrim's mouth to the stone trunk. Finally, the whole group enter by

parties of four or five at a time, and stooping as they go, the small mausoleum in the middle of the church. That is the pretended tomb of the Lord, now the exclusive property of the Greeks, who there, as you know, exhibit the *quasi* holy fire on Good Friday. You know well the inmost interior of the arched tomb—the white marble—the burning lamps, and flowers—these I need not describe. This is the last scene of the scandalous, profane exhibition. The pilgrim ends with this his circuit of the Church of the Sepulchre, not lightened of his sins—ah! what price could he give for his soul's redemption?—but certainly lightened of piastres, which have been running out of his purse in quantities from the first moment of his landing at Jaffa,* but nowhere with such rapidity as in making the circuit of this sanctuary. You farther know that this building is the common property of the Eastern Christians, and of the Latins or Romanists. Each has its own part of it: to the one belongs this sanctuary, to the other that. Each sect here has its so-called chapel, in which it performs its sacrificial services; and to give you my impression of the whole, I know not that I can do better than quote the words of Korte:—"Each communion makes so much work in availing itself of its own places in the will-worship of reading masses, offering incense, and burning wax candles and lamps, in bowings, and prostrations, and prayers, that really there is no scoffing in my saying that this church is uncommonly like an Italian curio-

* C. De Bruyn, speaking of Jaffa, relates as follows:—"All travellers arriving there are called pilgrims, who have each to pay a toll of fourteen rix dollars to the convent for the going up to Jerusalem, and the same at their departure. Half of this goes to the dragomans of the fathers, who in return must provide you with a horse and guide there and back again."

sity box, and as little when I say that this church is the most notorious temple of idolatry to be found on the whole earth."

We, too, went to see all the relics and holy places. Now and then we stopped and looked at each other, without uttering a word; but here it was a silence that spoke. My friend Mr Crawford had more than once the tears in his eyes. What so affected him I fully understood; it was not that these places, set out with flowers, lamps, gilt, brass, silver, and marble ornaments, were fitted to give him a lively impression of the Saviour's sufferings and death upon the cross, even had this been indeed the Golgotha; but who could without deep feeling remain beside those thousands of poor erring souls, who come here to seek in pilgrimages and penances the forgiveness of their sins, and to whom indulgences for days and years are so readily sold? Ah! they come hither like cattle to the slaughter, and forthwith return to their homes, washed, it may be, in the waters of Jordan, yet infinitely more defiled with all manner of idolatry than before they had ever set foot on the soil of Canaan. It is manifest, from the wild and lawless behaviour of many of these pilgrims, that they have never truly felt the burthen of their sins. What they came here for, I can but half understand. Perhaps consideration among their fellow-countrymen on account of their having performed the pilgrimage to Jerusalem, or curiosity, or money speculations, may have been their motives.* But I could see others also

* Korte relates an example of this sort:—

"On my return from Venice to Augsburg, I met with a certain JACQUES

in the crowd whose hollow eyes and wan sunken cheeks, whose melancholy gaze and gloomy meditation, left little doubt with respect to the object of their pilgrimage. To many such the undertaking has probably been full of hardship and difficulty. Who knows what tender ties they may have been compelled to break, what important interests to abandon, what heavy sacrifices to submit to! But what will not the man who is discovered to himself undergo, in order to propitiate the offended, insulted righteousness of the holy God! Oh, could those tears but speak that are shed at the hole overlaid with silver, in which the cross is said to have been fixed,* what bitterness of soul would there be heard! I believe that the grief expressed there is rather for one's self than for Christ; and well may it be so, as long as the soul is a stranger to its Redeemer. Or may it not also be that the mind has wound itself up to a state of intense excitement, and is trying to find a ground of comfort for the quieting of a guilty

F. DE L'ECLUSE. This person had been thrice at Jerusalem, and had driven a great trade in relics. On the third journey he had fallen out with the Augsburg Franciscans, probably because they had not been liberal enough in paying him. They had given his shop a bad name, and spread the report that he had not got his articles duly blessed. He told me they had caused him a loss of 20,000 guilders, and had made him a poor man. In the writings he printed on the subject, he calls them open cheats; but confessed, at the same time, that as all was pure deception with the so-called Holy Places, God had punished him, and he had had no blessing in that fraudulent trade.

* The hole in which our Lord's cross is alleged to have stood. "Close to this hole a cleft is shown in the rock, which is said to have been rent at His death. True, the fissure seems quite natural; but there is something curious in this, that the whole rock is hollow beneath, and seems to rest on pillars, made and set up by men's hands."—*Korte, Reize naar Palestina*, p. 84.

conscience, in its tears of sympathy shed at the remembrance of the bitter agony endured by Jesus of Nazareth? Or, in fine, do people think, as I read lately in the account given of the pilgrimage of a certain German Roman Catholic priest, that the Lord is served and glorified by the adoration paid to these stones? Ah! let them then turn to God's word, and read the second commandment, which says: "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them, for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and shewing mercy unto thousands of them that love me and keep my commandments." No, says the deluded man, whose worshipping of God is of his own invention; I do not bow before images of stone, but before God, whom they represent, and before God's saints, whom they exhibit. By the kissing of these holy places and the kneeling before them, I do nothing but make known my respect and love for the Lord Jesus, or for one or other of the saints, and people cannot be scandalised at respect and love for Jesus. Oh, poor erring soul, well may these words be addressed to you,—"Ye err, not knowing the Scriptures." Is that respect and love for the Lord? What is it, then, that Jesus says? "If a man love me, he will keep my words." "Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be my disciples." "If ye love me, keep my commandments." "He that hath my

[illegible] Lord. [illegible] Isaiah [illegible] Lord [illegible] Lord [illegible] Lord

Church of the Sepulchre cast down and grieved to the very soul; the profanation also of the holiest things, whether Golgotha was really here or not, gave us the most painful impression. And here you must give me leave to remark, my worthy friend, that our sentiments here differ *toto cœlo*. I am fully convinced that a visit to the actual spot would cause an alteration in your sentiments; still, methinks, you have already read so much about the Church of the Sepulchre at Jerusalem, and the abominations there; you have had no lack of copious descriptions; you very well know that to be surrounded with idolatries, contentions, ay, often with manslaughter and murder, cannot possibly excite holy impressions in us. How then can you fancy, notwithstanding, that a journey to this place should fill the pilgrim with such diametrically opposite sentiments! You write to me:—"Although I well know that the superstitious veneration shown to all these holy places and relics, has led to grievous error, still I cannot unite with those who maintain that the sight of these things should make little impression on Christians. Methinks such men must have hearts cold as marble, and that have no feeling for aught but their own selves. Or their scepticism and infidelity have made them such stoics, that even the being on the very spot on which Christ suffered and died on the cross, can no longer move them. Or others possibly may have had their souls so utterly blinded by sin, that the divine light can no longer pierce the darkness in which they are involved. No, you say: methinks *a single moment's silent abstraction* on yonder holy spot cannot fail to strike and to melt even the most hardened. The pious pilgrim's spirit must be

overwhelmed, and must sink down in mute adoration before the infinite divine love which was there so powerfully exercised. In that tomb, above all, must those words penetrate through bone and marrow; 'who was wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities; on whom was laid the chastisement of our peace, and with whose stripes we are healed.' O! you proceed to say, I could fancy that the impression I should feel, were my feet once to stand on the hill of Golgotha, must be a foretaste of heaven! The most depraved sinner must there feel smitten; the most unbelieving must be silenced. Yea, I cannot tell you what holy feelings should penetrate me there, could I stoop down to the sepulchre in which Christ was laid! In what lively colours, beyond all power of description, must the whole day of the crucifixion, the suffering, the death, the burial, then pass before one! How must the sinner there feel his guilt! With what thankfulness must his heart be filled, while, in the beholding of all these things, he is humbled to the dust by an irresistible power on that holy and tear-bedewed rock!"

What shall I answer you to all this? Are you still so blind, I would venture to ask; are you still so much a stranger to the work of the Holy Ghost? But, my friend, how is it possible? Oh, that I had had you with me in yonder temple of idolatry; you would not then have remained any longer misled! You speak of the impression that the Christian must receive from the sight of these things. What things? The tomb, the rocky hill, the cavern, the finding of the cross? Think but of this, that all these things are so encased in marble, and overlaid with brass, silver, and gilding, that

beneath this embellishment their original form has utterly disappeared. Assuredly, were any one to be brought into this church, without knowing what its contents were, nothing would seem to him more unlikely than that he stood upon the spot of Christ's crucifixion and burial. What, then, is the impression that such things must produce? Believe me, with your own imagination, hundreds of miles from Jerusalem, you may form a much clearer idea of Golgotha and of the garden of Joseph of Arimathea, than you could do in this church. Blame not, then, any visitors of the Church of the Sepulchre for having a cold heart, because they have not been affected to the degree, and in the manner, in which you conceive that you would have felt affected. Nobody, surely, will charge the pious Scottish missionaries, Dr Black, Dr Keith, and Messrs M'Cheyne and Bonar, with having a phlegmatic and unfeeling temperament; yet see what these men of God have recorded of the visit to the Church of the Sepulchre:—"We this day visited the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, believed by so many to cover the very spot of Calvary where our Lord was crucified and buried—a visit which awakened in our minds only feelings painful and revolting. The descriptions of this place commonly given in books of travels are perfectly accurate, and, indeed, the wonder is, that the writers should have been so careful in describing what no serious mind can regard but as 'lying wonders.' We had little patience to go round all the spots accounted sacred under the roof of the church of the Holy Sepulchre, and each of us felt the blush of honest indignation rising in our face, at the mingled

folly and profanity of the whole scene. To do the monks justice, they seemed to have as little feeling of reverence toward the holy place as we could possibly have; and Ibrahim, our Arab servant, who accompanied us, was fully as deeply impressed as any of the party. As for the rest, if Calvary was really within these walls, then, truly, Popery has contrived to hide the *place* where the Redeemer died, as completely as she has done the *person* of the Redeemer himself. The simple work of Immanuel, in its essential native glory, is an idea far beyond the reach of Popery—or perhaps it is perceived, but on account of its innate power, is studiously hid. 'The god of this world hath blinded their minds, lest the light of the glorious Gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them.'" * Hear, too, what the godly Korte tells us of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre:—"This whole church, with all its pretended holy things, is nothing but a scandalous cheat, forged from time to time by the papists—and, as a consequence, the religion which has been established there for more than fourteen centuries from that source, is a delusion to which God has given up these people." † And "when I was told such stories" —the accounts of miracles and relics respecting the objects exhibited in the Church of the Sepulchre—"I stood oft-times like one out of his senses with amazement, and confounded at the thought, how it was possible that these impious people should not be ashamed thus to expose, by such abominable fictions, the truth of Christian worship, and the mystery of Christ's cross

* Narrative of a Mission to the Jews, etc., pp. 139, 140. 2 Cor. iv. 6.
† Korte, vol. i. p. 85.

and death, as a subject of mockery and derision to Jews and Mohammedans, and thereby to lead to their being vilified openly by the Mohammedans, and secretly by the Jews, as unbelieving and accursed idolaters." * And elsewhere still:—"He who ponders this well must be astonished, and must believe that the world never bore greater idolaters than these Christians. They have thereby become, even to the Jews and Mohammedans, who hold all this in abhorrence, just objects of disgust." † As for any thing farther with respect to the sacred feelings which, in your pious self-deception, you imagine the seeing of these holy places would awaken within you, I refer you once more to what has been said by the Scottish missionaries, the narrative of whose journey testifies to the deep religious spirit with which they surveyed all the objects and localities that met their eye in that country. After having spent the whole day in mutual prayer and Gospel meditation, they testify as follows:‡—"All these exercises were very solemn and reviving; yet still we frequently felt throughout the day that it is not in the power of the place itself, however sacred, to enlighten and refresh a sinner's soul. Compassed about as we were on every side with the memorials of the Saviour's work, our eyes gazing on the Mount of Olives, our feet standing on the holy hill of Zion, we felt that there was still as much need as ever that 'the Spirit should take of the things of Christ and shew them unto us,' § as He himself declared when sitting with His disciples in such an upper room as this in Jerusalem. 'The

* Korte, p. 86. † Id. p. 80. ‡ Narrative, etc., p. 137.
§ John xvi, 14.

glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ,'* is not an object within the compass of the natural eye. Associations of place and time cannot open the eye to see it, though such associations as those with which we were now surrounded soften the mind, and suggest the wish to comprehend what 'God manifest in the flesh' revealed. Even were Christ already 'reigning in Jerusalem, and before His ancients gloriously,'† nothing less than heavenly eye-salve would enable us to say, 'we beheld His glory!'" ‡

Thus instead of edification, the true Christian has nothing to expect at this place but deep prostration of soul. He beholds his fellow-creatures given up to the practice of the most frightful idolatry, and what is holiest of all he sees dishonoured most scandalously. What goes on in the Church of the Sepulchre during the week before Easter, transcends all description. You have met with sketches of it in books of travels; sketches not only of the diabolical trickery of the Holy Fire, but also of the imitation of the passion, the crucifixion, and the burial of the Redeemer. The pen revolts from entering into details. Poor deluded creatures! So deeply blinded! Ah, my friend! you know it well, how murder and other atrocities crown the proceedings of those days. No Easter ever passes without bloodshed.

There is but one consolatory circumstance in the midst of this God-dishonouring idolatry. The spot represented as Golgotha and Joseph's garden has nothing in common with the true site of those places. The whole is false. Blind deception! The Lord has given over the erring to their own blindness, and the

* 2 Cor. iv. 6. † Isa. xxiv. 23. ‡ John i. 14.

place that was consecrated by the atoning blood of the Son of God, He hath preserved from their desecration.

Where then lay Golgotha? This indeed is the grand question, the resolving of which God has in love prevented. Did people know where the true site of Golgotha is, the church of the Sepulchre would in a few weeks be transplanted thither, and the abominations now perpetrated on the false Golgotha would be transferred to the true. For the heart of man *will* commit idolatry with wood and stone.

Volumes have been written on whether the true site of Golgotha is or is not under the roof of this church. Yet still it remains a doubtful matter with many. There are thousands, not only Romanist and Oriental Christians, but Protestants too, who hold it clearly demonstrated that the Church of the Sepulchre, from its foundations to its dome, is nothing but pure and simple truth. Among these there may be some who speak of its legends and idolatries with abhorrence, and yet hold it fully proved to have been the site of the *place of a skull*. That such Christians as have fallen away from the pure doctrine of the Gospel, and as have changed the worship of the invisible God into that of stocks and stones; that Latins, Greeks, and Armenians, I say, even although they saw the matter otherwise, should yet, for the sake of consistency, stoutly maintain the identification of the church of the Sepulchre with Mount Calvary, is not to be wondered at. With them I have no controversy. But that the more enlightened, that Protestants, that men of godliness, should have allowed themselves to be carried so away, to be so infatuated I may say, by the authority of tradition, as, against all the simplicity

of the truth, to bring all manner of things together in the support of a preconcerted idea, is what may well call forth amazement and grief. Suppose that you had read none of these books, and knew none of the arguments for or against the identity of the place that is at present represented to be Golgotha, and that, in the absence of all preconceptions, you stood on one of the high terrace-roofs within Jerusalem, from which you may command a bird's-eye view of the whole city: further, suppose that you have pointed out to you, not far from the centre of the city, the church of the Sepulchre, with its double dome-roof, then would your first impression be, that wherever people might place Golgotha, no man would ever dream of looking for *it* so far *within* Jerusalem. Impossible, you would exclaim, Golgotha never could have been there! Your guide who stands at your side, and who well knows the assertions made by the writers who differ from each other about this locality, answers you, "Judge not so rashly! Jerusalem, as it is at present, has quite a different aspect from Jerusalem in the days of our Lord. Then the city-wall on the north side ran so much more to the south, that the Golgotha of the church of the Sepulchre was left outside the city; while on the south side of the city, the wall ran round and along Zion's outermost declivity, so that the Jerusalem of the present day, to express the matter briefly, has been shifted considerably towards the north."

To this you might reply that your walk along the present north wall of the city has well-nigh convinced you that, with a very slight alteration, the course of that wall must have been in ancient times as now,

and that the lowest courses of its stones, at least, belong to the time of Herod, that is, to the days of our Lord. You are prepared, however, to reconsider your impressions, provided your guide can demonstrate that the old wall, 1800 years ago, took such a course as to leave the site of the church of the Sepulchre on its outside. But as to that he can only shrug his shoulders; for the alleged course of this wall is a matter of pure hypothesis, resting on no better foundation than legends. The place along which people pretend that the wall must have run is covered over with rubbish to the depth of many feet, and as long as that rubbish remains there, there can be no looking for the foundations of any ancient wall. On the other hand you may adduce the fact, that it appears from the siege that Jerusalem underwent from the king of Assyria* that the wall on the north-west side of the city, in the days of Hezekiah, reached as far to the side of the uppermost pool of Gihon as it does at the present day, if not farther. Rab-shakeh came with his host "and stood by the conduit of the upper pool, which is in the highway of the fuller's field." And the wall was so close to that pool, that Eliakim, the son of Hilkiah, and Shebna, and Joah, who had been sent to negotiate, answered the Assyrian general, who was railing at them in their own tongue:—"Speak to thy servants in the Syrian language; for we understand it well, and talk not with us in the Jews' language, in the ears of the people that are on the wall," &c.

Which wall that was, sufficiently appears from what is recorded as a supplement to the above in the 32d

* 2 Kings xviii. 17, 26, 27. 2 Chron. xxxii. 18. Isaiah xxxvi. 11, 12.

chapter of the 2d Book of Chronicles. "So Hezekiah strengthened himself, and built up all the wall that was broken, and raised it up to the towers, and *another wall without*, and repaired Millo, in the city of David." Methinks the foundations of a wall running along to the north-west of the present north-west wall, close beside the uppermost pool of Gihon, leave no longer any doubt with respect to *the other wall without;* unless, with Williams,* one may have constructed such a solid framework of traditional authority as, against all simple and clear conviction, to reject the locality of the upper pool of Gihon, for the purpose of involving in obscurity the course of Hezekiah's wall. Whatever are the changes that may have taken place in the boundary line of Jerusalem, it plainly appears from Scripture that Nehemiah restored and rebuilt the wall as it had been before; and there are no documents, sacred or profane, from which it appears that the wall of Jerusalem was different in the days of our Lord from what it had been in Nehemiah's time. The zealots for the identity of the church of the Sepulchre adduce, indeed, a great many things in order to prove the contrary, and by their sceptical cavilling with respect to matters that are clearly proved, they easily bring the beholder who is enamoured of tradition into a state of uncertainty; but if people would only keep to the simple truth, enlightened by Holy Scripture, then would the superficial visitor, and the unlettered reader, with the ground-plan of the city before him, perceive the absurdity of their assertions. Here, too, it is evident that what is plain and clear in its simple state,

* The Holy City.

becomes dark and inexplicable in consequence of the spurious additions with which it is overlaid. Yet tradition weighs much with the champions of the Church of the Sepulchre: with them all must yield to tradition. Come, then, let us see what all this weight of tradition amounts to.

The Emperor Hadrian, so it runs, incensed to the highest degree at the seditious city, levelled Jerusalem with the ground. A year afterwards (A. D. 136) he built a new city on its ruins, which he called *Ælia Capitolina*, and filled it with altars consecrated to the deities of the Romans. Where exactly he founded this Ælia is a point on which people are not quite agreed. Some say on the hill of Gihon. Chateaubriand asserts (he is one of the combatants in favour of the Church of the Sepulchre) that Ælia was built on the exact site of the present city.* Enough, Hadrian was full of hatred and bitterness against both Jews and Christians, and caused two temples to be erected, the one consecrated to Jupiter, the other to Venus, on their two holiest places, the hill Moriah and the height called Golgotha. Thus did a heathen emperor, without intending it, become the means of rescuing from oblivion the site of the crucifixion. In this condition the holy place remained until Helena, the mother of the Emperor Constantine, A. D. 325–326, when on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, caused the idol-temple to be swept away, discovered anew, by the help of a miracle, the cross to which the Saviour had been nailed, together

* Chateaubriand, *Itineraire de Paris à Jerusalem*, tom. iii. p. 23, *note*. What value is to be attached to the arguments of this lettered traveller has been shown by Robinson in his Biblical Researches.

with the very spot on which it was planted, when the earth, for the space of three hours, lay hid in darkness in the sight of the universe, and caused an oratory to be erected there, which was, not long afterwards, enlarged by Constantine, in order that, under the same roof, the site of the Saviour's grave might also be included. The first Christians, as is generally added, were too much devoted to their Redeemer to make it possible for them to forget the spot on which He died, and that where He was buried. To pray at those spots was a privilege dear to them above all things. That the knowledge of the position of Golgotha was thus preserved until the time of the devastation made by Hadrian, is thus set beyond all doubt.

But besides that, all that is thus adduced by tradition rests on no historical records; so also is it silent with respect to the sixty-five years' absence from Jerusalem of the early Christians, when at the time of the siege of the city by Titus they took refuge at Pella, on the east of the Jordan, a period during which the Holy City lay exposed to uninterrupted spoliation and devastation; and thus it became every way possible that Golgotha, in "the abomination of desolation," with all its train of lamentable and overwhelming consequences, may have come to be utterly forgotten. At least that this might have happened is every way consistent with the present state of things. That Hadrian afterwards caused a temple to be erected to Venus on Golgotha, rests, as Richardson* properly remarks, solely on the testimony of Jerome, whose statements as to things not

* Travels along the Mediterranean, &c. in company with the Earl of Belmore, 1816-17, by R. Richardson, M.D. London, 1822.

seen or experienced by himself are often to be mistrusted. Be it remembered that he wrote in the year 395, or thereabouts, that is seventy years subsequent to the miraculous rediscovery of this locality. It is chiefly in the miraculous rediscovery of Golgotha and of the Holy Cross that the tradition contradicts itself. First, it maintains that Golgotha owed *its preservation from oblivion* to Hadrian's temple, and then it brings Helena to Jerusalem in search of the Saviour's tomb, and of Golgotha, *which had been lost sight of*, and that, too, while instructed beforehand, as it affirms Helena to have been, by a revelation from God. If, then, the place had been preserved from oblivion, how happened it that Helena had so much difficulty in finding it again; so very much, that it was only by the aid of a miracle that she succeeded? Methinks any man of ordinary understanding must stumble at this absurdity. Helena, says the legend, came to Jerusalem, and caused excavations and explorations to be made, in conformity with the best directions she could get from the inhabitants as to the situation of Golgotha. Her search, however, was fruitless. The Jews were consulted, but with no better result. At last the pious (?) empress had recourse to torture. She caused three Jews—so I read somewhere—"to be thrown into a dry but deep well, where they lay seven days without meat or drink. Then said one of them, called Judas, my father showed me the places which this woman is inquiring after, and he knew them from my grandfather. The two sharers of his fate communicated these words to Helena, who by means of scourging brought Judas to confess, and show what he knew. He pointed to a spot that was

covered over with dung as being that of the entombment, with invocation of the name of the Lord: "Lord! if the burial once took place here, then do thou cause the earth to shake and to smoke, that I may believe." Thereupon the earth shook, and a fragrant smell rose from the ground. Thus was the place in question discovered, and Judas afterwards became a Christian. In a cavern that lay near (the same that people now go down into by thirteen steps, and beneath the pretended rock of Golgotha in the Church of the Sepulchre) they found the Lord's cross, together with those of the two malefactors. "To this it is added, that in order to discover which was the cross of Christ, Macarius, the bishop of Jerusalem, caused to be brought a man, others say a woman, at the point of death, and after touching the sick person in vain with the two first crosses, she instantly revived on being touched with the third cross."*

Here, then, we have the whole grounds on which tradition points out to us at the present day the Church of the Sepulchre as the place of the Saviour's crucifixion and burial! How very insignificant a foundation! How strange that the legend should have beclouded so many intelligent heads! Let us take from the legend all that exceeds the bounds of possibility, and to what do we then reduce it? Why, to the fact that Hadrian built his temple to Venus on the place then still known to be Golgotha. Even this is not proved; but grant that it were so, then it appears from the narrative itself of the tradition, that, nevertheless, 190 years afterwards, when Helena came to Jerusalem, Hadrian's

* Korte.

temple consecrated to Venus was no longer in existence, and that the locality of Golgotha was then at least unknown. That, further, Helena should have, by dint of torture, compelled three poor Jews to point out a grave lying concealed under a heap of manure, is quite natural. But therewithal we have no certain proof that they pointed out the tomb of Christ, which to them, Jews, must have been a matter of indifference; at least it is not reasonably to be supposed that they should have been acquainted with the Lord's sepulchre, when the other residents in Jerusalem knew nothing about it. What may not a man be driven to, we say, when tortured with hunger, and afterwards scourged? But, says tradition, Helena was instructed beforehand by divine revelation. To this I most decidedly demur. Had it pleased God to appoint Helena to go to Jerusalem, and to instruct her to ask of the Jews above referred to where Golgotha was situated, the Lord would never have suffered her to proceed to that inhuman atrocity, in order to extort the desired information. Such a fable could come out of the brains of those only who, as the Lord Jesus says, think that they do God service even in taking the life of their fellow-men.* No! I have too much respect for Helena, with all her pious perversities (or, would you rather, perverse pieties), to impute such a diabolical proceeding to her. I prefer saying plainly, here tradition lies; Helena was not the person to commit any such atrocity. But mark how tradition exposes itself. It not only debases Helena, but it assumes also that the horrid act which it ascribes to her was pleasing to God, and

* John xvi. 2.

received the seal of His approbation, by being crowned with the rediscovery of the place of the crucifixion. I believe that the simple truth must have been something like this. Helena came to Jerusalem and inquired about Golgotha. What it may have been that led her into the belief that it was situated where the Church of the Sepulchre now stands, I will not inquire. Neither is it here to the purpose. Enough that she thought she had discovered the place and built her church, which Constantine, nine years afterwards, enlarged, completed, and consecrated with the utmost pomp.

And what, then, is the sum of the whole affair? Why just this, that Helena and Constantine, her son, were the founders of a church, which, *in their opinion*, covered the sepulchre and the crucifixion-place of the Redeemer. *Thus they thought, and thus have thousands thought after them, blindly adopting their opinion.* In later times learned investigation has been brought to bear on the point. But, as it ever happens, when a certain feeling inclines us beforehand to one or other result, so has it been in the case before us. Learning could prove nothing with the tradition as it presented itself in its infantine absurdity. Therefore has she woven a tissue of all sorts of hypothetical assumptions, not founded on sober investigation, but on the eager desire to have it shown by the result that the Church of the Sepulchre really covers the *place of a skull.* The topography of Jerusalem has accordingly been twisted and wrested, and the result naturally has been, that the subject is now involved in greater darkness than ever. But let "science, falsely so called, be avoided;" examine independently of it the tone and the force of tradition;

compare it with the narrative which the Bible gives of the sufferings and the death of Jesus; take one glance at the ground-plan of Jerusalem, and judge then whether the present Church of the Sepulchre can possibly embrace within its walls the true Calvary! *

But more remains to be said. We come to know the Lord our God from His works, and that which He hath done in times past is to us a rule for the present and the future. It is also His will that we should give heed to His ways and His works—that we should study His dealings with the children of men. "Whoso is wise and will observe these things, even they shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord." † Well, now, what do we learn from the divine word with respect to relics and holy things? Gideon, the man by whose hand God had wrought such a great deliverance in Israel, fell through the idolatry he committed with an ephod. "He put it in his city, even in Ophrah, and all Israel went thither a-whoring after it, which thing became a snare unto Gideon and to his house." ‡ "Hezekiah did that which was right in the sight of the Lord, and he brake in pieces the brazen serpent that Moses had made, because unto those days the children of Israel did burn incense unto it." § The ark of the covenant of the Lord was delivered into the hands of the Philistines as soon as Israel looked for deliverance from it. "Let us fetch the ark of the covenant of the Lord out of Shiloh unto us, said they, that when it cometh among us, it may save us out of the hand of

* See, for a more critical examination, the above named writers, especially Robinson's Bib. Res. vol. ii. p. 12, &c., and p. 64, &c.

† Ps. cvii. 43. ‡ Judges viii. 27. § 2 Kings xviii. 3, 4.

our enemies. And the ark of God was taken." * No; the veneration and adoration of Golgotha is no veneration and adoration of the Lord and His Anointed! On the contrary, as such worship is opposed to God's law, so ought men to have guarded themselves against it most carefully. The Lord's concealment of the burial place of Moses,† well knowing how His people, had He done otherwise, would have practised idolatry with it, may teach us what His purpose was in the concealment of the sepulchre of His Son. However religious and pious it may seem to make special oratories of the holy places in Palestine, as if prayer offered on such a spot was more agreeable to God and more useful to us than elsewhere, nevertheless it is quite opposed to what the Lord Jesus said to the Samaritan woman—"Neither in this mountain (Gerizim), nor yet at Jerusalem, shall ye worship the Father, but *in spirit and in truth*; for God is a spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth; for the Father seeketh such to worship Him." ‡ Korte justly says§—"God's having permitted the Emperor Hadrian to desecrate the genuine Golgotha by the building of a temple to Venus, might have taught these Christians that God has no pleasure in external edifices, even although found on those places where the earth, goaded by the wickedness of man, has not been afraid to open her mouth to drink in the blood of God's children and servants. Thereby no place is made holy, but rather obnoxious to a curse. Destruction, too, has come upon many cities and countries, because the inno-

* 1 Sam. iv. 3–11. † Deut. xxxiv. 6. ‡ John iv. 21–24.
§ Korte Reis naar, &c. vol. i. p. 279.

cent blood that has been shed in them has called for vengeance; wherefore this land and people likewise have so long already borne the curse. The true site of Golgotha has kept its Sabbath to the Lord by lying waste to this day. And when the idolatrous Christians began to commit whoredom with wood and stone, and wanted to pollute the place where the sinless Lamb of God had shed His blood, they were struck with blindness, so that they could not find the right place." "This now being so, it follows that the remaining places, such as that of the crucifixion, the tomb of Christ, together with the discovery of the cross, and all the relics exhibited in this Church, are alike false, and the worship paid to them is the greatest abomination, whoredom, sorcery, and idolatry before God." "Thus Helena herself may have been deceived with the discovery of the cross." "In a word, if the particular places shown in the so-called Church of the Holy Sepulchre are not those which they are supposed to represent, then the scandalous service of human invention commonly performed there by the Roman Catholics (and also by some other churches) is false and an abomination in the sight of God. The discovery of this mystery is for the Protestants a matter of much moment against the Romish Church. I would therefore heartily exhort all Protestants not to view this matter lightly and superficially, but to do in reference to it whatever they are bound by their duty to do, and for which our fathers at the time of the Reformation ventured their property and their lives." He adds in a note, speaking of the Romish Church: "That they drive a trade in idolatry with relics; and with relics,

too, that are not really what they are held out to be, so that we have here a double infatuation. A Protestant will not be surprised to hear that the Romanists worship stones, dead men's bones, graves, &c. But this indeed is surprising, that they have hitherto persuaded the world that the hill of Golgotha, on which the Church of the Sepulchre has been built, and the place of crucifixion and burial exhibited, are the veritable places, although all is false, and thus they are involved in a twofold delusion." We read further elsewhere,* after mention made by the writer of the brazen serpent's being broken in pieces by Hezekiah: "Had the cross been burnt, God would not have been obliged to send Mohammed for the purpose of banishing this idolatrous image-worship with all its accessories, by such signal judgments, and to purge the land from such idols." "And since the Romish Church has neither learned wisdom from the example of the Greeks, nor taken to heart what might come upon her at last, but hath multiplied this worship of images and idols beyond all that have gone before her, so need there be no wonder at God's having given her over to such a scandalous idol-worship, that people at this day in the church at Jerusalem dance round the false sepulchre, and at stated times hop round it three times in solemn procession." †

* Korte Reis naar, &c. vol. i. p. 285.

† Solomon Schweiger, who visited Jerusalem in 1570, Adam Reusner, and other writers, are quoted by Korte in support of what he says. Further, read T. R. Jocliffe's Tour in Palestine, Egypt, Syria, &c., in 1817, as translated into Dutch from the English, with a preface by Rosenmuller, Amsterdam, 1822; and the there cited *Historical Proof of J. F. Plessing concerning Golgotha and the Sepulchre of Christ; Halle*, 1769.

Leaving any further research, my friend, to yourself, I must touch lightly on two other points, to which both Korte and Robinson have directed the attention of their readers. First, there is the absurdity of supposing that Golgotha could have lain at barely four or five minutes' walk from Pilate's judgment hall at the north-western corner of the area of the temple—(Robinson measured the distance, and found it 1223 English feet). And, again, the little importance that can be attached to Helena's knowledge of religious topography, as appears from her having caused the Church of the Ascension of Christ to be erected on the highest summit of the Mount of Olives, whereas Holy Scripture tell us, "And He led them out as far as to Bethany, and He lifted up His hands and blessed them. And it came to pass, while He blessed them, He was parted from them and carried up into heaven."—(Luke xxiv. 50, 51.)

In the time of Korte there had not yet been any measurement or ground-plan of Jerusalem executed. This he greatly laments; for a faithful map, he thought, would have completely overturned the error of placing Golgotha in the midst of Jerusalem, not close by one of its sides. We indeed possess at this day such a faithful map, duly laid down with instruments according to scientific rule, but, alas! delusion keeps its ground notwithstanding. And it is to be feared, that as long as men persist in this worshipping of God according to their own notions, the Church of the Sepulchre too will continue to be the same scene of idolatry, sacrilege,

This brief exposition of our views will excuse our referring to these and other writings for farther details.

murder, and abomination, of which now, for so many centuries, it has presented such a dismal exhibition. I therefore heartily concur in what has been said by the Scottish missionaries of 1839.* "On the whole, we found it a relief to our minds to rest in the conclusion, that the cleft rock and the holy Sepulchre of the monks have as little to do with the place where Jesus died, and the rocky tomb in the garden where they laid him, as the polished marbles and gaudy lamps by which the place is disfigured."

"Who knows," asks Korte, "what feelings the exposure of this deception may produce?" And I, too, ask the same question. People still refuse to admit it. The deception still maintains its ground. But the time may possibly be at hand when this church, an apple of discord for the nations as it has been, will have played out its part. The future will show what an influence such an issue may have on the lot of Jerusalem, and with Jerusalem on Palestine, and with Palestine on Palestine's exiled ones. If it be asked—Dr Robinson justly remarks†—"Where, then, are the true sites of Golgotha and the Sepulchre to be sought? I must reply, that probably all search will only be in vain. We know nothing more from the Scriptures than that they were near each other, without the gate, and nigh to the city, in a frequented spot. This would favour the conclusion that the place was probably upon a great road leading from one of the gates; and such a spot would only be found upon the western or northern sides of the city, on the roads leading towards Joppa or Damascus."

* Narrative, &c., p. 140. † Biblical Researches, vol. ii. p. 80.

21st March, Sunday Evening.

To-day it has been my privilege to hold a solemn holiday on Mount Zion. It was literally a *going up* from my abode to the house of the Lord. You know the Protestant church built on the site of Zion. Its position on the ground-plan of Jerusalem lies opposite the citadel. And you will remember from various works, that the building has been carried into effect through the united efforts of the king of Prussia and the queen of England; that the former of these potentates originated the project of having a church provided for the Protestant inhabitants and visitors in Jerusalem, whither they might go up and unite in social prayer, praise, and listening to the gospel of the Son of God; that the first stone of that church was laid in January 1843, by the first Protestant bishop of Jerusalem, the Reverend Michael Solomon Alexander; that much delay occurred in the building, partly owing to the difficulties interposed by the local government, partly, too, owing to difficulties in the building itself—the obstructions, for example, in the laying of the foundation, it being necessary to have forty feet depth of rubbish first removed before the solid rock was reached; that, nevertheless, this church was completed in 1849, and since then has been the first and the only one in the world, which, being a church of the English Episcopal worship, permits moreover the religious services of other Protestant communities to be performed in it.

The missionary Crawford preached on Isaiah liii. 5:—"The chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and with His stripes we are healed,"—the very words on which the soul must be constantly fixing its eye, the

source of its life, the spring of all its salvation. At the commencement of the service, my thoughts were often drawn away; I could with difficulty realize that I was seated on Zion's hill in the house of the Lord. I thought of all manner of things in connection with it; my attention was distracted even by the simple but neat architecture of that cruciform church, arranged for an attendance of from four to five hundred persons, and by the charming tones of the organ. But ere-long I forgot, under the sound of the gospel, Zion and its church wholly and entirely; and truly, my friend, on this occasion too I experienced how independent of earth and stone spiritual communion with the Lord is.

In the afternoon the service took place in German, according to the Lutheran form. As you told me not long ago, you are acquainted with the Rev. Mr Valentiner, who came to Jerusalem some months ago. The words from which he spoke were from Isaiah lxvi. 10. Bishop Gobat generally takes a part in one of the two services. He reads the liturgy, and preaches in German as well as in English. The sacred day was closed with a meeting for meditation on the scriptures and for prayer, in the house of my friend Mr Crawford. Candidly to express my feelings, this season of prayer was the most refreshing part of the whole day. We were four-and-twenty in all, and truly the Lord was with His Spirit in the midst of us.

Through the missionary reports you are no longer unacquainted with the mission to Jerusalem. You know that the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews occupies this field of labour. One of its oldest missionaries is the Rev. J. Nicolayson,

who at present, however, is absent in England.* His place is taken, in the meantime, by the Rev. J. C. Reichardt. I gave you, when at Tyre, intelligence of the arrival of the Rev. H. Crawford. Messrs H. C. Reichardt, E. R. Hodges, and D. Daniel, assist in the work of the mission. Dr Macgowan has the charge of the Hospital; Mr R. Sim and Mr E. S. Calman act as his assistants. The House of Industry is conducted by Mr Hershon. The interests of the Protestant Christians in general, and more especially the affairs of the mission, are under the guardianship and superintendence of Bishop Gobat, the successor of the worthy Bishop Alexander, who died towards the close of 1845. The crowned heads of Great Britain and Prussia have by agreement reserved to themselves the alternate appointment of the Bishop of Jerusalem. The Rev. S. Gobat was called to the office by the king of Prussia in the beginning of the following year (1846).

And what shall I now say to you of the labours of these men? When you reflect how short my stay has as yet been in Jerusalem, you will willingly permit me to defer the giving of my opinion on so important a subject to a later period, and after I shall have had more experience with regard to it. I shall at present only remark, in a cursory way, as follows:—I have met with most of the persons connected with the missionary work in Jerusalem. With some of them I have as yet had little intercourse; with others, however, and especially with the worthy Bishop Gobat, and his excellent lady, I have had much more. But whether the

* Mr Nicolayson has now (1854) been for a considerable time again residing in Jerusalem.

intercourse has been longer or shorter, I have seen enough to make me esteem and love them all; and if I may make the spiritual edification I have personally enjoyed among them a criterion for judging of what others may have received, then I have the fullest confidence that their labour will not be in vain in the Lord.

The Bishop is on the point of returning to Europe. The interests of the mission, and those also of his children, call him thither. I hope that somewhere you will be able to meet with him, and hear from his own mouth what fruits the preaching of the Gospel at Jerusalem has already produced. The entire congregation at Jerusalem will feel the want both of him and his wife, and in that feeling I too participate; for the hours I have spent in the worthy man's truly and practically religious family belong to the most refreshing of my days in the Holy City. On one of those evenings I attended a prayer meeting at his house. It was the ordinary Thursday evening meeting. This time it consisted of twenty-six persons, but Mrs Gobat assured me that the attendance was sometimes much larger, particular circumstances having led to the absence on that night of many who usually attend.

It was in the circle of these Christian friends that I felt myself transplanted into another Jerusalem from that made with hands—into the spiritual Jerusalem, or, as Paul calls it, "Mount Zion, the city of the living God, the general assembly of the first-born which are written in heaven."* It is well that there need be no journeying to Palestine in order to a man's finding

* Heb. xii. 22, 23.

himself in that Jerusalem. Wherever two or three are gathered together in the name of Jesus, there He is, according to His promise, in the midst of them; and where He is, what, over and above that, should one desire? Often have I been asked what impression was made upon me by Jerusalem, and I have usually found that the experience of my interrogators was the same as mine. Travellers who tarry here for some time, and are not hurried, harassed, and driven about, as is the case with so many, have now and then, indeed, an opportuntity of sauntering about this or that spot in silence and solitude; and if they escape molestation and annoyance—I mean, if they are not beset by some of the natives—they may possibly in some measure transport themselves into the days when the Lord walked about there, suffered there, prayed there, or there wrought miracles. Such an hour has much in it, undoubtedly, that is desirable, much that is humbling; much, also, that is fitted to cheer and elevate the heart. But these occasions are rare. Seldom does one walk around the walls of Jerusalem in such undisturbed solitude. Some native or another is forthwith at his heels, calling after him for a baksheesh. Therefore the more ought one to be thankful that the traveller in Palestine meets, in the Christian circle at Jerusalem, the Spirit, and His reviving influence, which is not indissolubly bound up with its walls and buildings.

Meanwhile, my friend, I must inform you that in prosecution of the object of my travelling expeditions, I am to leave Jerusalem for some time to-morrow, so as, if possible, to be back by Good Friday. A difficult part of my journey lies before me—an expedition to the

south-western districts of the Dead Sea. How I am to accomplish it, I truly do not know; for these tracts, inhabited by wild Bedouïns, cannot be traversed without a sort of contract being made with them, according to which they are taken into service as guides and protectors, in consideration of being paid a considerable sum of money. And, alas! the trifling pecuniary means with which I resumed my surveys from my leaving Tyre, are exhausted. I have still a few piastres left, wherewith I can make a trip to Bethlehem, which lies quite at hand; but after that my purse is empty; and without a good bag of *bishliks*, it is impossible to undertake anything with the snarling thievish rabble of Bedouïns. The British consul is still absent, and can render me no aid by means of recommendations to one of the Bedouïn shechs, though I doubt how far his official weight would be of any avail among these robbers; for they acknowledge no authority but their own, and allow themselves to be influenced by no motive but that of hard cash. I thought that the consul's native clerk, a young man called Danous, who speaks good English, and seems to play a prominent part at the consulate, would have given me at least some information as to how the journey to the Dead Sea could best be performed; but with all the apparent willingness he assumed, I observed that he at least was not the person from whom I could look for any assistance. He knew so far, no doubt, as to represent to me that I should have to pay so many hundred piastres to Shech Hamdan, and then so many hundreds to another shech, besides a baksheesh of a few hundreds at the end of the expedition. Further, that a military

escort would come to cost me so many piastres per man per day, and that even then there was a great chance of coming into conflict with the Bedouïns, in which case my escort would, with the heartiest good will, leave me in the lurch; but all this information, I saw well, did not proceed from a mind in the least disposed to promote my journey, except in consideration of the very highest tariff of charges. There seemed now to be but one resource left me. Next morning the mail from Europe was to arrive, and by it the means may have been sent for enabling me to prosecute my journey. Should those means fail to arrive, then I must here intermit my surveys, and return home with my task only half accomplished. This is a trying moment! Not that after the previously experienced deliverances it would be so difficult for me to wait for help from the same Almighty outstretched arm; but to be perfectly satisfied should this apparent help seem to fail, and should I have to break off and abandon my journey here in the middle of it, this would cost me indeed an effort.

Yet wherefore should my soul succumb? Wherefore should I take alarm about an evil that has not yet happened? And even should it come, still the Lord remains the same—a "deliverer from distresses." Much will rest on the decision of to-morrow; meanwhile I lay down my head without anxiety, and

> I'll lift my soul, whate'er befall,
> In thanks to God, my life, my all.

22d March.

The "morrow" has arrived. The mail-bag that generally arrives very early has not yet appeared. It is now mid-day. Ever since this morning's dawn I have been in a fever of expectation, not knowing what my lot may be,—to return to Jaffa, or to proceed with my journey. And as if this painful uncertainty were not enough, my mule-driver found good once more, in his own manner, to make an attempt to compel me either to agree to a higher rate of pay, or to the hire of an extra mule. I will trouble you no farther with his trickery; after what I have told you about the mule-drivers of Palestine, you may readily have a notion of it.

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There comes Ferez back from the British consul's, through whom my letters were to have come. The post has arrived; but there are no letters for me.

What am I to say to this? Such has been the Lord's will. He alone knows what is good for us, and will give us nothing but good. His name be glorified!

Before, however, travelling back to Jaffa, I will, since my effects are already all packed up, go and spend a day or two at Bethlehem. I put this aside to be despatched per post this evening, with prayers for your health and affectionate remembrance.

Yours,

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END OF FIRST VOLUME.